

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

HOW WILL LABOR VOTE?

LABOR IS TORN BY CONFLICTING FEELINGS as it prepares to vote in the approaching Presidential election, if we may judge by the papers that claim to speak for it. It is told by Mr. Gompers that Cox is labor's true friend; it is told by Republican leaders that Harding's election will mean prosperity and the "full dinner-pail," and is assured by more radical advisers that Debs or Christensen is the only true apostle of freedom. Any one who can poll all or even a large part of the labor vote would, of course, win hands down, but how the worker will vote after all this contrary advice nobody seems to know. No one, at least, is predicting the election of Christensen or Debs, so the choice narrows down to the two journalists from Ohio. An interesting omission is the absence of any appeal to the workers to vote for this or that candidate to restore the workman's beer.

It was in July that Samuel Gompers, speaking as the head of the American Federation of Labor with its membership of more than four million, pronounced the Democratic platform more nearly in accord with the Federation's "declarations of human rights" than the Republican platform; and later the Federation's "Non-Partizan Political Campaign Committee," after investigating the past attitudes of the two principal candidates toward labor legislation, reported the record of Governor Cox uniformly favorable to labor and that of Senator Harding sometimes favorable and sometimes unfavorable. These statements have been discussed as an effort on the part of Mr. Gompers to deliver the labor vote to the Democratic candidate. The Federation claims a membership of four million five hundred thousand, in a total industrial population that numbered more than thirty-eight million ten years ago. A glance at THE LITERARY DIGEST Pocket Political Chart shows that in the last six Presidential elections the predominantly industrial States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Connecticut have gone uniformly Republican or Progressive, with the exception of Ohio in 1916.

Telegrams to the labor press for light on the probable com-

plexion of labor's vote this year bring replies that give an impression of cross-currents and confusion. "Labor in this section is in a quandary," reports J. G. Henley, editor of *The Square Deal*, of Jackson, Michigan, who adds: "It seems to be a hard matter for labor to break away from old party affiliations, but the open attack on trade-unions in many cities of the country is removing the cobwebs from the thinker's tanks of the laboring man; his conk this year will be used for something besides a hat-rack, and the candidate that will get labor's vote will be the one that will prove that he is from Missouri also." Analyzing the situation in more specific terms the editor of the Butte (Mont.) *Bulletin* predicts that "labor in the coming Presidential election will divide on lines that for the first time are becoming clearly defined in America." He concedes to Cox, however, a plurality of the labor vote:

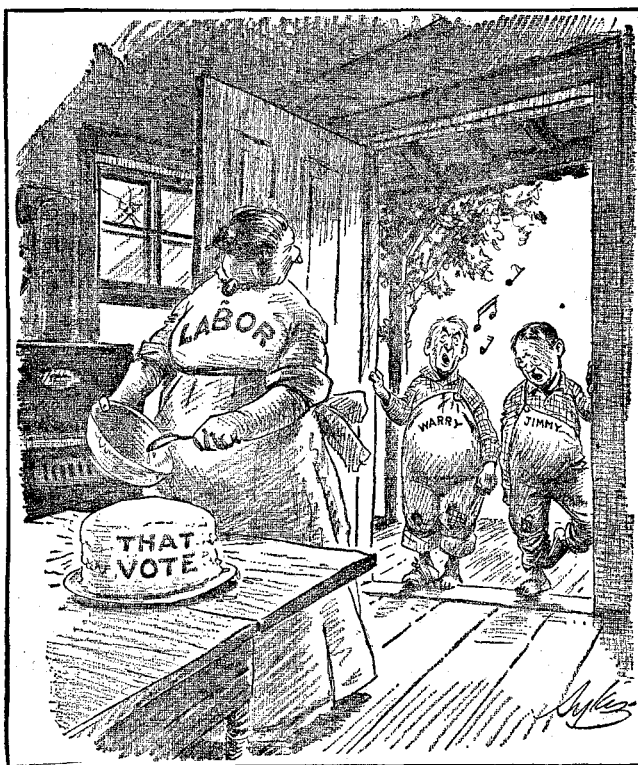
"The left wing of the workers will vote for Debs or not at all. It would surprise many people to know the number of wage-earners that have lost all confidence in the ballot and prefer entirely to ignore elections. This group is relatively small but powerful. Progressive

labor will divide between Debs and Christensen, with the majority going to the candidate of the Farmer-Labor party. This is the group represented by Buck, Walker, Fitzpatrick, of Illinois, and Duncan, of Seattle. W. Z. Foster is also of this group.

"Those workers who subscribe to and support the Non-Partizan campaign of Gompers and his satellites will vote largely for Cox, not because the Democratic platform is the better of the two declarations, but because the labor-leaders, so called, are tied to the Democratic machine. From this group must be deducted the votes of the thousands of Irish sympathizers in the trade-unions who will vote for Harding, believing that in this manner they are avenging the Irish martyrs.

"The Railway Brotherhoods will also vote for Cox because they believe him to be more sympathetic toward government ownership or operation than Harding, altho in States where the Farmer-Labor party is organized Christensen will poll more than a majority of their votes.

"The division in labor's ranks will prevent its full strength being felt, but the intelligent votes will be more numerous than in any previous campaign despite the fact that Cox will get a plurality."



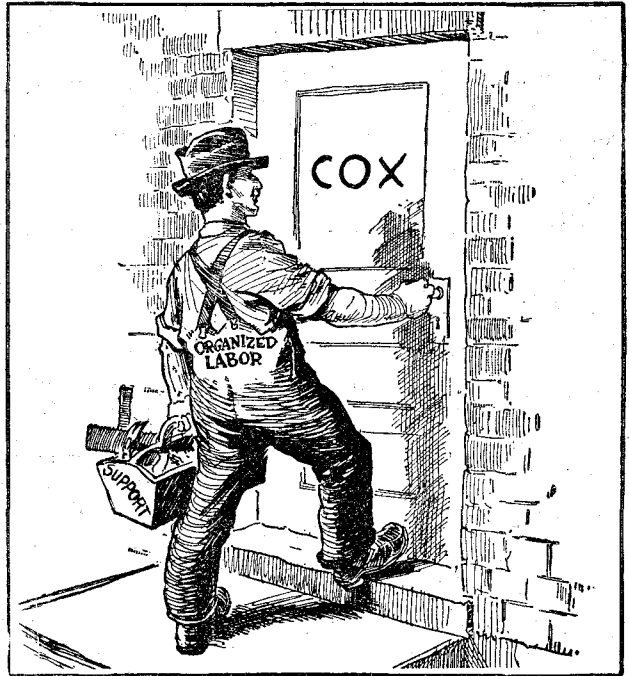
"YOU'RE THE ONLY G-G-G-GIRL THAT I ADORE!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.



SOME UNDERTAKING.

—Reid in the St. Louis Times.



I FAVOR GOING IN.

—Chapin in the St. Louis Star

CONFLICTING VIEWS OF HOW LABOR WILL VOTE.

Hawley B. Vanvechten, editor of the Schenectady *Citizen* (Socialist), agrees that the labor vote this year will be divided among the four political parties, but predicts that Cox will lose more by this division than Harding, and that the Socialist vote will be more than doubled. He says:

"The Democratic party will poll a smaller proportion of the votes of American men and women who labor than at any time in many years.

"Labor is thoroughly dissatisfied with its betrayal and the most shameful exploitation by Democratic politicians acting in behalf of their capitalist masters. Many labor voters will blindly shift from the Democrats to the Republicans, in hope of immediate relief. The vote for Eugene V. Debs, Socialist, will be greater than ever before, with the likelihood that his vote will increase from nearly a million cast in 1912 to between two and three million in 1920. The Farmer-Labor party vote will be negligible in the country at large, but its candidates may poll the votes of many liberals and radicals where the Socialist party is not strongly organized."

To the Indianapolis *Union* it seems probable that both the old parties "will suffer alike by the increase of the so-called vote of protest," but that the Democratic party will still retain "a substantial majority of the labor vote." Says this labor organ:

"Labor being generally content will vote for the gods of things as they are. That is, the individual in labor will vote his party ticket, and as a consequence the Democratic ticket will be supported by a substantial majority of the labor vote. The labor program, 'Elect your friends and defeat your enemies,' will increase the labor vote for Democratic Congressional representatives for the reason that it involves the scrutiny of the records of a very large number of candidates who are members of the present Congress which has gained no applause from labor, whereas their Democratic opponents are quite generally new men without official records. In this case the man without an official past is much the better off. The only aggressive political activity in labor ranks is on the part of the radicals. They will vote the Socialist or Farmer-Labor ticket, and they constitute at least ten per cent. of the labor vote. Their vote will deplete the Democratic strength by just that much, but as the whole Socialist vote will be largely drawn from the ranks of the unorganized workers, store and office employees, who have suffered most from the high cost of living without the compensatory high wages exacted by organized workers, and as these have formed a dependable element of the Republican vote, each party will suffer alike by the increase of the so-called vote of protest."

Sentiment among the working people of Dayton, reports E. A. Nunan, editor of the Dayton *Labor Review*, "showed an inclination to veer away from the Republican party with the adoption of the objectionable labor plank by the Republican Convention." But—

"It was not until a few weeks ago, when the legislative records of the two candidates were published by the A. F. of L., that a decided swing in sentiment was noticed. Since that time the wage-earners who were on the fence have been dropping into the Democratic field in large numbers."

Cox should be the choice of the working man and woman, argues Clint C. Houston, editor of *Labor* (Washington), organ of the Plumb plan:

"The big issue is man or money. Harding represents the big money profiteering interests. His past record shows that he will be influenced by Wall Street. Harding has divorced himself from any claim on the two million railroad employees by his support and defense of the Esch-Cummins Law and attacks on Federal operation of transportation during the war. These men and their families feel that Harding attacks them when he belittles the loyal and faithful service rendered during a most critical period in the nation's history. Governor Cox will receive the great bulk of the labor vote on his favorable record during three terms as executive of Ohio and four years in Congress. Cox is adding to his labor strength by his progressive declarations upon economic issues confronting the country."

The San Francisco *Labor Clarion* "does not take part in partisan politics," but its editor, James W. Mullen, reports as follows:

"My personal observations lead me to believe that labor will very largely support Cox in his record without regard to previous political affiliations. This is the situation in San Francisco, and I am inclined to believe it will hold good throughout the State of California. Cox's position on the League of Nations is also a magnet which draws the workers toward him. There will be but little change in the labor vote from four years ago, and it enabled Woodrow Wilson to carry the State."

Cox will get a larger percentage of labor's votes than Harding, predicts David Williams, editor of *The Labor Herald* of Allentown, Pa.:

"The sixteen associated standard railroad labor organizations working under the National Campaign Committee appear to be more favorable to Cox than Harding. These organizations

represent hundreds of thousands of voters. The United Mine-Workers in Ohio appear to favor Cox."

Yet it is only as "the lesser of two evils" that organized labor inclines toward the election of Cox, according to Harry Dechend, editor of the Youngstown (Ohio) *Labor Record*, who tells us that—

"The members of organized labor are more deeply concerned at the present time with the legislative rather than the executive branch of the National Government. Failure of the Republican party, which has been in control of the Congress for the past two years, to advance a program which would tend to absorb profiteering or check the onslaught against the constitutional liberties of the workers in many sections of the country, is not being overlooked."

Turning from these labor forecasts of a labor plurality for Cox, we are no less confidently assured by John D. Pringle, editor of the Pittsburgh *Labor World*, that "in our opinion the bulk of the labor vote will go to Harding in November," because—

"There is such an abundance of intelligence among the rank and file of labor that the wild statements of Cox will not have influence enough to control votes sufficient. Cox has failed to make clear his stand on the leading labor problems. He vaguely follows Harding without declaring any definite conclusions as to how to prevent strikes. Cox is against a protective tariff, therefore against labor's interest. Cox preaches class warfare and the trend of intelligent labor is against such preaching. Harding stands upon a higher and clearer level than Cox, and has made himself clear on industrial matters. He is progressive and fair, and that is what labor wants and will vote for. Those who do not vote for Harding will vote for the new party candidate."

Labor will vote for Harding, cynically concedes Don C. Grafton, editor of the Joplin (Mo.) *Labor Tribune*:

"The best index to future action by the people is their past action, and, as they have proved ungrateful as well as forgetful; and, further, as they have always shown a desire to punish their friends and reward their enemies, labor will go to the polls November 2, and vote for Harding."

But the labor that "votes for principles and not for politics" will vote for Eugene V. Debs, says the New York *Call*; and other Socialist papers echo this prediction: "'Vote Debs out of jail' has become a campaign motto in many strong and powerful labor organizations all over the country," declares G. A. Hoehn, editor of *Labor* (St. Louis).

Abraham Cahan, editor of the New York Jewish daily, *Forward* (Socialist), sees many signs of "a great vote" for Debs. From Seattle, Wash., *The Union Record* reports that—

"Enthusiasm for the Farmer-Labor movement in this State is growing to the point where labor may become solid for Christensen. There is a big sentiment for Debs because of his imprisonment. Harding is regarded as a phonograph of big interests. Cox is regarded as the same to a lesser extent, but more of a human being. The League of Nations is considered a joke or a crime since it had democracy extracted in Europe. Sentiment among many laborites is to use the Republican party to chastise the Administration, and then give the G. O. P. enough rope to hang itself and plant a gravestone on both as soon as possible for the uplift of humanity."

WOMAN'S HAND IN MAINE

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF 1920—how the women will vote in November—has been solved, at least so the Republican papers tell us. Maine led the way, they say, not merely in forecasting the result of the Presidential election, but in showing how the millions of newly enfranchised women are sizing up the campaign issues. And Democrats, while generally denying Maine's usefulness as a guide-post—or as anything except a horrible example—admit the women voters

gave the Republicans their record-breaking majority in the Pine Tree State last week. The figures speak for themselves. The Democrats polled seventy thousand votes for the State ticket on the 13th, practically no increase over the sixty-seven thousand polled four years ago, when only the men took part in the election. The Republican vote, however, showed a sixty per cent. gain, rising from 80,000 to 135,000, in round numbers, and the added strength approximately equals the number of new women voters. This, the correspondents agree, can only mean that most of the women voted Republican or that there was a large masculine defection in the Democratic ranks. For the first time in Maine, observes the Lewiston *Journal* (Rep.), in that State, "woman voted on State and National issues. Her vote was almost solidly Republican



ON A SPREE.

—Kirby in the New York World.

and accounts for a large share of the unprecedented majority of sixty-five thousand for the Republican nominees." To a more or less flippant New York paragrapher the result is at least proof that the Republicans in Maine "have better control of their wives and daughters than the Democrats." More seriously, a Republican woman quoted in the New York *Times* calls attention to the wives and daughters of Maine Democrats who must have voted Republican, and declares: "The Maine result shows that women may inherit their politics, but do not marry them. It disproves the fallacy that women vote with their husbands and proves that they vote the way they think they ought to vote."

Republican editors and Republican politicians of both sexes insist that the women of Maine have shown where the women of the country stand on the League of Nations issue. The women, says Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore, a worker in the Republican National campaign, have come to "realize that the League of Nations is a league of some nations, governed by a few nations for the benefit of fewer nations." Or, to quote another Republican campaigner, Miss Helen Varick Boswell:

"The big percentage of women voting against the Wilson League of Nations is significant. Women want some sort of a league, but they want a league that will leave America's self-respect unimpaired, that will allow her to stand with and help the Allies she fought with, instead of tying her hands, as the Wilson League would do, so that she would be helpless to aid herself or her Allies. Under a Republican Administration they feel something will be accomplished and a league that the nation can accept with honor will be brought about."

Senator Harding not unnaturally declares himself "frankly delighted with the result in Maine, and especially with the manner in which the women exercised their right of suffrage."

They voted, he says, "as American citizens and not as a sex." According to Chairman Will H. Hays, of the Republican National Committee, the women "demonstrated their dependability in this crisis."

Until Maine spoke, observes *The Wall Street Journal*, which is supporting Harding, "at least one thing in the Presidential campaign remained open, and offered possibilities of the unexpected"—

"This was the unknown complexion of the new women's vote. If the women were sentimentally moved by the formless platitudes of the League and its promised millennium, there was no question that there were enough of them to swing the country's vote to the Democratic side and to elect another administration like that which has afflicted the country for the past eight years."

"But after the election in Maine this hope vanishes. The largest pluralities ever recorded there prove that our women are voting not on vicious sex lines, but under the dictate of sober common sense. They have gone overwhelmingly Republican. The Maine Democratic vote is about that of normal years. But the Republican vote is portentously larger, and proves that the women have considered the Democratic claims and will have none of them."

To the *Manchester Union* (Rep.) it seems mightily significant that "the women who were going to save the League of Nations, because it would 'keep us out of war,' helped roll up this majority against a project calculated to embroil us in wars."

"The sort of mush about the League which Mr. Cox has talked glibly" was, so the *New York Tribune* contends, "not counted upon to prevail with the male intellect, but there were frank hopes that the woman voter would fall for it. So the Maine campaign was centered upon this issue." And, continues this Republican daily,

"The result explodes this fatuous expectation beyond possibility of reconstruction."

"We do not suppose the Maine result will end the Cox campaign of misrepresentation to convince the women of America that the only possible League is the Wilson league, unamended. But it should afford a solid cud for politicians to chew on in planning future appeals to the women of the country. 'Cut out the mush and talk sense—hard, practical sense,' might not be a bad summary of the moral to date."

But the *New York Globe* will not believe those Republican editors who assert that the Republican victory in Maine was an anti-League triumph. In its opinion—

"A simpler reply would be that the Maine vote was a voice against President Wilson as a personality and the Democratic régime as it has become identified with him. There is doubtless in Maine as in other places a feeling that Democracy, in the fact, at least, has proved itself administratively bankrupt. This has quickened a desire for change that is always latent in the electorate. But this and practically all feeling on the part of the voters has had its relation to the personality of the President. Republican leaders have succeeded in making the people see the tactless, imperative, and unaccommodating Woodrow Wilson. Certainly they have used the League as a means of demonstration. They have not used it as a target except as it was identified with the President. Woodrow Wilson has been rejected with his particular League. The League of Nations as a principle remains unaffected by the overwhelming repudiation of Democratic rule."

Most Democratic and pro-League dailies agree with *The Globe* that the women in Maine were not voting against the League of Nations. But at least one pro-League daily, the *Baltimore Sun* (Ind. Dem.), is inclined to agree with the majority of Republican editors that the anti-League argument had a good deal to do with it, and it says: "The propaganda of mendacious misrepresentation which has been so furiously waged against the League Covenant has so muddled the waters of public sentiment that the essentially simple principles of an association of nations pledged to maintain justice and peace have been obscured in the public mind, and it is doubtful whether the women of the country will rally to it as was expected and as

they would if they understood the issue clearly." The *New York Evening World* (Dem.) has a slightly different view of the relation of the League issue to the Maine campaign, remarking—

"In the face of the figures from Maine, where the League of Nations has been a leading issue, it would be the height of folly to assume that enthusiasm for the League is already strong enough among American women in general to withstand the pull of other party leanings and insure a majority of the woman vote for the Democratic candidate."

A Bangor correspondent of *The World* admits that many wives and daughters of Republicans voted the Republican ticket "because they were bitterly opposed to President Wilson and his Administration, and to Governor Cox, who, they believe, will continue the Wilson policies." This writer says that "the campaign was fought chiefly on the League of Nations, to which the great majority of Maine women are strongly opposed." Then, too—

"The women complain that they and their children are the greatest sufferers from high prices, for which they blame the Wilson Administration. After paying for food, rent, and fuel there is little left for clothing, and the women, especially the middle classes, have not been able to dress as formerly."

Democratic political leaders, according to a news article in the *New York Tribune*, have admitted "that the failure of the Democratic National and State Committees to organize the women voters in Maine was a fatal error. After ratification of the Suffrage Amendment, the Democrats woke up to the fact that their women folk had quit them and become Republicans." Moreover, "the suspicion that Governor Cox is at heart a 'wet' and dominated by Charles F. Murphy, Norman E. Mack, James Nugent, Thomas Taggart, Brennan of Chicago, all of whom are avowed 'wets,' made it easy for the Republican women to get their naturally Democratic sisters away from the organization suspected of being 'wet.'"

The *Portland Eastern Argus*, perhaps the leading Democratic daily of the State, admits that "the really predominant feature of the big Republican vote was the vote of the women, for the Republican women were registered almost totally and the Democratic women were registered in very small numbers." This is a fact which the *Springfield Republican* explained as follows, several days before the election, in an editorial practically predicting the outcome:

"The reports from Maine indicate that the Republicans will profit much more than the Democrats from woman suffrage in this election. Democratic strength is naturally found in the industrial cities and Republican strength in the rural towns. Under the law enacted at an extraordinary session of the legislature a fortnight ago, only women who reside in cities need register to vote. The requirement does not extend to women who live in rural sections, which normally furnish two-thirds of the total vote in this State. All they have to do is to ask for a ballot on Election day and vote it. It is easy to see that this law favors greatly Republican success by an exceptionally large plurality."

Democratic politicians have another practical explanation of their defeat in Maine. As Mr. E. H. Moore, Governor Cox's manager in the campaign for nomination, told newspaper men in Washington, "the Maine election went to the Republicans by such a large majority because the Republicans had money to perfect and maintain a fine organization, while the Democrats were without funds." Governor Cox's *Dayton News* (Dem.) insists that the Democrats made no great effort to poll a large vote in Maine, while—

"The growing indifference to Senator Harding, his candidacy, his sponsors, and his spineless campaign, has thrown a genuine scare into Chairman Hays and made 'fireworks' necessary in order to stimulate interest in the G. O. P. cause, a cause that is sadly lacking in unity and enthusiasm. The election in Maine two months before the national election indicates no more than a similar event would mean in Texas, which always supports the Democratic ticket."

LEAGUE VERDICTS IN THE PRIMARIES

THERE'S A WATSON NOW to help all our editorial *Sherlock Holmeses* who are trying to find in the recent primaries some clue to the popular feeling about the League of Nations. And it would intrigue *Sherlock* himself to unravel their conflicting explanations of the primary results. Republicans opposing the League point to Georgia Democrats picking the violently anti-League Watson for the United States Senate, and New England Republicans nominating the "bitter-enders," Moses and Brandegee, and they say: "Here is President Wilson's 'solemn referendum,' and it is being decided against him and his League." To which, of course, comes the reply from friends of the League that other issues were to the fore in these primaries—particularly in the case of Watson; that the defeat of Gore in Oklahoma and Senator Reed's candidate in Missouri were League victories, and that Senator Lenroot's renomination in Wisconsin indicates the strength of "ratification-with-reservations" sentiment in the Republican party.

"Harmless hullabaloo," is one Democratic editor's characterization of anti-League jubilation. Supporters of Senator Harding declare the primary results in Georgia, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and California really significant. These results are, in the opinion of the *Washington Post* (Ind.), causing the deepest apprehension among those who have pinned their faith to the Covenant, for "the primaries in the States where the League has been the issue show that unqualified opposition to the Covenant in any form apparently spells victory at the polls, even in the Democratic State of Georgia." While the Georgia result is "the latest sensation," the "irreconcilable" attitude of Senators Brandegee and Moses has also been indorsed by the voters. In California the pronounced anti-League policy of Samuel Shortridge "was made a feature of his campaign, and has brought him decisive victory." Another "irreconcilable" is Frank Gooding, who is to be the Republican candidate for Senator in Idaho. So far, reflects *The Post*, the trend seems overwhelmingly against the League, with the votes of the people increasing the chances of adding to the "irreconcilables" of the Senate. The *New York Sun* agrees that all these indications "point to the rapid disintegration of the Wilson League of Nations in the esteem of the American people." To-day, it says, "there is no less love of peace and hope for enduring peace in the hearts of Americans than there was two years ago, when President Wilson began to juggle with delusive phrases." But "there has been a tremendous decline of popular faith in his specific; a great increase

of popular conviction that the supergovernment his Covenant offers us in place of our independent nationalism is sure to be a war-maker, not a peace-preserver." The *Sun* estimates that the ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the population favoring the League of Nations two years ago "has now fallen to thirty per cent. or thereabouts, with a decline and fall-off still actively progressive." "News from East, South, and North," observes the *Chicago Tribune* (Rep.), "helps explain why Mr. Cox is so anxious to talk about Republican campaign funds, altho after his visit with the President we were assured that the League is the paramount issue of the campaign."

The victory of Senator Moses is considered by many Republican papers an indorsement of his opposition to the League on the part of the Republican voters of New Hampshire. Mr. Hearst's *New York American* which is supporting Harding, calls this "a clean-cut test of majority sentiment on the League of Nations." In New Hampshire the Republican *Manchester Union* declares that Republicans of the Granite State believe "America can best serve the world by remaining independent of foreign control." Mr. Moses "will lose a few League of Nations votes in November," says the *Boston Herald* (Rep.), but these "will be more than offset by those of Democrats in the factory cities of southern New Hampshire whose hostility to Great Britain has made the idea of intimate association with her appear offensive."

It may have been taken for granted, remarks the *Kansas City Journal* (Ind.), that Republican sentiment is opposed to the League, "but when a Democratic candidate whose

war-record is as unenviable as that of Watson is victorious solely because he is against the League, the results are truly portentous of what November will bring." And it continues:

"Watson's victory in particular is a stinging rebuke to President Wilson and the Administration record as supported by Governor Cox. Democratic nomination in Georgia is tantamount to election. When Watson goes to the Senate next year it will be because the voters of Georgia want their representatives to be opponents to the League of Nations. So earnest are they in that conviction, and that is especially true with the Democrats, that they are willing to take almost any man who opposes the League, despite an otherwise deplorable record."

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* (Rep.) finds the Georgia voting significant as indicating Democratic sentiment in the midst of the "solid South" on this particular phase of the President's party leadership. "With one of the States of the solid South going against the Wilson régime, what," asks the *Wichita Beacon* (Rep.), "will the whole country do?"

In the Georgia campaign, the Wash-



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"ETERNALLY OPPOSED TO ANY LEAGUE OF NATIONS"

Is Thomas E. Watson, once Populist candidate for President, who carried the Democratic Senatorial primaries in Georgia on September 3, after a sensational campaign against two strong opponents.

To aid the voter in studying and deciding the League issue, the full official text of the Covenant is printed on pages 37-39.

ington *Post* notes, paid Watson advertisements in the newspapers carried this quotation from Mr. Watson's personal platform:

"He is unalterably opposed to the League of Nations, root and branch, with or without reservations. He believes it will be a war league instead of a peace league, and will involve us in all the wars of the world, requiring us to send our boys to fight, bleed, and die in distant lands across the sea, in racial strifes and boundary disputes, with which we are not concerned, in every quarter of the globe."

In a statement made immediately after winning the primary, Mr. Watson said:

"I am eternally opposed to any League of Nations. No flag above ours. No foreign congress issuing orders to ours. No foreign council assessing taxes against ours. No foreign bankrupt governments unloading their debts on ours."

Remembering this emphasis on the League, even such a strong supporter of the Covenant as the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) is forced to admit that Mr. Watson's election proves that "Georgia Democrats are against the Democratic Administration and specifically against it on the League of Nations." Yet a pro-League daily supporting Harding, the New York *Globe* (Ind. Rep.), does not believe that Georgia has repudiated the League in electing Watson. "It is entirely uncertain that the League is unpopular in Georgia. It is merely certain that Watson is popular." And *The Globe* proceeds to argue as follows:

"Similar conclusions might be drawn from other supposed instances of the League's unpopularity. Comparatively few Senators oppose a League in any form. Most of these Senators have been reelected despite anti-League declarations. Their success does not mean that even their own electorate agrees entirely with them. On the other hand, Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, suffered a defeat on an anti-League platform, and Senator Reed, of Missouri, altho elected a delegate to the Democratic National Convention by his district, was rejected by the State convention by a vote of 1,070 to 490, while in the Democratic senatorial primary Missouri returned a pro-League candidate by an emphatic majority. Finally, it must be remembered that even could a vote be shown adverse to the League as apart from a candidate supporting it, such evidence would be of contributory value only. Even a dozen Senators out of ninety-six would be a small representation for anti-League sentiment. The alinement of the existing Senate personnel is a plain statement that the nation favors the League. Some States may return their irreconcilables. Even a new irreconcilable or two may be elected to balance such defeats as that of Senator Gore. To claim on such a basis that national opinion is changing from pro-League to anti-League would be to forget that majorities, and not minorities, still govern."

Similarly Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, a leader in Democratic campaign work, insists that Mr. Watson's nomination is only a proof of that gentleman's personal political strength in his own State. Watson won, says the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* (Dem.), "because of political turmoil due to recent factional fights in the Georgia democracy." His majority, says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), "would doubtless have been as great, if not greater, had he championed the League and opposed radicalism." The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) is convinced that "the Democratic party as a whole remains firmly in line with the President on the supreme issue made by his Administration." Since Mr. Watson will take the place of Hoke Smith, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* points out, "one anti-Leaguer is merely exchanged for another anti-Leaguer" and the "Democratic roll-call will not be changed when the question of making peace with Germany again comes before the Senate."

At first glance, admits the Atlanta *Constitution*, in Georgia, it would seem that Georgia Democrats were opposed to the League, "and yet analysis of the primary shows that in the Congressional contests, in which in not less than five districts the issue was carried direct to the people by candidates who adopted the Watson platform, the fight against the League was lost." So, continues this Atlanta paper:

"While the victory of Mr. Watson can not be minimized, there is no doubt that the defeat of every candidate for Congress who made common cause with him is not without significance as far as approval of the League of Nations and of the record of our Congressmen is concerned."

"Undoubtedly back of Mr. Watson's triumph is the strong personality of the man and his grip on the rank and file of the voters."

Other Georgia papers like the Savannah *News and Press* also agree that the League of Nations played a small part in the success of Watson. The big fact, according to *The News*, "is that Mr. Watson has carefully piled up the results of this and that prejudice through year after year and his exhibition of strength was the accumulative effect of them all." The Macon *Telegraph*, still another Georgia daily, refuses to admit that the nomination of Mr. Watson as Democratic candidate for the Senate is equivalent to an election, and it calls upon Democrats to support Harry Stillwell Edwards, who is a "candidate for the Senate on the Progressive ticket." Edwards, we read, "has as much claim upon the Democrats as has Thomas Watson—perhaps more—" and "it is a safe prediction that Edwards will be astonished with the vote he will get with Watson for his opponent."

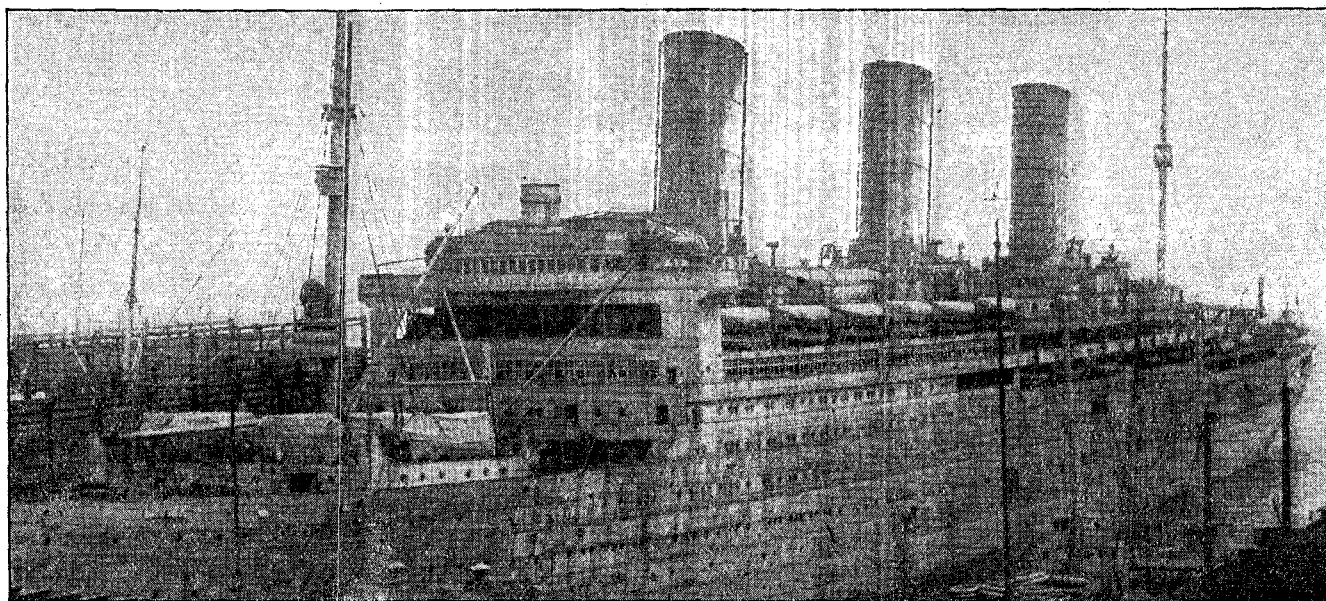
In California Samuel M. Shortridge won the Republican nomination for the Senate, making the race, as the Richmond *Journal* (Dem.) notes, "on his opposition to the League of Nations, which, as everybody knows, is Johnson's pet aversion." The San Francisco *Argonaut* (Rep.) believes that his success in so important a State as California "is worth attention as indicating the mood and spirit of the country broadly regarded." But the Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.) finds in Mr. Shortridge's position on the League the one weakness of his candidacy as against Senator Phelan: "Southern California is for the ratification of the Peace Treaty with reservations protecting American sovereignty; and a candidate who adopts that platform is certain to receive a big vote here."

In Wisconsin Mr. Lenroot's success in winning a renomination to the Senate in spite of the opposition of Senator La Follette is generally taken by the press to have little significance as far as the League issue is concerned. It is significant, say papers like the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.), New York *Times* (Dem.), and Manchester *Union* (Rep.), in showing that La Follette's grip on his State is weakening.

Another interesting primary result was that in North Dakota, where Dr. E. F. Ladd, president of the North Dakota Agricultural College, with the support of the Non-Partisan League, defeated Senator Gronna in the primaries. After his success, *The Nonpartisan Leader* (St. Paul) notes, he received a telegram from Herbert Hoover containing this sentence:

"With your real knowledge of agricultural problems, both in their local and their national aspects, your election will be a real contribution to the ability of the Senate to deal constructively with these matters."

Mr. Hoover has recently made a statement in which he declared that there will be no referendum on the question of League or no League, and that whichever party wins the election the new Administration will be forced by the logic of events to join the League. Mr. Hoover's Washington *Herald* (Ind.) does not believe that primary results are of any value as indicating national sentiment. "The effect of the personal equation on the voters' choice has to be known," it says, "and also what he considers his supreme loyalty, whether to the country as a whole, to a party, to a faction of it, to his church, or to his race." What has happened, comments the New York *Evening Mail* on the recent primary result, is "that there have been isolated verdicts, confused or otherwise, on Southern agrarianism, on the League of Nations issue, on resurgent pro-Germanism and political Adullamism, on northwestern State Socialism, on railroad policy, and on prohibition."



IS THIS GIANT LINER TO BE LOST TO THE UNITED STATES AS WELL AS TO GERMANY AND ENGLAND?

The *Leviathan*, formerly the Hamburg-American transatlantic liner *Vaterland*, is said to be sinking into junk at her dock in Hoboken, where she has been idle for more than a year. It would cost eight million dollars, according to a statement in the *New York Times*, to put her again into condition for service. During the war she carried to Europe more American soldiers than any other ship, and brought more of them home. Last January she was almost sold to the International Mercantile Marine for three million five hundred thousand dollars, the *Times* statement reminds us, "but the Hearst papers began a fight against the sale, and in the end the deal fell through and the *Leviathan* was placed in charge of her little crew of caretakers and tied up in Hoboken."

AMERICA AND GERMANY AS SHIPMATES

"THERE ARE ALWAYS TWO SIDES to every question, but there seem to be three or four sides to the Harriman-Hamburg American ship merger," remarks the *Buffalo Express*. Certainly there are differences of opinion as to the extent that Germany will be benefited by the twenty-year "fifty-fifty" agreement entered into by these corporations, which has been discussed in former numbers of *THE LITERARY DIGEST*. Such well-known men as Kermit Roosevelt and General Goethals have resigned from Harriman shipping interests, because, as report has it, they felt that Germany was being given aid at this time which in a few years would enable her to regain her prewar position in the shipping world; and the American Steamship Owners' Association of New York is "unalterably opposed to any contract with the Hamburg-American Line or any alliance with Germany," according to the *New York Times*, yet Admiral Benson, chairman of the Shipping Board, announces that he believes "the contract is a good thing, and in the end it will prove to be a good thing for the American merchant marine."

A. E. Clegg, vice-president of the Kerr Steamship Company, of the Harriman group, has also resigned from the presidency of the Kerr Navigation Corporation, another member of the Harriman combine, because, as he says, "the contract between the Harriman interests and the Hamburg-American Line is unfair to American shipping interests and unduly favorable to the Germans." After resigning, he and his partner sold to the Harriman interests their company stock for \$4,900,000, and the money was immediately seized by Federal officials, in order, it is said, to prevent the recipients (or one of them) from leaving the United States before paying excess-profits taxes, if they were found to be due, says *The Times*. Friends of Mr. Clegg and his partner, Mr. Kerr, however, declare that both men intended to reinvest the money in American shipping, in accordance with the Merchant Marine Act. These are the "three or four sides to the question" referred to by the *Buffalo Express*. Meanwhile, another decisive step in the shipping alliance between Germany and America is reported as taken by the North German Lloyds and

the United States Mail Steamship Company, in an agreement identical in some respects with the Harriman contract.

General Goethals, former president of the American Ship and Commerce Corporation—the Harriman company—and Kermit Roosevelt, former secretary, who recently resigned, made no statements explaining their action, but Mr. Clegg intimates that their resignations were actuated by the too-friendly attitude of the majority of the directors toward Hamburg-American interests. And to show that Germany is to gain from the agreement more than is her due, he quotes from an editorial in the Hamburg (Germany) *Schiffahrt Zeitung*, which is said to represent Germany's attitude toward the twenty-year agreement:

"After the armistice and the signing of peace, many people thought that the Hamburg-American Line—and with it Germany—must renounce not only its fleet, but also the device: '*Mein Feld ist die Welt*' (my field is the world).

"Unflinching will, shrewd negotiations, and firm resolution to work anew have prevented the Entente from reaching the above aim. What the representatives of the *Hapag* (Hamburg-American Line), Managing Director Cuno and Director Hülderman, have brought back from New York is the first beginning of new-world influence. The agreement with the Harriman firm is the first step on the way from nothing to a new prime. The German flag will again wave over the ocean, and, tho the title be changed to *Hamburg-Amerika Linie Gemeinschaftsdienst* (partnership service), the basis is German, and the hope remains that in twenty years the old Hamburg-American ships will again traverse the seas.

"... Each company has the right, under the agreement, to provide up to fifty per cent. of the vessels required for every service. Actually, of course, Harriman will provide all the vessels at first, but the tonnage will be redistributed as the Hamburg-American fleet is rebuilt."

This redistribution of tonnage is one of the most striking points in favor of Germany, declares Mr. Clegg, and his friends believe it will tend to bring about a Congressional investigation of the whole shipping situation. Altho each company is limited to fifty per cent. in tonnage furnished, Mr. Clegg points out that as soon as new Hamburg-American ships are built, American vessels used on certain routes will be withdrawn in order to make room for the new German craft. Furthermore, goes on Mr. Clegg:

"The contract throughout is stamped with the German desire to be helped over the next five years, when probably only the Americans will have steamers. After five years every slip-up or default of the Americans is an advantage for the Germans for the balance of the contract period. Therefore Americans will act as a crutch for the German company for the next five years, and it is during these five years that, in the reconstruction of world trades, the maritime nations will strive to get as great a portion of world carrying trade as is possible."

Other charges, which Mr. Clegg offers to substantiate before any authorized board or commission, are:

"1. The contract gives to the Germans fifty per cent. of an American trade which otherwise would almost wholly be in the hands of American corporations.

"2. Forces the withdrawal of United States ships from services which they have made remunerative.

"3. Precludes the possibility of an American employing additional tonnage in particular trades which he has made profitable.

"4. In event of war the Americans will lose all advantages which have accrued to them during the period of development."

The Harriman and German interests, Mr. Clegg further asserts, are considering a "pooling interest and division of profits," but Admiral Benson definitely states that no such contract has been entered into, says the *New York Journal of Commerce*. "Admiral Benson," we read on, "thinks the agreement is for the best interests of the United States, and those who made it must have believed it for their own interests, so it is a fair question whether some foreign citizens are better guardians of our own interests than our own people." And Admiral Benson is quoted in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* as saying that—

"If the United States is to make use, and prompt use, of the vast shipping material the war left on our hands, as well as the vast plant, with which we found ourselves, to manufacture new shipping, there could be no justification for our rejecting the partnership which the once premier steamship line of the world offered us. If we hadn't accepted the offer the British would have, and Scandinavian shippers are nibbling at it, too."

"So there is no occasion for special excitement" over the protest of the American Steamship Owners' Association over the Harriman-Hamburg-American agreement, declares the *New York World*, for—

"This corporation defendant to the accusations of the Steamship Owners' Association is as much an American concern as any ship or company represented in the association. It is presumably as capable of looking after its own interests and the interests of the American carrying trade in which it is engaged as any of these accusers. To imply, therefore, that it is engaged principally in fostering German interests and restoring Germany to the high seas where it was before the war is to fly in the face not alone of the probabilities of the case but of the facts as shown by the contract itself.

"The United States Government is not engaged directly or indirectly in keeping Germany off the seas for any purpose, and least of all for the purpose of fostering private monopoly in the carrying trade either in the interest of a special group of American shippers or in the interest of British shippers."

The interests of British shippers, however, seem to be well taken care of by England. Altho Britain is said to have been outmaneuvered by the Shipping Board in the Harriman deal, the Government at Washington, says a special dispatch to the *New York World*, has received advices from London to the effect that forty former German liners and cargo vessels, the best of several lines, which were awarded to England by the Reparations Commission, are to be sold to their former owners just as soon as existing laws preventing their sale can be amended by Parliament. This, however, in the opinion of Admiral Benson, will not adversely affect the Harriman combine with the Hamburg-American Line.

"There is not a single detail of this latter transaction that needs to be kept dark; there are no skeletons in our closet," asserts Admiral Benson. "We have a lot of shipping that has to be set going or it will eat its head off." One of the ships that is said

to be "eating its head off" is the *Leviathan*—formerly the Hamburg-American *Vaterland*, which, we are told in the *New York Times*, "has deteriorated in the mud of her Hoboken dock to so great an extent that it will require an outlay of not less than \$8,000,000 to put her again into condition for sea service." What makes matters more embarrassing for the chairman of the Shipping Board is that there are no bidders for the giant vessel. It was to prevent such waste as the *Leviathan* represents, we are told, that Admiral Benson favored the Harriman deal, which provides, he says:

"That the American merchant marine through the Harriman interests which are held to be one hundred per cent. American, obtains the good will and facilities of the company which previous to the war was the premier steamship line of the world."

Furthermore, adds the fighting Admiral, in denying the assertions made by Mr. Clegg:

"1. At no time either now or in the future can the Hamburg-American Line supply more than fifty per cent. of the tonnage necessary to fill shipping requirements on routes established under the agreement.

"2. The Harriman line is to place at once on the various and especially favorable routes 400,000 tons of shipping.

"3. This tonnage can be augmented only when shipping demands augmentation and when it is necessary the Germans can place on any route only fifty per cent. of the additional tonnage required.

"4. There is no provision in the agreement for a division or pooling of gross earnings, but the American lines are to retain earnings of American ships, and only that earned by German ships will go to the Hamburg-American Line."

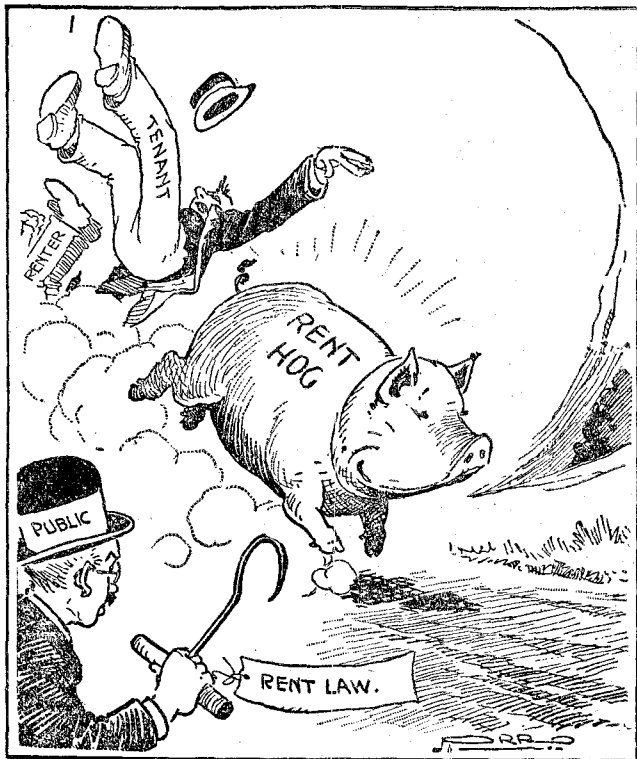
Everything considered, says the *New York Times*—

"Admiral Benson may be right, but even his word should not be taken as final. Before the contract with the Hamburg-American Line goes into operation it should be considered from every angle, and each clause should be scanned to detect mischief to the American merchant marine. Let the search-light of publicity be turned on every recess of it. Better to be safe than to be sorry. American interests must come first."

THE TIMBER FAMINE

THE AMAZEMENT of European visitors at the large number of wooden houses in America, in contrast to the Old World, where they are so costly as to be a luxury, may soon be a common feeling here, too, if the lofty prices of lumber continue on their upward pathway. And dark predictions of this sort are being freely bruited in view of the threatening shortage of timber. As if this were not enough, say the *New York Call*, the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, and several other papers across the country, high lumber prices are acting as a serious check to farming, stock-raising, and dairying, thus tending to keep up the high cost of living. Forest-fires are also destroying a part of the available supply of timber, altho they have not been as serious as usual this year. But "the timber of the country as a whole is being used five times as fast as it is being produced," *The Call* reminds us, and it adds the fact that "in 1880 at least three-fourths of the standing timber was publicly owned; now about four-fifths of it is privately owned, having passed to private hands through government grants and direct sales, and through certain land laws." "Nevertheless, we are still the third country in the world in respect to forest acreage," is the encouraging comment of the *Tampa News-Tribune*.

Of our original forests about half are left, estimates the *New York Journal of Commerce*. Of that which is gone, about one-third is said to have been lumbered, one-third destroyed by forest-fires, and the remaining third wasted. "Last year," notes the *Detroit Free Press*, "as far as forest-fires are concerned, was one of the worst in the history of Michigan and absolutely

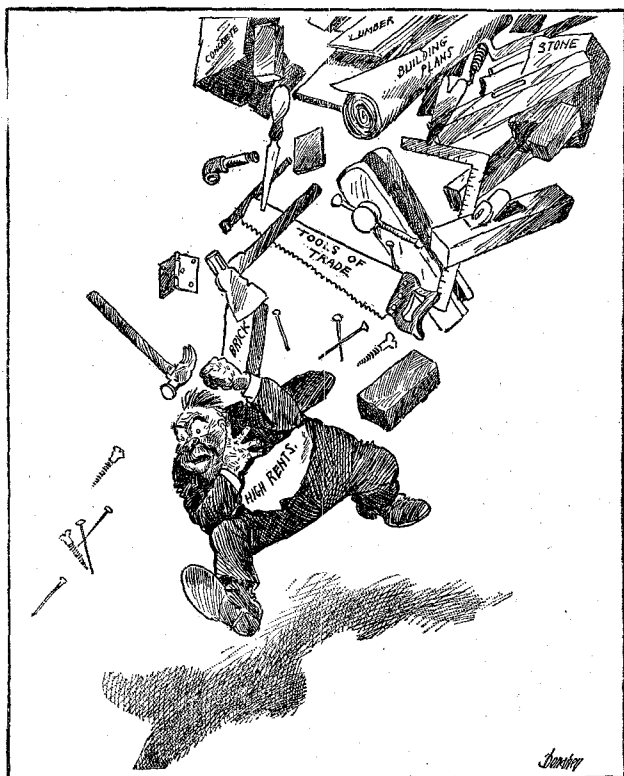


THE GREASED PIG—ONE WAY TO STOP HIM.
—Orr in the Chicago Tribune.



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CHASE THEM AWAY.
—Murphy in the New York American.



ONE WAY TO ROUT HIM.
—Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



THE CURE.
—McCarthy in the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

LITTLE RENT-SCENES THAT FATHER WOULD LIKE TO SEE COME TRUE.

the worst in the history of the country as a whole." These papers agree that our waste of timber is becoming prodigious, and that something must be done about it. As we read in the *New York Times*:

"Lumber prices have risen far out of proportion to the general increase, heavy as that has been. Already the fact has come home to every one. The manufacturer and the farmer feel it when they buy new vehicles and tool-handles, when they repair

old buildings or put up new ones. The universal shortage of housing is in a large measure due to the scarcity and the high prices of laths, shingles, and lumber. The scarcity of wood pulp is felt in the cost not only of books and newspapers, but of every article that comes into the home in a paper wrapper or cardboard container. And unless drastic measures are taken to correct the ratio of cutting to the growth of timber the prices of all wood products are destined to advance even more sharply.

"We can not plead that this predicament is the result of any

lack of resources. Outside of privately owned forests and of public reserves upon which cutting is forbidden there are no less than eighty million acres of land largely unfit for farming, but available for reforestation, which is at present an unproductive waste. A much larger area is only partly productive, and, being widely scattered and unprotected, is yearly devastated by forest-fires. At only a few scattered points is forestry practised as it has been for generations in Europe, so that the timber is cut only when it reaches maturity and with reference to the steady productivity of the forest as a whole.

"In no other field can conservation be practised with such early and certain returns. The national resources in water-power, coal, and iron are limited; the best we can do is to prevent present waste. Forest lands are sufficiently abundant to supply the needs of the nation indefinitely. With adequate foresight and care, lumber should be among the cheapest of commodities and even a prime article of export to Europe. Private owners should be brought to a realization of the fact that a forest is not a bonanza to be exploited and then abandoned, but a property that can be made to yield large annual dividends in perpetuity. Waste lands which can not be made productive in the present generation should be scientifically planted and cared for by the States and the nation."

Oregon and Washington, we are told by the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* in another editorial on reforestation, "seem to have awakened to the necessity for vigorous action to replace the forests which have been destroyed, and have planted a total of one million three hundred and forty thousand young trees, principally Douglas fir, in the past year." We also read in the *Seattle Times* a statement of the city's Industrial Educational Bureau to the effect that in America alone fifty billion feet of lumber are needed for homes, and that the State of Washington alone can produce annually "for an indefinite period,"

but for at least seventy-five years, four billion feet of the fifty billion which the country needs. So J. J. Underwood, writing in the *Seattle Times*, wonders if the Forest Service is right in its estimates of our timber resources and its remedy for a timber shortage and for high lumber prices. Says Mr. Underwood:

"While admitting that the picture may be truly drawn, there is a very serious question in the minds of Western legislators whether the Forest Service has presented the right answer to the problem in urging legislation for the creation of additional forest reserves. In this connection it is pointed out that the Forest Service has been in existence nearly twenty years and has done practically nothing toward reforestation, altho it has been constantly talking about that subject for more than a decade.

"Twenty years ago, when the conservationists first began the dissemination of propaganda that led to the creation of forest reserves, the public was told, through a great array of figures, that the last stick of lumber would be cut in the year 1918. This proved to be a fallacy. But, nevertheless, there is good ground for the belief that the nation is using up lumber about three times as fast as it is producing it. Within a lifetime the lumber industry has moved from the Northeast to the Northwest, and it can't go beyond the Pacific Ocean. It is clearly the duty of Congress to make a very thorough investigation of the lumber supply and to try to evolve some plan that will perpetuate the industry.

"At the time the forest reserves were created there was a great deal of loose talk about the Forest Service being able to control and keep down lumber prices. The prediction has not been borne out by the facts. Rather the opposite condition prevailed. Lumber has advanced steadily in price ever since, and there is no indication of an immediate decrease. It has not been proved that the national forests have been a success. Comparatively very little lumber has been cut from them, and lumber like any other crop should be cut when ripened."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A "RED" is one who hasn't read enough.—*Richmond News Leader*.

THE hand that rocked the cradle will now proceed to rock the candidates.—*Financial America*.

"LOVE'S Labour's Lost" wasn't a tragedy; but a lost love of labor is.—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

You don't have to get your portrait painted nowadays in order to be "done in oil."—*Columbia Record*.

IN Lenine's claim of ultimate world-domination he says nothing about conquering Ireland.—*Syracuse Herald*.

CAMPAIGN-FUND managers are finding out that money sometimes talks too much.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

BOTH parties are apprehensive lest the hand that rocks the cradle will be the hand that rocks the boat.—*Washington Post*.

IF Governor Cox's figures are correct he should refer to the Presidential place as "the highest office in the land."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

NO doubt it would be an easier matter to move coal in America if Italy wasn't offering thirty-five dollars a ton for it.—*Moline Dispatch*.

CANDIDATES Cox and Harding will conduct their campaigns mainly by speeches, but Candidate Debs has decided to stick to the pen.—*Columbia Record*.

THE *Louisville Courier-Journal* suggests that the slogan, "A Full Gasoline Tank for the Workingman," might prove helpful to the party that adopted it.—*Canton News*.

IT seems strange that men will quit work to show their sympathy for a suffering few, but won't keep working to show their sympathy for the suffering many.—*Cleveland News*.

NOT until Governor Cox stated that fifteen million dollars was sought to secure a White House for Senator Harding did we realize the awful seriousness of the housing crisis.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

IN politics money talks by touch.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

THE coal-barons seem determined to keep the home fires yearning.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

THE electoral college is another one that always guarantees its graduates a position.—*Louisville Post*.

THE dough-boy didn't invent this treat-'em-rough policy. The laundries began it.—*Toledo News Bee*.

WOMEN'S gowns are designed by men, but, thank Heavens, we don't have to wear 'em!—*Boston Shoe Retailer*.

CANDIDATE DEBS may be down, but he's not out.—*Columbia Record*.

MAYOR MACSWINEY has attracted more attention than all the other starving people of Europe.—*Toledo Blade*.

FARMERS are begging for cars, that is to say, freight-cars. They already have the limousines.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

IT is rumored that a good many housewives have stopt playing bridge and are now playing Bridget.—*Springfield Republican*.

YOU can say one thing for a monarchy: It doesn't inspire an epidemic of platitudinous speeches every four years.—*Nashville Banner*.

DRAMA in high finance. Act I. Fifty per cent. in ninety days. Act II. Fifty cents on the dollar.—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

AT present prices, an apple a day will keep the doctor away because there will be nothing left with which to pay him.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

THE Germans say the Allies are drunk with victory. Anybody who could get drunk on this sort of victory would be cock-eyed after smelling a sour apple.—*Buffalo News*.

YOU can laugh at the poor boob who fell for Ponzi's pipe-dream, but your Uncle Samuel shot a cool two hundred and fifty million dollars on wooden ships.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.



Protected by George Matthew Adams.

THE HOT POTATO.

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

BRITISH LABOR'S STAND FOR SOVIET RUSSIA

WHEN BRITISH LABOR ORGANIZATIONS authorized a "Council of Action" to demand that the Government make no war either directly or indirectly upon Soviet Russia over the issue of Poland, under threat of withdrawal of labor in every form necessary to prevent it, Premier Lloyd George replied, "That is one of the most formidable challenges ever given to democracy," and it "will be resisted by all the resources of the Government." At the same time the Premier declared to the House of Commons that government policy, in fact and as repeatedly announced, "would appear to differ in no way from that enunciated at the Labor Conference," so that "this swinging of a sledge-hammer at an open door is intended only for display." But Labor spokesmen continue to justify their ultimatum; the "Council of Action" sent representatives to France whom that Government expelled, and local councils of action have been formed in London and elsewhere. On the one hand, British Labor voices, in and out of Parliament, back the direct-action policy of the "committee of safety"; on the other hand, speakers and press virulently attack this "advent of Bolshevism" in England. The Council of Action is not merely the central executive body of trade-unionism, declares the Conservative and aristocratic *Morning Post*, but "the outpost of Russian Bolshevism in this country, taking its orders from Jews in Moscow. It is the London Soviet. Thus has come to pass the chief object of the Bolshevik conspiracy from the first, and the main purpose of the Jewish international secret societies is now being fulfilled before our eyes." Poland or no Poland, continues *The Post*, "the Council intends to force the British Government to recognize the Soviet; here, then, we have a government behind the government dictating to King, Lords, and Commons. We affirm that the position is intolerable. . . . To dally and to compromise is to lose all. And to lose it to whom? To a gang of foreign Jews, whose motive and inspiration are a mortal hatred of the British Empire and a fierce desire to destroy it."

"If the issue is that of the constitution against the Communists," observes *The Daily Mail*, "the whole nation may be trusted to range itself resolutely behind the Government." *The Evening Standard* calls it "the Council of Reaction," and, if taken seriously:

"All that can be said is that a more reactionary move in the political game has not been taken in this country for centuries. All our popular liberties and our constitutional system are to be

swept away by a clique of Labor officials, who are to have absolute power over everybody—until they are swept away by some other faction."

While the British public is taking the Council "with the philosophic phlegm that it always exhibits to what has no immediate practical significance," according to *The Pall Mall Gazette*—

"None the less, the claim of Soviet supremacy—for that is what it amounts to—and the preparing of machinery to carry out Lenin's injunction of 'civil war' will be stored in the community's memory, and will help to give decision to the nation's course when it feels that the time has come for the enemies of democracy to be brought to a definite settlement. . . . Their real troubles will not begin until they attempt some practical interference with those rights upon which Englishmen and Russians set such very diverse valuation. The direction in which they seem to be courting trouble most actively at the moment is in the institution of 'local councils,' which impetuous spirits are quite likely to convert into 'Red' Guard detachments for the general bullying of their respective neighborhoods. The development of this sort of thing will very shortly bring the Soviet-mongers to a sense of some facts about England and her population which in the ecstacy of their new toy they are apt to overlook."

So, too, *The Telegraph* remarks that "Englishmen are bad folks to bully, which is a point insufficiently appreciated by our insular Bolsheviks," and adds:

"The group which aims at destroying our Parliamentary, as well as our economic, system will try to use this Council to promote their ends. They hope that 'Labor' will accustom itself to the idea of having public business discuss, and even decided by bodies of this kind. The prerogative of questioning Ministers and calling them to account will be assumed; and the next step will be for the Council to dictate national policy, and enforce its decrees by the threat of direct action. Already it has plunged into diplomacy. . . . The Sovietists, British and Russian, scoff at representation, and dislike elections regularly and scientifically conducted. They prefer small semisecret committees and conclaves, selected not by the vote of definite constituencies, but in hole-and-corner meetings of wire-pullers and political or industrial 'bosses.' This Council of Action is a case in point."

The resolutions adopted by the Labor Conference of about one thousand delegates, said to represent some six million organized workers, instructed the Council of Action to remain in being until they have secured:

(1) An absolute guaranty that the armed forces of Great Britain shall not be used in support of Poland, Baron Wrangel, or any other military or naval effort against the Soviet Government. (2) The withdrawal of all British naval forces operating



THE "HOUSE"-BREAKER.

Overthrow of the Parliament of Democracy: a dream of the "Council of Action."

—Punch (London).

directly or indirectly as a blockading influence against Russia. (3) The recognition of the Russian Soviet Government and the establishment of unrestricted trading and commercial relationships between Great Britain and Russia."

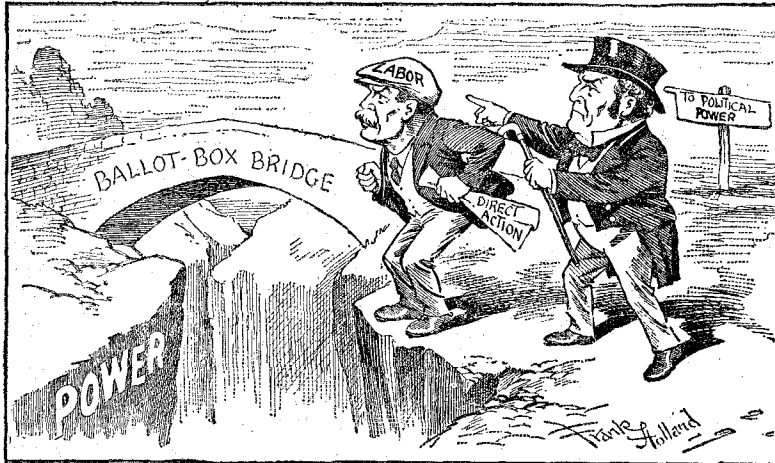
The Council of Action is authorized "to take any steps that may be necessary" to make the declared policy effective, including power "to call for any and every form of withdrawal of Labor which circumstances may require." The Conference "calls upon every trade-union official, executive committee,

and the inevitably beneficial effects of that demonstration everywhere can scarcely be overestimated. We admit that the action of Labor amounted to an 'insurrection.' What we do not admit is that the most profound respect for the cause of constitutional and representative democratic government need prevent us from welcoming such an insurrection."

The New Commonwealth, organ of non-manual workers, says:

"There is not the least doubt in the world that the action taken by the Labor Committee represented the considered opinion of at least ninety per cent. of all the workers in the land—non-manual as well as manual. The 'Council of Action' may appear to be, superficially, unconstitutional, but war in any form as a remedy for any dispute is so unconstitutional that one is driven to resort to unconstitutional means in order to protect the constitution."

G. K. Chesterton's *New Witness* thinks that the threat of direct action has not been seriously regarded because the 'Council's decree against war with Russia "undoubtedly expresses the view of the majority of the people." But if the Council of Action should attempt to back up the coal-miners' desire for nationalization by a threat of a general strike, *The Witness* believes that the majority would be found against such misuse of power. "The referendum is as available to the Labor party as to the Government; we fear that the one will be as unlikely to use its machinery as the other." In *The Clarion*, edited by Robert Blatchford and Alexander M. Thompson, it is contended



JOHN BULL—"Why try to jump it, when there's the bridge?"

—John Bull (London).

local council of action, and the membership in general to act swiftly, loyally, and courageously in order to sweep away secret bargaining and diplomacy and to assure that the foreign policy of Great Britain may be in accord with the well-known desires of the people for an end to war and the interminable threats of war."

The "Council of Action" consists of five Labor party members of Parliament, five representatives of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade-Union Congress, five representatives of the executive committee of the Labor party, and nine coopted members representing organizations.

As the leading organ of this movement, the London *Daily Herald* insists that "direct action wins" against government contentions which have been "exposed as lies." The "morality" of direct action is "once for all established," so also is "its power," realized by Labor's unanimity in this crisis:

"From every quarter of the country, those people who in the event of war or of blockade have to do the fighting and the working, the production and the transport, have declared that they will not do any of these things at the bidding of a reactionary government. They will not make war upon their brothers of the working-class in Russia. They will down tools instantaneously rather than do so."

The editor of *The Herald*, George Lansbury, a member of the Council, writes:

"Henceforth all governments will understand that in the making of peace and war organized Labor in these islands is determined to make its voice heard—and heard effectively.

"The policy of secrecy, of trickery, and of make-believe is once and for all abolished, and henceforth if there is fighting it shall be fighting for causes which the nation understands.

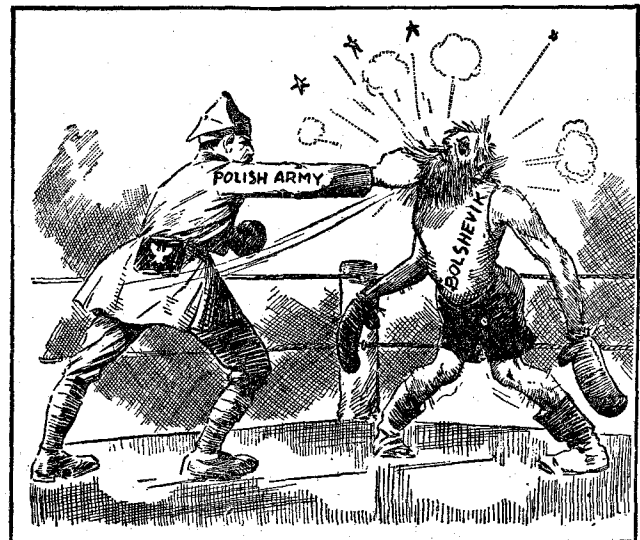
"The Prime Minister may attempt feeble jokes about Soviets. As the days pass he will discover that the master forces of Britain are determined, as never before, that the blood and sweat, the toil and labor of laboring men and laboring women shall not be spent on the prosecution of wars for the sake of capitalism."

In British weeklies we find *The New Statesman* declaring:

"The day on which the Council of Action was formed was a greater day for Europe than even that on which the Covenant [of the League of Nations] was signed. British labor has forced the whole world to realize the sincere and profound determination of this country to establish and maintain peace at all costs;

that a flaw in the "constitution" may be overcome by referendums on specific questions like peace with Bolshevik Russia and the nationalization of mines. While Labor's intervention in the Polish muddle was "undoubtedly justified," hearty agreement is expressed with Mr. Tom Shaw, M.P., "that the necessities of the case did not justify the creation of the district Soviets which have been established under cover of the emergency."

The Manchester *Guardian*, we note, treats the situation as a showdown of public opinion, compared to imperfect representation of it in the machine of present government which is essentially "a veiled oligarchy." Nevertheless, "so long as



THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

—Dziennik Chicagoski.

we have a government, clearly its authority must be upheld." And *The Westminster Gazette* says:

"It is everywhere recognized that the claim of Labor to veto the action of the Executive raises a constitutional question of very grave importance. But it is not less necessary to recognize that the step taken by Labor is only one stage in the playing fast and loose with constitutional practice in which the Executive itself has played a leading part."

TROUBLESOME MESOPOTAMIA

MILITARY REINFORCEMENTS plus a high commissioner sent to Mesopotamia by the British Government must deal with "a critical situation" as the British press view it. News stories of the spread of "the war" feature besieged garrisons unrelieved; the killing or capture of British officers; communications and railways cut; the country around Bagdad dominated by insurgent tribal bands, and administrative officers driven from their posts in various districts. Press outcry against a drifting policy the London *Mail* expresses by saying, "The Government must make up its mind about Mesopotamia and stick to it. It must either go right in or come right out." Criticism of the War Office abounds for holding back news, for scattering units over a field infested with guerrilla tribesmen, for permitting the situation to get so out of hand that troops needed in India must be lifted for reinforcement. A Persian correspondent to *The Times* declared, "we are engaged in a war as expensive as and more exhausting than the South-African War." Among editorial exhortations to the Government in *The Times* we read:

"All the oil in Asia could not compensate us for the sacrifices we have made, the thousands of lives destroyed, and the hundreds of millions of pounds poured into that repellent region. The pretense that we are staying there for the good of the inhabitants is difficult to maintain. Unless there is a complete change of policy, Mesopotamia, which through the ages has been the grave of empires, is now likely to become the grave of the Coalition."

The appointment of Sir Percy Cox as high commissioner, however, is welcomed by *The Times* as evidence of changing policy. He belongs to the Indian Political Department, was political officer with the British forces in the Mesopotamian campaign that defeated the Turks in the Great War and initiated the temporary civil administration, was for years the principal British resident on the Persian Gulf, latterly serving as minister in Teheran, and he negotiated the Anglo-Persian Treaty. Semiofficial statements describe his mission as one of setting up "an independent state to be governed in accordance with the wishes of the people," conforming to the policy of the Anglo-French Declaration of November, 1918, in favor of "an independent Arab state by advice and assistance of a mandatory Power." The further semiofficial statement that military administration was never intended to be the permanent form of Mesopotamian administration, according to *The Times*, has been belied by the acts done. "If any one can form an Arab administration out of very unpromising material," Sir Percy Cox will do so, that paper declares, but first of all military occupation must cease at the earliest possible moment.

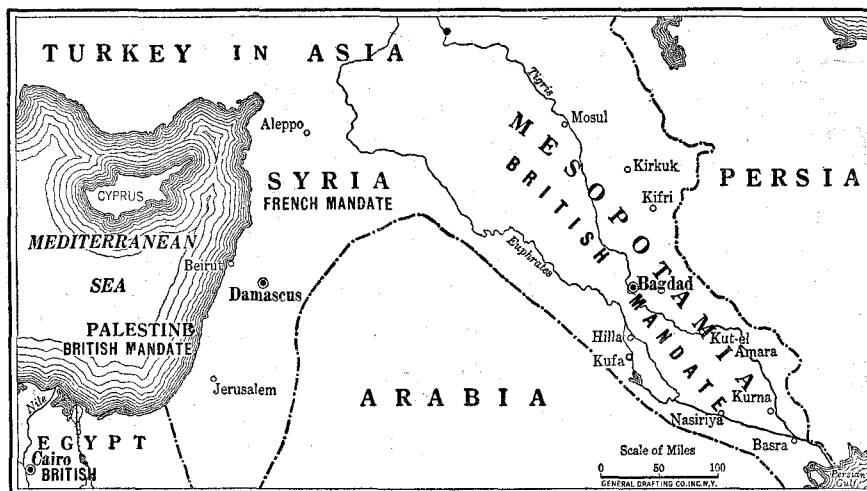
Colonel T. E. Lawrence, famous as leader of the Arab war on the Turks, however, is by no means satisfied: "The system represented by Sir Percy Cox will not square up; the people of England have been led into a trap from which it will be hard to escape with dignity and honor." He writes in *The Sunday Times*:

"When conditions became too bad to endure longer, the Cabinet decided to send out as high commissioner the original author of the present system, with a conciliatory message to the Arabs that his heart and policy have completely changed.

"Yet our published policy has not changed, and does not need changing. It is that there has been a deplorable contrast between our profession and our practise. We said we went to Mesopotamia to defeat Turkey. We said we stayed to deliver

the Arabs from the oppression of the Turkish Government, and to make available for the world its resources of corn and oil. We spent nearly a million men and nearly a thousand million of money to these ends. This year we are spending ninety-two thousand men and fifty millions of money on the same objects.

"We say we are in Mesopotamia to develop it for the benefit of the world. All experts say that the labor supply is the ruling factor in its development. How far will the killing of ten thousand villagers and townspeople this summer hinder the production of wheat, cotton, and oil? How long will we permit millions of pounds, thousands of imperial troops, and tens of thousands of Arabs to be sacrificed on behalf of a form of colonial administration which can benefit nobody but its administrators?"



WHERE BRITISH GARRISONS ARE BESIEGED.
Mesopotamia, under British mandate, and its neighbors.

The "tragedy of Mesopotamia" is that "the poison" of the Indian Government officialdom came in after the death of Sir Stanley Maude, who took Bagdad in 1917, and gradually won the enthusiastic support of the somewhat reserved Arabs, according to "one of Maude's officers," in the *Manchester Guardian*. This writer declares that the Arab follower of Mohammed will not tolerate the Hindu, whom he considers an inferior race. It is "hopeless folly"—now to be reinforced—to garrison the country with Indian troops. The Indian official "has no more qualification for governing the Arab than has the Eskimo for governing the Chinese. The direction of Mesopotamian affairs must be taken from India and placed in the hands of the home government. The Arabs must have a full share in working out their own salvation."

The situation is made doubly difficult by the division between British and French policy, observes the *Manchester Guardian*:

"The vision of a homogeneous Arab state, fostered by French influence in the north and by British in the south, becomes less likely of realization. Following the deposition of Emir Faysal by the French comes the appointment of his brother by the British Government to rule in their sphere of influence. Faysal himself is on his way to Europe, and will doubtless seize on the rift in Allied diplomacy to appeal to British sympathies. Meanwhile, so long has a firm and wise Allied policy for the whole region between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf been delayed that the actual warfare which the French have brought on themselves in the north has its counterpart in continued and often serious guerrilla fighting in the British zones. An attempt to fulfil the pledges of the Peace Treaty is being conscientiously but tardily made by Britain in the calling together of a national assembly at Bagdad."

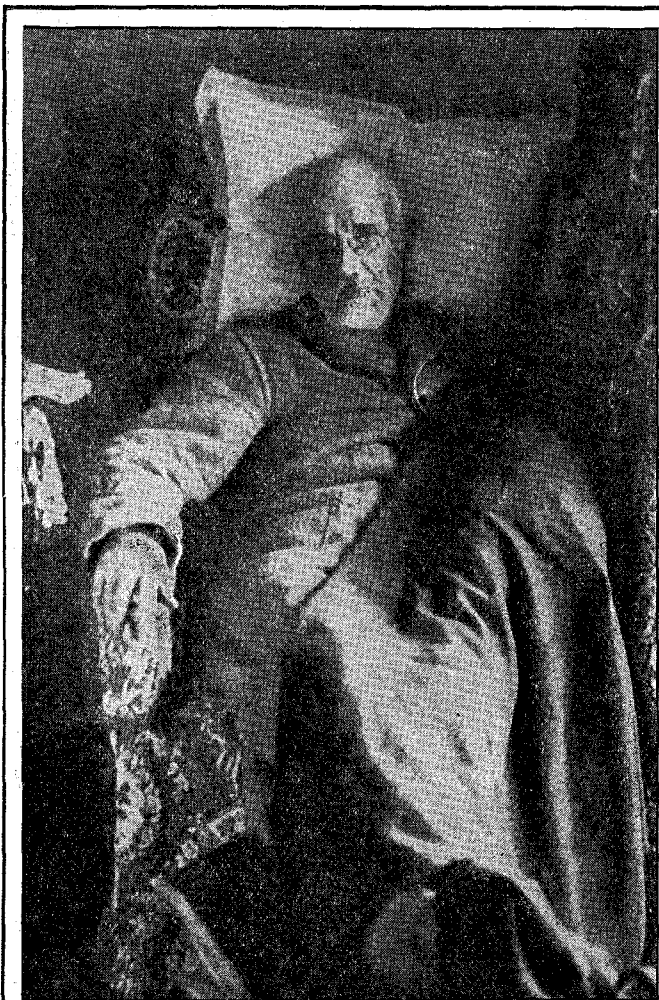
Since the Government has neither the money nor men demanded for continued prosecution of "these distant and doubtful ventures," the London *Daily News* favors restricted occupation, saying:

"The southern part of the Basra vilayet—the line Nasiriyah-Kurnah would be an obvious frontier, leaving the tribesmen of Bagda and Mosul to live their habitual life under our nominal suzerainty exercised under mandate. That might mean some

loss of prestige. But at the present rate there will soon be little of it to lose."

But the London *Chronicle* repeats advice "to keep cool heads about Mesopotamia," while "attempts are being made in the usual quarters to work up an antigovernmental scare." Why should Great Britain render policing service to civilized natives against lawless tribesmen? To quote *The Chronicle*:

"A popular answer in some quarters is 'oil'; but it is one which can only be made in gross ignorance or in bad faith. The British Empire's interest in the region existed long before oil was thought of, and would exist if no oil were there. The 'jugular artery' of the Empire is the Suez Canal and Red Sea; and the further



VENIZELLOS CONVALESCING.

The Premier of Greece in Paris wounded by an assassin's bullets.

passage to India is dominated by the Persian Gulf. The Middle East countries dominating these seaboards—Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia—are countries which we have never tried to rule in the past, but which it has always been important for us to prevent from falling under the domination of a Great Power hostile to ourselves.

"Our aim must still be not to annex these countries, but to foster local free states in them. In Persia we have been and are practically the sole factor which keeps an independent state alive. In Palestine we hope to develop a free Jewish state. In the greater part of Arabia we look to King Hussein and the Emir Faysal. It has been suggested that we should hand Mesopotamia over to Faysal. It might be a good solution, if he is equal to the task; but that condition needs to be very carefully examined. Failing him, there is no visible alternative but either to undertake it ourselves, under the international mandate conferred on us, or to leave it open for future aggression by others. This last course may appear cheap and easy at the moment; but if we are really anxious 'to avoid future wars'—real wars, not local operations like those now in progress—we shall not take it."

GREECE IN TURMOIL

THE RECENT MURDEROUS ATTACK against Mr. Venizelos in Paris and the subsequent troubles in Athens, during which one of the Opposition leaders was killed by the military, while many others were imprisoned, and a great amount of property was destroyed, have disclosed a serious internal situation. This becomes more difficult to understand in view of the satisfaction given to the Greek claims in the recent Peace settlement, and especially in the treaty with Turkey. Papers received from Greece reflect a state of internal strife in that country comparable to the factional wars of ancient Rome or the Ireland of to-day.

That Greece got so much out of the Peace settlement does not as a whole impress the anti-Venizelist press as a personal triumph of Mr. Venizelos. "The Opposition," says the *Politeia Athinon*, a Conservative anti-Venizelist daily,

"Has given Mr. Venizelos its support during the negotiations for the framing of the Turkish treaty, by demanding the realization of the Greek national aspirations and by presenting before Europe the Greek nation united in the reclaim of the lands demanded by the Premier. Had the friends of Mr. Venizelos alone supported him, they would have destroyed both him and Greece."

The militant anti-Venizelist daily of Athens, *Athinaiiki* (Nationalist Royalist), attacks the internal administration of Venizelos and protests against confusing national policy with "Venizelist idealism," asking, "Was there ever a time, since our liberation, when the aspirations and dreams, and efforts, and sacrifices of the nation were directed in another way?"

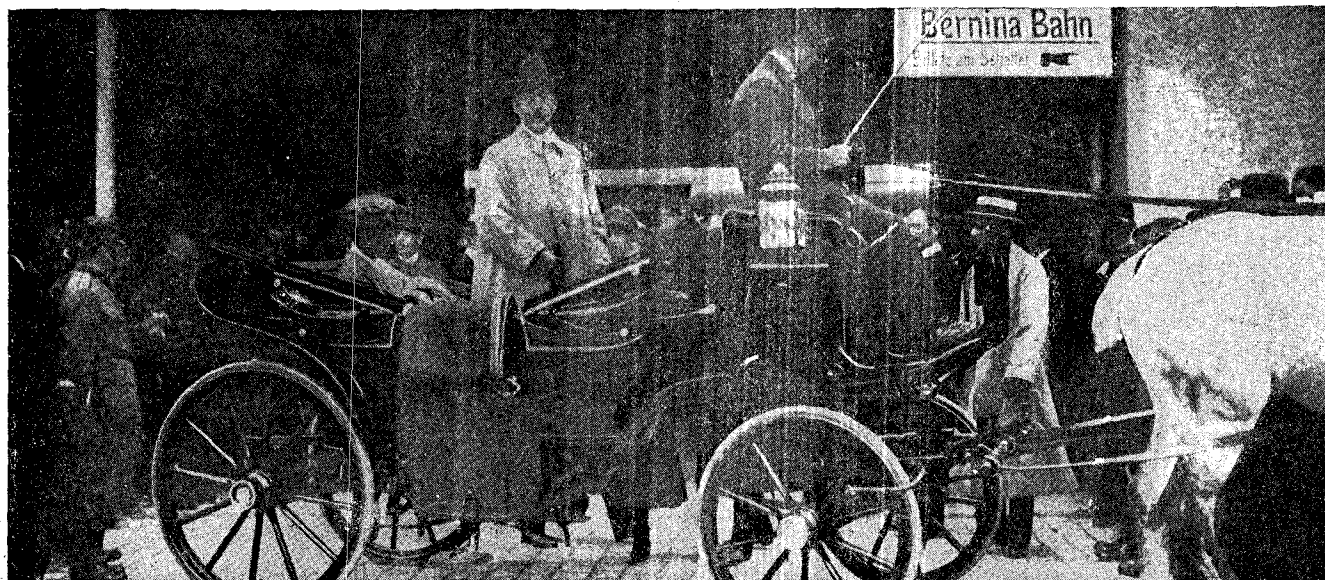
The Venizelist press take up this cue. *Hestia*, the leading Venizelist organ, says that

"The present triumph of Greece is due to the fact that the liberally minded Greek people found a government of the same mind, and that the vigor of the Greek race met the same vigor in the Government. The moral rebirth of 1912 gave Greece justice among the Powers of Europe and strengthened the still vacillating self-confidence of the Greek nation. And finally the war of 1913 completed the triumph of the Greek national spirit. . . . It was on this road that the nation almost fell in ruins. . . . But God wished that such a nation should not perish. . . . And the Greek Army reasserted the glorious fame of Greece, and made of the country the natural and historical heir of the dissolved Turkish Empire."

Following the same line of thought another Venizelist organ, the *Valkanikos Tahydromos*, says:

"Let the Sixteen (leaders of the Opposition parties) and their newspapers say what they will. The truth is one, unshakable, and apparent to every one. And this truth is that without the political genius of Venizelos, Greece would have descended the last steps of defeat and dishonor. Neither would it be possible for the Greek army to win the trophies it is winning to-day, nor would the Blue and White flag of Greece wave in Asia Minor and Thrace."

But the *Athinaiiki* hotly brands Mr. Venizelos as "nothing less than a criminal," "because the Greek people considers as a crime the whole string of his acts, from the moment of the invitation of the Allied troops to Saloniki until the Venizelist revolution, and until the ultimatum of Jonnart (the French Senator who dethroned Constantine), by which acts he (Venizelos) violated the policy of the country and annihilated the popular will. Whatever Greece got she secured with the arms of her troops, and because of the fatal clashes between international situations and interests. Thus Venizelos remains indicted before the Greeks and will remain such before the nation and before history." Likewise the daily *Hesperini* (Nationalist Popular), which claims the largest circulation in Athens, informs the Venizelists that the Opposition is not confined to the Sixteen leaders; it is the Greek people—at least nine-tenths of them—"all of us Greeks who have been tyrannized, deported, starved,



CONSTANTINE IN EXILE.

The ex-King of Greece snapshotted at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

exiled, imprisoned, and even those shot. The Opposition faces you everywhere, even in the inanimate household effects of the Greek home; and you can not dissolve the Greek people."

To this the Venizelist *Akropolis* replies that a "notorious Opposition," naturally shaken by successes of Greek troops in Asia Minor, is made up of "politicians who have been kicked out by the present Premier"—politicians "who get their lights from others, who are moved by others, and who lack a personality entirely their own." Yet the *Athinaiiki* persists in its charge that Venizelism is the disguise of a personal, sinful, criminal political faction:

"They say that Venizelism is full of idealism. Who ever saw this elusive ghost? Is it idealism to scatter the national wealth and to bring the country to the brink of bankruptcy? Is it idealism to have corrupted the judiciary of the country? Is it idealism to maintain most luxuriously in Europe and America a whole army of idle wood-splitters, under the pretext of special missions? Is it idealism to maintain martial law and censorship, and to beat the people for their political views? . . . There is not such a thing as good or bad systems of government. There is only their application, beneficent or calamitous, for a people. . . . Here is Venizelism which is the most miserable denial of new idealism. Because under the cloak of Liberalism it became the worst destroyer of the popular rights."

As for the issue of Constantine, it should be noted that under the rules of the censorship it is forbidden to advocate his return. Yet the *Politeia Athinon*, commenting upon the recent declarations of Mr. Harmsworth, British Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, according to which Great Britain would not recognize the exiled King as the sovereign of a friendly and allied state, has this to say:

"We are not putting the question of Constantine; we are concerned with the Greek question. And the British Under-Secretary, speaking on behalf of the British Government, has put up the question of Greece. . . . The Greek people can not forever suffer interventions in their internal affairs. . . . Greece has never ceased to be a sovereign state, no matter how she has submitted to foreign violence, and irrespective of what Venizelos or any other says about her constitution being under the guaranties of any foreigner. We are not concerned with Constantine; we are only interested in the principle of Greek independence. . . . Greece is not another Egypt, to change her political system or to accept her sovereign at the will of any foreigner. And, on the other hand, if we have sunk to the level of Egypt, through an act for which the Greek people is not to blame, let the Greeks show themselves equal to the Egyptians, and denounce any one who wants to support foreign rights within our own country."

VOICE OF CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE

THE DEVELOPMENT of the idea of Canadian independence is no doubt the most important phase of recent Canadian political thought, according to *The Canadian Nation*, published at Ottawa. That paper thinks "it would not be greatly overstating the case to assert that the majority of Canadians realize the necessity for a change" in relation to the rest of the world. Specifically—

"This is to be seen in the demand which was made during the war for Canadian control of the Canadian Army in France; it was seen again when the Canadian delegation at the Peace Conference insisted upon the inclusion of Canada as a member of the League of Nations; it is to be seen in the practical unanimity with which Canadians now insist upon a Canadian navy owned and controlled by the Government of Canada; and it is advanced further by the arrangement for separate Canadian representation at Washington. These are only a few instances, but they all tend in the same direction, and, on the other hand, there are no cases which show a tendency upon the part of any considerable section of the Canadian people to insist upon any curtailment of the status of a Canadian among the nationals of the world."

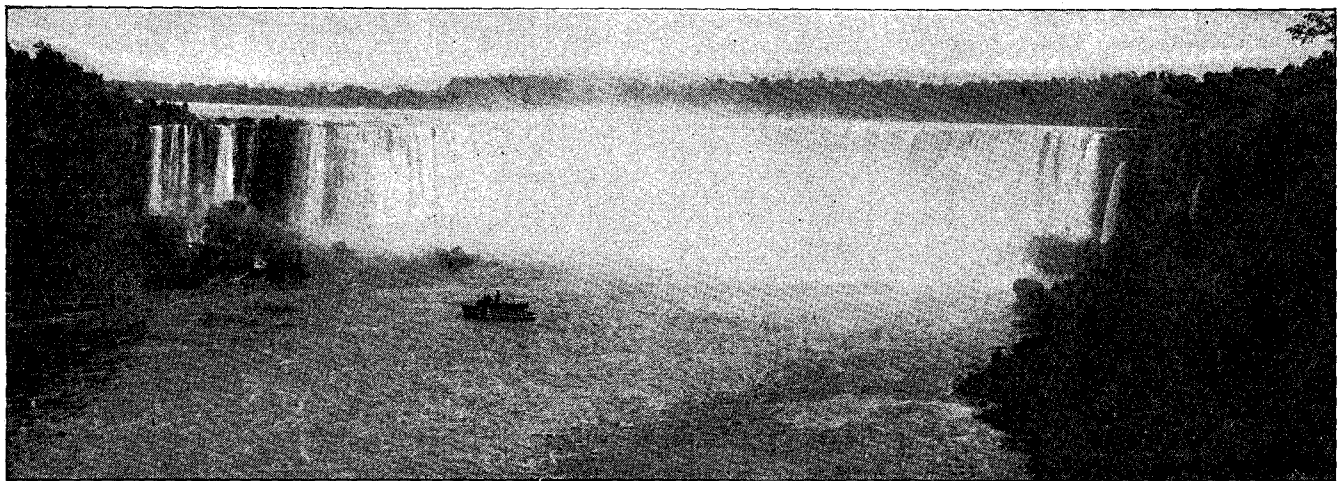
Many Canadians are not fully aware how far their gradual change of mind has advanced; others, for business or personal reasons, are content to profess an impartial attitude, but a private canvass of opinions, says this journal, "reveals the fact that many who, a few years ago, were known as stanch imperialists now admit their belief in the ultimate independence of Canada." *The Canadian Nation* concludes:

"Many schemes of imperial federation have been advanced, but none has been found feasible. The principal reason is that the aggregation of peoples known as the British Empire is not homogeneous and consists of countries whose interests do not always lie in the same general direction."

"Canada's most natural ally is the United States and after that England. The boggy of annexation has been paraded whenever this question has been discussed, but there is no great sentiment in Canada in favor of annexation even among those of former United States citizenship, and annexation only becomes a possibility in the event of the failure to attain Canadian independence."

"The idea of Canadian independence is not necessarily anti-British, and there is no reason why there should not be the most ready cooperation between Britain and an independent Canada for the common good. The Englishman will have more respect for a Canadian when he meets him as an equal, and—what is of much more importance—the Canadian will have much more respect for himself than he can ever have while he remains content to be a colonial."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



SO TREMENDOUS ITS OWN SPRAY VEILS ITS GRANDEUR.

Over eighty per cent. of the flow falls over the cliff at the central portion of the curve, and Colonel Warren would take water-power from that point, where he thinks it could be well spared without marring the beauty of the cataract.

TO USE NIAGARA WITHOUT MARRING IT

HAVE WE BEEN WRONG in assuming that in proportion as we use the power of a waterfall we subtract from its beauty? Especially in the case of Niagara we have always with us an acrimonious discussion between those who wish to use the falls and those who wish to look at them. It must be acknowledged that as far as the utilitarians have had their way, the beauty of Niagara has very distinctly been lessened. Even more is this the case with other cataracts. Trenton Falls, near Utica, N. Y., which used to be classed with Niagara as one of the great sights of America, has practically ceased to flow, and is now merely a series of bare cliffs in a gorge, all its water having been diverted to the penstocks of power-plants. But now comes Col. J. G. Warren, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and assures us that it is possible to develop Niagara without marring its beauty. In an article contributed to *The Electrical World* (New York) he specifies several methods of utilizing the falls so as to develop a maximum of nearly eight hundred thousand horse-power. He writes:

"The destruction or serious defacement of Niagara Falls, or any part of it, for power development or commercialization of any kind would be held almost universally—and should be beyond doubt—to be intolerable vandalism. However, there is much to be said in favor of Niagara power and its great benefits to the United States and to the world. The development already existing has made possible the growth in this country of chemical industries so important that it is difficult to see how they could possibly be dispensed with. It might almost be said that the war could not have been won without them. It is true also that some of the hydroelectric developments now existing at Niagara Falls furnish a spectacle of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity almost rivaling the falls and the rapids themselves. The problem is to develop a policy which will insure preservation of the natural scenery and at the same time conserve the present power development and provide for future industrial needs.

"On first thought it would seem that no harmony between these objects was possible, that power development must give way to scenic preservation. A careful study of all the facts makes it clear that this is not the case; that the utmost harmony can readily be made to prevail between the two apparently conflicting interests, and, strange as it may at first seem, that scenic preservation may be promoted by a further development of power with its greater enhancement of commercial advantages.

"This very satisfactory conclusion arises because of the peculiar character and growth of the Horseshoe Falls. Altho they discharge sixteen times as much water as the American Falls and have a crest-line two and six-tenths times as long, yet they are often held to be inferior as a spectacle to the lesser American Falls. The crest-line forms a deep curve which makes it impossible to see more than about one-half of these falls at a time except from one view-point in Canada. In the central one thousand feet of the crest-line, situated deep in the curve, more than eighty per cent. of the flow over the falls plunges down over the cliff behind a thick cloud of mist. This part of the waterfall is seldom more than partly visible, and then only under favorable conditions of wind, causing the spray to be blown to one side. It seems to be a fact that perhaps more than one-half of the water flowing over this cataract adds nothing at all to its grandeur, unless it be by increasing the volume of sound, while it greatly injures the scenic effect by causing a cloud of spray which hides a large portion of the falls almost perpetually. The ends of the crest-line are never well covered with water and frequently are bare.

"One remedy would be to construct a submerged dam or weir in the center of the rapids just above the crest of the Horseshoe Falls. This would spread the water away from the center onto the ends, thereby checking center erosion and enhancing the beauty of the falls. With this done the inequality of flow over the two falls could be partly remedied without detriment to the Canadian Falls by dumping rock into the river to form a low submerged weir between the upper end of Goat Island and the Canadian shore."

If the remedial works whose design has been outlined above are provided, Colonel Warren believes that a total diversion of eighty thousand cubic feet per second may be made around the falls and forty thousand around the Whirlpool and Lower Rapids without injury to the scenic beauty or to the ice-discharging capacity of the falls or rapids, these diversions to be divided equally between Canada and the United States. After these diversions have been effected, it is quite possible that observation will show that further diversion is permissible. He goes on:

"The effects at low-water stages are the critical considerations. Under the very infrequent condition when the total river flow is one hundred and thirty thousand cubic feet per second, the flow over the falls would be fifty thousand cubic feet per second, of which five thousand would pass over the American Falls. The flow over the Horseshoe Falls would then be about twice as

great per foot of crest-line as the flow over the American Falls under average conditions and more than three times as large as during this very abnormal low-water condition. This forty-five thousand cubic feet per second flowing down the rapids above the Horseshoe Falls would provide fifty per cent. more water per foot of width of channel than past experience has shown to be necessary in the American channel leading to the American Falls for the prevention of ice-jams. The possibility of dangerous ice-jams forming in the Whirlpool Rapids or Lower Rapids appears much greater than in the rapids above the falls.

"It is very important also that the scenic beauty of the Lower Rapids should not be injured at very low stages. A careful study of photographs, profiles, gage records, and other evidence leads to the conclusion that the diversions around these rapids should be limited to forty thousand cubic feet per second until the effects of this diversion can be observed. . . .

"Consideration of several plans for the further development of power from the Great Lakes drainage-basin by the diversion of additional water from the Niagara River has shown the feasibility of three major types of development: (1) By a power canal, (2) by a pressure tunnel, and (3) by a tail-race tunnel. Four other developments have also been investigated, but all of them are higher in first cost and more complex in engineering requirements.

"The first cost of the canal proposition, omitting costs of promotion and finance, is lower than that of either tunnel proposition, being \$73.70 per horse-power as compared with \$86.40 and \$89.40 for the tunnels. The cost of operation and maintenance would, however, be greater, but upon the assumptions in the estimates not enough to overbalance the additions in fixt charges. The tail-race-tunnel plan has several inherent disadvantages which

make it of very doubtful advisability. The most important objection to the tunnel plan is that it will be necessary to shut down the entire plant for a short time and drain the tunnel in order to repair or remove obstructions from the up-stream valves. This difficulty is not regarded as controlling. The only formidable objection to the power-canal plan is the presence of an open canal through or near the city and the uncertain costs of maintenance due to climatic conditions. There is no reason, however, why it should not be made less unsightly than the present canal, and, in fact, it might even be attractive in appearance. It would, however, partly prevent the use of valuable land for other purposes, would form a dividing-line disadvantageous to streets and sewer systems, and would cause the city or the company expense for building and maintaining bridges as the city grew.

"A comparison of the probable cost of power at the busbars corrected to equalize distribution conditions shows that the power-canal project should show a cost of \$10 per horse-power per year, as compared with \$11.50 and \$11.60 for the pressure and tail-race tunnels respectively."

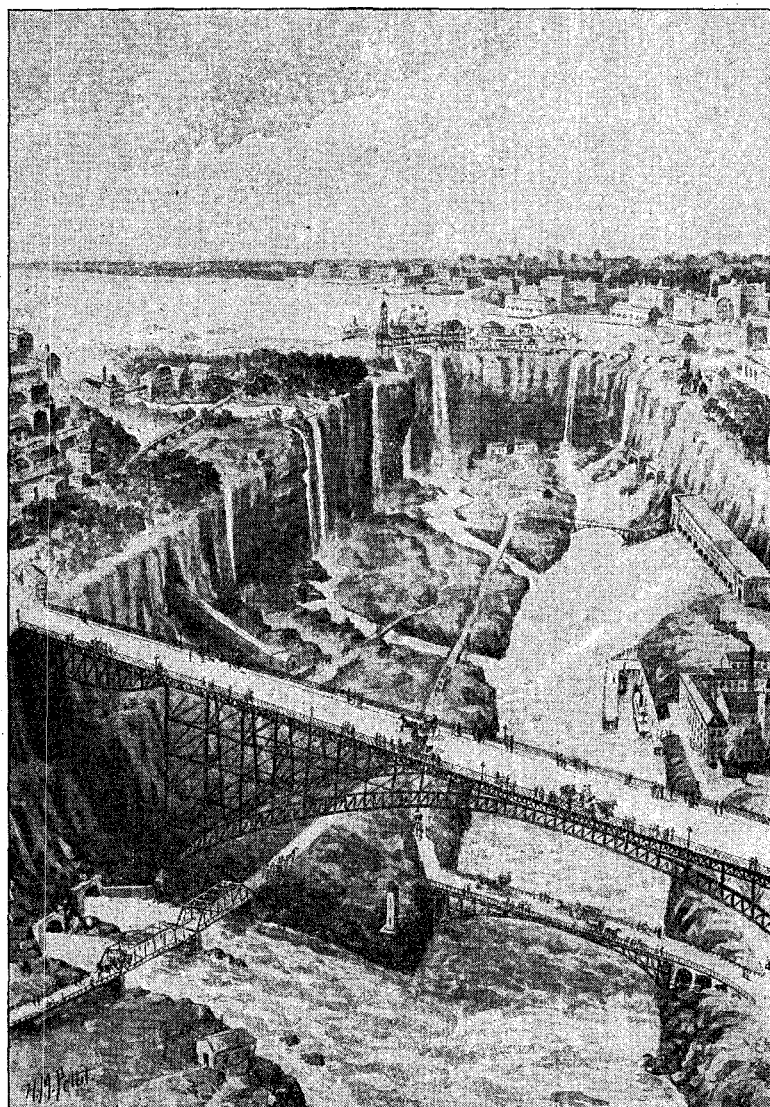
A MEDICAL DEFENSE OF PIE

PIE LACKS NOT DEFENDERS, but they are rarely of the medical profession. Purists in dietetics are prone to sniff at it, and it has even been hinted that the raw-boned, lanky New-Englander of the stage derives these characteristics from its consumption. Of course, there is bad pie and good pie. Charles A. Dana was wont to maintain that there is a well-defined "pie-belt," beyond the confines of which the good kind does not occur. Denizens of this belt, who love the

kind of pie therein contained, will bless the name of the contributor to the "Current Comment" columns of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), unfortunately anonymous, who assures his readers that pie may be not only a toothsome, but a digestible product, and that even pie à la mode—a modern variant—is not objectionable. Writes this herald of good tidings:

"There is a widely current slang expression which bewails the depressing circumstance that 'somebody is always taking the joy out of life.' Many Americans have become wedded early to an outspoken liking for pie, that typical national pastry. The predilection for this article of diet seems to grow with the years. Sooner or later, however, the aforesaid somebody, who is more than likely to be a member of the medical profession, is certain to issue a note of warning against the alimentary dangers that lurk in pie. Cake, the distant pastry relative, is somewhat less likely to form the subject of objections from the

physiologic critic, while puddings usually belong to the immunes, or at least receive tolerant consideration. The proof of the pudding—and why not also of the pie—is the eating. Accordingly, a number of gastroenterologists at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, have come to the defense of pie by actually determining the gastric response to it and analogous foods in the healthy human stomach. Direct comparisons of a variety of pies, cakes, and puddings, representative of American culinary art, on the same persons indicated that pies 'were handled more readily than cakes, and puddings somewhat more readily than either.' For those who can think best in terms of statistics, it may be stated that the average gastric evacuation time of puddings was two hours and eighteen minutes, against two hours and twenty-seven minutes for pies; whereas, cakes followed in the wake with an average record of three hours and two minutes. Averaging the highest total acidities, values were obtained for puddings of ninety-two, for pies of ninety, and for cakes of ninety. Some of these values are not widely divergent from the classic data obtained on Alexis St. Martin, whose stomach permitted Beaumont to make his pioneer



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THE FUTURE NIAGARA—AS SEEN BY A GLOOMY ARTIST.

investigations in gastric digestion. There is no occasion to report here the insignificant distinctions between custard pie and lemon meringue, for example, in their gastric behavior; but it must be admitted that mince pie, so often regarded as an arch-offender of the digestive tract, requires a rather long time (from two and three-quarters to three and one-quarter hours) to leave the stomach. The addition of ice-cream to a piece of pie—a unique American combination—does not increase the burden of the stomach to any extent, and the conventional apple pie and cheese likewise give a conservatively good report. To a few persons it may be a consolation to know that angel's food cake remained distinctly longer in the stomach than did devil's food cake. Of course, gastric evacuation is not the sole, complete test of the dietary worth of a food."

MACHINERY OUSTING THE "HARVEST HAND"

MACHINERY IS NOW BEING USED in harvesting as never before. Combined harvesters and threshers, drawn by tractors, have disposed of seven million bushels of wheat in Kansas alone. These combines "get through in a hurry," reducing the number of men necessary for harvesting and releasing them for plowing and seeding. Next year, we are told by *Farm and Home* (Springfield, September), there will be more "combines," more tractor-drawn machinery, and greater economy of production. Combination machines are being used also with corn, we are informed by this same paper, a binder and a cutter for the silo being worked together. This, we are told, cuts labor costs in half. Dry corn is also cut up for feed in the same way. The new method clears the field well for plowing and saves much feed that is usually wasted. We read of the wheat harvest in the paper named above:

"In Kansas more than seven million bushels of wheat, writes Secretary Mohler, were cut and threshed by combines. In Ellis County alone, eighteen of these machines were used this season for the first time. Many such machines are now harvesting the spring wheat crop in the Northwest.

"Jack O'Laughlin, of Hays, has had thirty years of experience growing wheat in Ellis County, Central Kansas. He had six hundred acres of wheat on his own farms to harvest in July. He put a 'combine' on the job and reduced the number of men by more than one-half. He hauled the threshed wheat from the field in a truck, eliminating horses.

"It's the only way to harvest," said Mr. O'Laughlin to *Farm and Home*. "You get through in a hurry. Then all your force is free to plow and get things ready for fall seeding. The wheat will keep all right if it is dry when you harvest it. If you

are going to store it on the farm in large bins, be sure to provide ventilation by means of boards or perforated pipes."

"Jacob Brull, of Ellis County, used a 'combine' for the first time this year. He sold his wheat directly from the machine. It went thirty-eight bushels per acre, tested sixty-two pounds, and sold for \$2.50. He is enthusiastic. 'I am through harvest, no threshing to do and am ready to plow. I cut my labor problem in half and my management problem more than that.'

"John Gatewood, of Smoky Hill, used a header but pulled it with a tractor. Teams were used to pull the barges to the stacks. Mr. Gatewood cut forty acres a day—nearly double the acreage he had been cutting with horses—and did a better job. His neighbors who were skeptical are converted now. One of them said: 'When John began tractor farming we were sure he'd go broke. But he made good with his tractor-plowing, listing, and threshing. When he started heading, we were sure he'd fail, but now we take off our hats to John. I'll have a tractor for my header another year.'

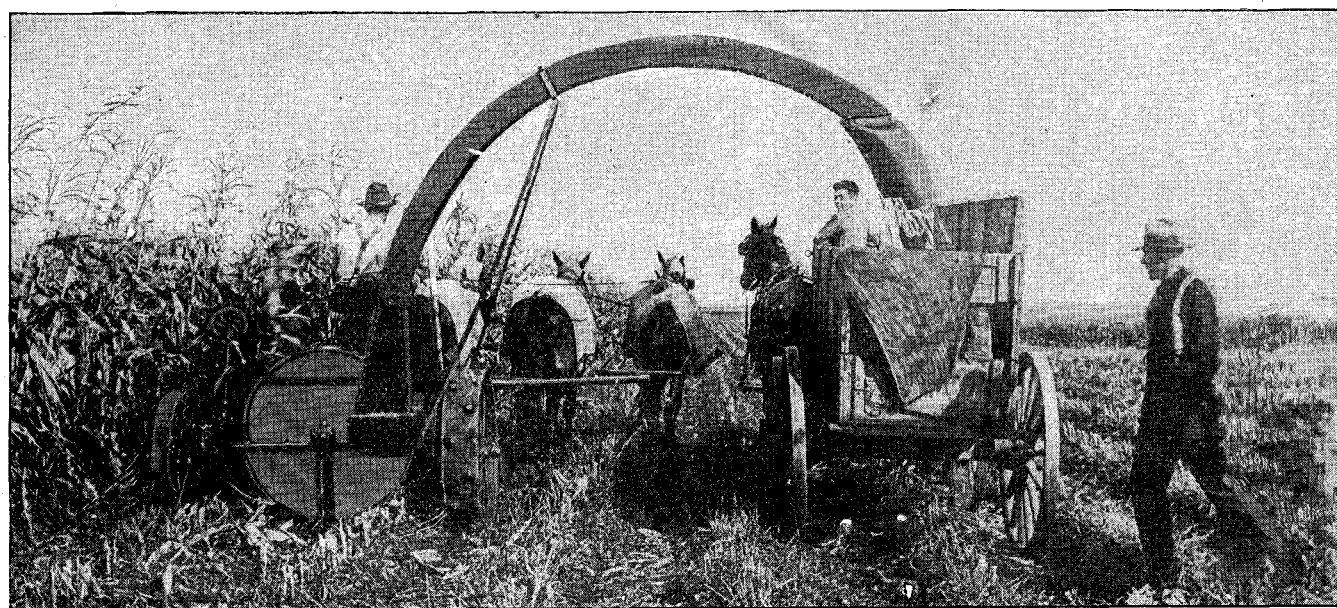
"Farther west, about Grainfield, fully eighty per cent. of the wheat was cut by binders. Most of the binders were drawn by tractors, tho a few push binders were used. In many large fields two and even three binders drawn by tractors were at work at one time. The use of the binder reduced by one-half the number of men. The shocking was done later and if necessary the wheat can be stacked for cheap storage. Another year will see more 'combines,' and more tractor-drawn machinery, also more bundle grain, in the great wheat belt."

Of the corn harvest, this same paper says:

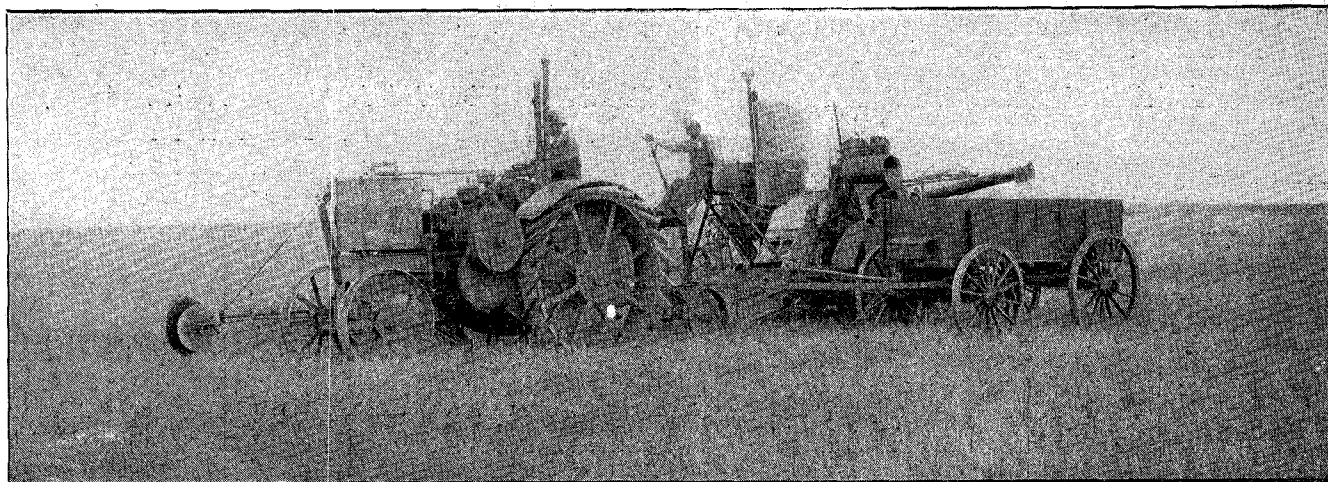
"The usual form of corn-binder, to which is attached a machine for cutting the corn up fine for the silo, is arousing much interest. The saving in twine is important and labor cost is reduced one-half. The cut stuff is blown into the wagon-box that is hauled alongside. The wagon is driven to silo and with a fork or piece of stiff woven wire the cut silage is shoved into the blower that carries it up into the silo. All the heavy hand-labor of ensiling corn is done away with. Lewis T. Ronning writes:

"I also harvested dry standing corn with this machine. It chopped up the dry stalks and leaves as well as the corn on the cob same as for silage. I made a big self-feeder of woven wire six by twenty-five feet which holds about ten wagon-loads of this corn-chop. It is not cut as fine as for silage, or a shredder head can be used to shred instead of cut. It makes a good feed for both hogs and cattle, which thrive on it. I let the hogs eat out the corn and then put the fodder upon a feeding platform where the young stock get a chance at it so that none is wasted. This fall I shall make long narrow cribs to hold the corn-chop, covering it with straw or meadow hay to keep off the water.

"This way of harvesting part of the crop is convenient and cheap. It affords a large amount of roughage for stock which generally is wasted. You get the field nicely cleared for disking or plowing and seeding, and it saves a great amount of labor. Three or four men crib eight to ten acres of corn a day in this



THIS MACHINE HARVESTS THE CORN AND CHOPS IT UP IN ONE OPERATION.



THREE MEN WITH THIS HARVESTER-THRESHER DO THE WORK OF EIGHT MEN AND TWELVE HORSES.

Combined harvesters and threshers, drawn by tractors, have disposed of seven million bushels of wheat in Kansas alone. These combines "get through in a hurry," reducing the number of men necessary for harvesting and releasing them for plowing and seeding.

way, which means four hundred to five hundred bushels of corn, to say nothing of the fodder. At fifteen cents a bushel it would cost sixty to seventy-five dollars just to get the corn alone picked by hand.

"Some farmers will blow this corn-chop up into the top of the barn over the hay, provided the crop is dry enough so it will not heat. Where heating is feared, Mr. Ronning's plan of open wire cribs will guard against it. The combined harvester and cutter requires three or four horses or may be drawn by a tractor."

LABOR DOING BETTER WORK

THE EFFICIENCY OF LABOR is increasing, according to a report of the Merchants' Association of New York, specially prepared by its industrial bureau, and noticed in *Export American Industries* (New York, September). Reports to the bureau come from forty-nine manufacturers operating in forty different lines of industry in New York City—the same who reported in September, 1919, that in general labor was not more than seventy per cent. efficient, judged by normal standards. Says the paper named above:

"Altho production per man, per hour, has not yet reached normal, it has been gradually improving since last September, especially during the last four or five months, and a spirit of optimism regarding the productivity of labor is now prevalent among manufacturers.

"It is not possible to measure the increase in output on a percentage basis, except in special cases, and it can not be said that the increase is as yet remarkable, but the testimony is unmistakable that a change for the better is now well under way.

"Of the forty-nine manufacturers who reported, twenty-three say that the efficiency of their employees has increased noticeably since last September; five say that altho they have seen no measurable increase, they sense a better spirit among their employees; seventeen say that they have observed no change, and three say that they have noted a decrease. One manufacturer reports that it is his observation that labor efficiency is increasing in many lines of industry, altho he has available no specific data for his own plant.

"The reasons given for the present tendency toward increased productivity per man are varied, but those most frequently cited are the increase in the number of applicants for positions and the change from time-work to piece-work."

Some manufacturers report also that there seems to be a better class of labor available, and two or three make this statement particularly in reference to female labor. One manufacturer says that a decided increase in individual efficiency occurred in his plant following a change from a closed-shop to

an open-shop policy. Another reports that his percentage of increase in production has reached between thirty and forty per cent., with a tendency to further increases. The following statements are made by manufacturers in the ink, stove, drop-forging, publishing, and clothing lines:

"The class of labor that we have been securing for the past month or so is considerably better than we have been having for many months past, and therefore our production is coming along somewhat better, but not entirely satisfactory to us as yet."

"At the present time we find that the conditions are far better than they have been for some time past, and this applies to all of the various departments. This is due largely, we believe, to closer supervision and a better class of workmen, which has been brought about due to the fact that we have not had such a large turnover recently as we had some time ago."

"We still find it hard to secure skilled help, but apparently common labor is more plentiful."

"We have, however, found it necessary during the past few years to take on considerable help for minor positions, especially female help, of a type not entirely satisfactory. We have noticed considerable change in this regard during the past few months. Our female applicants for positions are larger in number and of a better type than we have found available for some time. This has enabled us to make some desirable changes in our personnel."

"We are very glad to be able to report to you that we see some slight improvement in our shops, due doubtless to the easier labor market in the clothing trades at this time. We should say that approximately there is a 20-per cent. betterment in production, as compared to September, 1919."

The following statements are made by manufacturers in the jewelry, automobile accessories, and candy industries:

"The fact that there has been a slight increase in the productivity of labor is in no sense, in our opinion, due to the conscience-stricken feeling that may have pervaded labor, but rather to the prevalent dulness through which all industries are now passing. This condition has finally been driven home to labor, which realizes that its intolerant attitude will no longer prevail. The reason to which we attribute the slight increase in production is because of the fact that we have changed from week-work to piece-work in several of our departments, and from a manufacturing point of view, week-work encourages 'soldiering,' while piece-work prevents it."

"In all departments where we have inaugurated the piece-work system the output is entirely satisfactory, but the output on time labor is fully thirty per cent. below normal."

"In so far as our skilled piece-work labor is concerned, we are pleased to report that normal efficiency now prevails. . . . We find that indifference exists among the ordinary time-workers, who, while they are receiving what we believe is good pay in our plant and perhaps better than paid in some others, are nevertheless inclined to be indolent."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

EUROPE'S ILLS DIAGNOSED BY ANATOLE FRANCE

"EUROPE IS VERY ILL, DYING," says Anatole France; and "out of all this disintegration I think but one nation may recover—Russia." Being the convinced Socialist he is, even Russia's chaos does not dismay him. At the same time he writes a letter to the proletariat of France, urging them "to stand firm in the present crisis," and he directs their gaze into ways that must seem conservative. This man, described by the *Boston Transcript* as "the foremost figure in contemporary French letters," was one of the most ardent of French patriots, and at the outbreak of the war grieved that his advanced age did not permit him to carry a gun. His address to workmen appeared in *L'Humanité* (Paris), where he says:

"The proletariat holds momentarily the salvation of France, of Europe, of the world in his hands. The appeal of the Russian Soviets to the French workmen shows how fearful the danger is. France, deserted first by the United States, then by the sister Latin republics, then by the new states of the East, and now, through the recognition of General Wrangel, at odds with England, stands alone. The situation is dreadful, but you workmen can prevent a catastrophe."

This appeal shows that he is not to be beguiled into throwing his influence on the side of the Third Internationale, yet in an interview for the *New York Evening Post* secured by Joseph Gillomb, he observes of Russia's new birth:

"There is something new coming from that quarter. There is all the travail, strength, and agony of something great being born there. And nothing doomed to early death could rouse such a stir of emotion throughout the entire world. Nothing short of a new and giant spirit could have accomplished what Russian 'Red' armies, barefooted and half starved, did against a ring of enemies. Of course there are tremendous faults and lacks, elemental crudenesses there. But that is all the nature of newly born great things. The whole world is reverberating with what is taking place in Poland."

"Socialism, of course, is being born. I mean that for the

first time Socialism is a tremendous fact instead of an agitating theme only. Socialism in one form or another is inevitable throughout the world. And it is the one hope for Europe."

When we come to learn just what Mr. France's Socialism is, it may not seem so very different from the desires of those who

do not make use of the word. The solution for Europe's plight, if she is to be saved from death, he sees as "action based on a new spirit, on the common interest and needs of all Europe and of all the world." He adds:

"What each nation did during the war on the constructive side, all the nations together must do if they wish not to be crushed by their common enemy, disintegration. For the maximum effort in the war each nation pooled all its resources and its strength and, theoretically at least, the people of that nation were for the time but one family. This on an international plane seems to me the only hope for Europe. To pool in common the resources of the world and to redistribute them on the basis of a common bond and a common need would not only save Europe materially but spiritually, as President Wilson hoped it would be saved."

"But the spirit that made common cause possible within each nation is the very thing that in its ugly and negative aspect works against the same action on an international

plane. Patriotism during war means hatred of the other nation as much as love of your own. In this negative sense France's patriotism has grown greatly since the signing of the armistice. It now not only still hates Germany; it has added other nations, notably Russia, to its hatreds. Toward England and Italy, her chief allies, the feeling in France is also anything but love. Even within its own borders interclass hatred is growing. Instead of democracy growing we have one class demanding the dictatorship of the proletariat; the other is a return to monarchy. There are distinct signs in France that the idea of monarchy is growing more popular. Take, for instance, the pomps and ceremonials accorded to the burial of Empress Eugénie. Also the mass of French *bourgeoisie* has grown not only in numbers but also in its essentially *bourgeois* passion. Formerly Frenchmen fought for their *seigneur*, for that body of



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel.

HE THINKS EUROPE SICK UNTO DEATH.

Andres Zorn's portrait of Anatole France, who thinks "Socialism is a tremendous fact instead of an agitating theme only."

customs and laws which for the mass of people means country. But now a great many people have acquired a little property and made investments; and to-day France makes war or peace and Frenchmen fight as their investment dictates. Whether this adds to the sentiment for monarchy in France may be debatable. But what is clear to us and not so much to people outside of France is that the example of England is helping the monarchical idea in France. Our royalists see across the channel a king on the throne. With characteristic lack of imagination they see only the crown and not the puppet. They do not understand the combination of democratic structure and regal trappings which makes England so inconsistent in form. A Gambetta Republic is what these Royalists want, and that was not far from monarchy."

His complaint respecting President Wilson bears the implication that one man was sufficient, had he persisted, against a whole army of opposing statesmen:

"He came here like some evangelical clergyman of a new faith, full of fire and of hope. He honestly believed that he had the only true gospel. I am sure he felt he was working in the name of God. His sincerity was not only beyond suspicion; it fired the masses of war-weary Europe. He felt, and they with him, that before this fire of faith and good will toward men all the powers of darkness must scatter. It is difficult for Americans to understand what the coming of President Wilson did to the hopes and hearts of European masses. To realize it, however, one need only consider what it did to President Wilson himself. When he came here he was the most acclaimed man in the world. To-day he is broken, not only in health and not only in the eyes of Europe, but also in his own country. They were waiting for him here, the powers of darkness. . . . And after the struggle in the dark it was the evangel of light that came out defeated and tarnished with compromise."

REFUSING TO SURRENDER SCOTT

WHOEVER WROTE "Sound, Sound the Clarion," which we gave our readers on September 11 with an account of its rediscovery in the *Edinburgh Bee*, "it was not the feckless composer of thirteen out of fourteen verses" which are attributed to Major Mordaunt. So comes out the famous English essayist and ex-member of the British Cabinet, Augustine Birrell. He admits in the *London Times* that the discovery throws "an uncomfortable doubt upon the Scott authorship of the glorious stanza in question," but he will have none of Major Mordaunt. To get around the apparent evidence in the case, he makes an ingenious suggestion to account for the jewel in the sow's ear:

"In October, 1791, Scott was in Edinburgh reading for the bar, aged twenty-one, and living in close intimacy 'with the lads of the Literary Society,' and was also secretary of the famous 'Speculative' Society. That he kept his eye upon *The Bee* and kindred adventures is certain. The editor was probably well known to him, and I, at all events, find it easy, in my mind's eye, to see Scott in the editor's room glancing over these vapid verses attributed to Major Mordaunt, and catching fire at the tenth stanza,

Beat, beat the drums, my ardor rouse,

sitting down, and in a fine frenzy dashing off the immortal lines which have reverberated through the world for nearly one hundred and thirty years. This is not 'proof positive,' but it is good enough for me.

"Scott's indifference to this question of authorship is well known, and an old, half-forgotten example of it may be worth mentioning. In 1822 Scott's publisher, Archibald Constable, printed a pretty little volume called 'The Poetry Contained in the Novels, Tales, and Romances of the Author of Waverley,' where are collected all the mottos and scraps of poetry printed and quoted in as many of the Waverley novels as were then in existence, and, among others, under 'Old Mortality,' the stanza in question.

"The 'Advertisement' to this little book, which is very much in Scott's ironical style, has the following passage:

"We believe by far the greater part of the poetry interspersed through these novels to be original compositions by the

author. At the same time, the reader will find passages which are quoted by other authors, and very probably detect more of them than our more limited reading has enabled us to ascertain; indeed, it is our opinion that some of the poetry is neither entirely original nor altogether borrowed, but consists in some instances of passages from other writers, which the author has not hesitated to alter considerably, either to supply defects of his own memory, or to adapt the quotations more explicitly and aptly to the matter in hand."

"Who was the actual editor of this volume is not known. It certainly was not Scott, who, altho he must have known of its appearance, can never have even glanced through its contents, for on page 101 it contains, without a word of comment, Lovelace's stanza beginning 'Stone walls do not a prison make,' quoted in 'Old Mortality,' and on page 115 Bunyan's 'He that is down need fear no fall,' quoted by *Madge Wildfire* in 'The Heart of Midlothian.'

"It is curious to have to relate that when Moxon in 1866 issued in his series of 'Miniature Poets,' 'A selection from the Works of Scott,' while Lovelace was too much for the editor, Bunyan's verse, altho to be read in the most widely circulated of British books, is to be found as an original production of Sir Walter's."

THE FRENCH BORROW "GENTLEMAN"

A "LOFTY COMPLIMENT" is paid by France to England in including in its celebrated dictionary the English word "gentleman." The French already were possess of the word *gentilhomme*, but the English cognate seemed to them to connote something more or different. "Gentleman," as the French now will define it in the volume so jealously watched by the French Academy, will be "an English word, sometimes employed in French in the metaphysical and moral sense of the word *gentilhomme*." When the new word takes the place of the old, the person described shall be known as "one who, without being necessarily noble in race, has lofty sentiments, elegant manners, and who does noble acts." Borrowing words back and forth between England and France is no new thing. France has been obliged to take English words when she took English sport, for she had no such words of her own. But she also gave England words relating to such pursuits as venery and tennis. The "Englishman" who writes for the *London Daily Mail* takes perhaps a pardonable pride in this last borrowing of France and has an excellent war-anecdote at hand with which to point a moral:

"When once, therefore, we have assumed, as we may, that a language enriches itself with foreign words only because it has no word of its own to do the work, we shall find the inclusion of 'gentleman' in the dictionary of the French Academy a lawful cause for pride.

"There is a slight nuance in gentleman which not even *gentilhomme* is able to suggest. A German officer paid us a not unreasonable compliment when he said to an Englishman, 'You will always be fools and we shall never be gentlemen.'

"And Germany, as tho to insure the truth of the officer's assertion, has done her best, by order and example, to expunge the word 'gentleman' from her vocabulary. If she fears the name she is not likely to cultivate the thing, and it is characteristic of the generous spirit of the French, who have never lacked the qualities of a gentleman, that they should at this hour admit the word into their dictionary, and thus confess that some qualities have lingered on in England which are worthy of emulation.

"And in admitting the favored word into her dictionary, France is merely resuming what is hers by right. The gentlemen of Chaucer's England, for instance, grew up under French influence, and from France learned the lessons of their craft. The chivalry, which in memory at least underlies the qualities of a gentleman, winged its way to these shores across the Channel.

"The *Knight*, as he is painted by Chaucer, possess the character and temperament of the gentleman as we know him to-day. He loved chivalry, truth and honor, freedom and courtesy. Wherever he had ridden, and no man had ridden farther, in Christendom and in heathenness, he was honored for his

worthiness. Surely he was a gentleman (and a *gentilhomme*) in the moral and metaphysical sense. Hear what Chaucer says:

And tho that he were worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde,
He never yet no vileinye ne dayde
In al his lyf, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

"Nor has the word changed its meaning with the centuries. We still know, as Englishmen have always known, the true meaning of gentleman."

"In Shakespeare's time, as in Chaucer's, there was the same understanding. Dekker's famous lines are never likely to be forgotten:

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

"And who could not echo willingly what Walton said in his 'Angler': 'I would rather prove myself to be a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by a fond ostentation of riches.'"

With such considerations as these in mind, the "Englishman" indulges a "lawful pride that the word is borrowed from our tongue by the French." He dilates further on one other trait added in modern times of which Chaucer never spoke:

"The practise of field sports has taught the Englishman something of the restraint and moderation which go to the gentleman's equipment."

"For the gentleman loves the game better than the victory. He knows that the dust is of higher value than the palm. It is not for him to win at all hazards, to show himself better than his fellows by a trick. The game is the thing, and a gallant opponent is a friend, whether he win or lose."

"And to-day we are said to be gentlemen all. The title is conferred somewhat too widely. They are called gentlemen who have not given their proofs, and who cling to the name less because they have earned it than because they think that their right to it is as good as another's. It is our first duty in this matter, not to debase the currency. The word has won a place in the dictionary of the French Academy, and none may wear the title who loves not 'truth and honor, freedom and courtesy.' If only they earn the right to bear the name, the more gentlemen there are the better will it be for the world. There is nothing so base and so barren as honor misapplied."

"MEMORIAL LAMPS"—A novel idea for a war-memorial will be carried out in a monument to the Allied dead to be erected at Notre Dame de Lorette, in Artois, France. The suggestion contained in this from the London *Times* may prove useful to communities still considering the question:

"Even before the war, a little sanctuary on the hill was visited by pilgrims from the district; it will now bring pilgrims from the ends of the earth, from every corner of France and Britain and Belgium, from Africa and Asia, from Canada and Australia; for the dead of all the Allies will lie there, near where they fell. The cost is being undertaken by public subscription, to be collected in the Allied countries, and the response should be prompt and generous. The plans have been designed by Mr. Cordonnier, a member of the Institut de France, and a son of Artois. Fortunately, there is to be no attempt at symbolism—that dangerous lure of the monumental architect. The main building is a domed and columned basilica, a stately hall depending on proportion for its beauty, historically apt for sacred or secular use. Like the Pantheon at Rome, it is to be flanked by two wings ending in corner towers, and in these the remains of the Allied dead will rest. The brief account already published refers to a 'lantern of the dead' on a belfry tower surmounting the dome. Doubtless fuller details will clear this part of the description, in which there seems to be some verbal or architectural confusion. A belfry tower would be an unexpected feature on the dome of a basilica. Sometimes a campanile was placed alongside a basilica, and this might either contain a belfry or be itself a *lanterne des morts*. The latter structures date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and a few still survive in the center and west of France. . . . The suggestion was adopted by the Zoological Society of London, which has erected in the Gardens in Regent's Park, in memory of the members of its staff who died on active service, a lantern adapted from one at La Souveraine, in the valley of the Creuse."

STEPHEN FOSTER VS. FRANZ SCHUBERT

THE CHANCES OF IMMORTALITY might seem better in a folk-song than in what is known as an art-song, but the facts contradict the assumption. Out of the one hundred and seventy songs written by Stephen Foster, the composer of "Swanee River," only four survive in popular remembrance. The fact, whether or not to be proved, is at least asserted by the music critic of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who is led to this statement by what he regards the extravagance of another writer. Mr. Harold Vincent Milligan, dealing with the life of Foster in a recent volume, speaks of him as occupying "a unique position in musical history, not only of this country but of the world." This is based upon the assertion that "no other single individual produced so many of those songs which are called 'folk-songs,' by which is meant songs that so perfectly express the mood and spirit of the people that they become a part of the life of all the 'folk' and speak as the voice, not of one individual, but of all."

Mr. Krehbiel here sees Mr. Milligan "expanding the United States into the world." Cold facts fail to support the larger assertion:

"Granted that the Christy Minstrels had a great vogue in London between 1850 and 1860, that they performed at command before Queen Victoria, that Thackeray recorded the fact that a vagabond with corked face and a banjo had with a little song moistened his spectacles more than thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage to appropriate blank verse or scores of clergymen—granted even that Bayard Taylor heard a wandering Hindu minstrel singing 'Oh, Susanna' at Delhi, we can not grant that no musician in the world had ever equaled him. Perhaps Mr. Milligan has kept his ears too much at home; he certainly did not exercise them extensively in foreign lands. The plain people of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, and Russia certainly sing many hundred times as many songs such as Mr. Milligan defines as those of the United States. Here we may omit the factor which in my view is an essential element in the true folk-song—its unanimity—for if that be granted the comparison becomes ridiculous."

"Of the one hundred and seventy songs by Foster, whose melodic genius I am not trying to belittle, there are four which I should say are universally known in the United States. They are: 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' and 'Old Black Joe.' There are a few more retained by memories as old as mine but quite unknown to the drawing-room singers of to-day, viz., 'Oh, Susanna,' which I listened to for the first time in the early '60's through the canvas of the side-show which accompanied Van Amburgh's Circus, to which a strict father barred his family from all but the menagerie (which was not immoral, but educational); 'Old Uncle Ned,' 'Nelly Was a Lady,' and 'Old Dog Tray.' I am writing miles away from any kind of memory help, but go into the humblest of German families and you may hear, 'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,' 'Morgen muss ich fort von hier,' 'Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz,' which are all folk-songs in the sense used by Mr. Milligan, for they were composed by Silcher. How slight an impression 'Camptown Races' and 'Old Dog Tray' made upon Puccini may be inferred from the fact that tho he heard them sung at the performances of Belasco's 'Girl of the Golden West,' and his librettist introduced a reference to Foster's faithful canine, it did not occur to him to introduce them along with the minstrel, Jake Wallace, but introduced a melody which he had been told was an Indian song. At least one hundred and fifty of Foster's songs are as deep buried in oblivion as are the minstrel songs which competed with them for popularity in their day."

The advantage of acquiring real musical knowledge, which Foster never troubled himself to do, is seen in the case of Franz Schubert, whose life, says Mr. Krehbiel, "in some of its aspects was like that of the American songster." Furthermore, "he sent into the world as many songs which have possessed the mouths of the folk-singers as did Foster's, tho they are all in the finest and purest sense of the word art-songs." Mr. Krehbiel continues:

"Within eighteen years, a period but little longer than that

of Foster's, he composed. His published songs, excluding of fertories in masses and for operas, numbered six hundred and three, and for all of them together he did not receive as much as Foster for 'The Old Folks at Home,' which amounted to at least one thousand five hundred dollars. Besides his songs, he wrote operas, symphonies, overtures, chamber pieces, and piano-forte compositions, the sum total of his works amounting to more than one thousand. In the year 1815 he wrote one hundred and forty-six songs. I am compelled to silence concerning the bulk of this tremendous output and must mention only the songs which Mr. Milligan characterizes as 'folk-songs.' In every German household such songs as 'Der Lindenbaum,' 'Am See' 'Haidenrölein,' 'Der Fischer,' 'Ave Maria' (from Scott's 'Lady of the Lake'), 'Who Is Sylvia?' (from 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'), and 'Hark, Hark, the Lark,' 'Ständchen,' and one or two of the 'Müller lieder.' And Schubert had no popular vehicle, such as the negro minstrels were for Foster, to popularize his songs among the masses. Schubert was what was considered a poorly educated musician in his day. Like Foster, too, he was charged with dissolute habits. But to what amounts such a charge in the face of so great an activity? In the year in which he composed one hundred and forty-six songs, some of them among his finest, he was a school-teacher with laborious duties. He was deficient in counterpoint and died hoping that he might yet have an opportunity to study it, yet he ranks to-day as the soul-child of Beethoven, and the musicians of to-day marvel over his harmonic and rhythmical gifts, and it was on his only visit to Beethoven, then on his deathbed, that the great man remarked to Randhartinger, 'You have my mind (*geist*), but Schubert has my soul.'

Schubert died at the age of thirty-one and Foster lived to thirty-seven. The latter gave up work at bookkeeping to devote himself to composition. About his life have grown some legends that the present-day writers aim to dispel:

"An affectionate eulogist has written of Foster that when he had become so popular that he withdrew from all work but song-writing, he 'studied deeply and burned much midnight oil over the works of the masters, especially Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, and that he struggled for years and sounded the depths of musical science.' If so, there is nothing in his work to show that he learned even the beginning of the alphabet of the art of those masters. I shall let Mr. Milligan tell of the extent of his achievements:

"As a composer, Stephen Foster is a paradox. The wonder is that any one could write so poorly. Was he a man of mediocre talent who stumbled almost by accident upon a few nuggets of pure gold in the midst of much of little worth, or was he endowed with a great gift which remained for the most part mute and found expression only in a few brief moments of song? He had practically no constructive ability. So far as the first impulse of his inspiration could carry him he went, but no further. Judged by the standard of musical composition, nearly all of his one hundred and seventy or more songs are on the same level. These songs were written throughout a period of about twenty years, during which he neither gained nor lost in the power of expression. His death at thirty-seven found him as a composer just about where he was at the beginning of his career. Both melody and harmony are of the utmost simplicity. He could neither develop nor vary his harmony. His melodies repeat themselves monotonously and he was content with a few simple chords and modulations. And yet, when his inspira-

tion is so pure and exalted as it is in "My Old Kentucky Home" or "The Old Folks at Home," the very limitations of his powers become virtues, resulting in simplicity and directness of utterance which no amount of erudition and sophistication could have occupied in simplicity and potency. He put the best of himself into the composition of these songs, and it is because they are



A cover of a music sheet of 1854, showing five of the popular songs of that day, before the blood tingled with "jazz."

the honest expression of real emotion that they found their way directly and at once to the world's heart."

Foster's profits were far from the millionaire standards of our modern popular song-writers:

"The publishers were no doubt glad to get Foster's songs for a small cash payment, while Stephen, without a regular income, and with no business ability or experience, was glad to part with them for whatever he could get. For most of them he did not receive more than twenty-five dollars, which was all to the advantage of the publisher, as any song with his name on the title-page was almost certain to have some sale, and there was always the chance that it might run into hundreds of thousands, as many of the earlier ones had. If this theory is correct it would account in a large measure for the poverty and distress of his last years."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

"DIPLOMATIC VICTORIES" OF THE VATICAN

SEVERAL "DIPLOMATIC VICTORIES" have recently been won by Rome, and as France is soon to resume relations with the Vatican, the United States, we read in the Catholic press, is now the "only Great Power not officially represented at the Holy See." As Catholic editors note with pride, Germany receives a papal nuncio; the Czecho-Slovak Republic is represented by a minister; Italian Catholics are now permitted to take part in political elections, and with England the Vatican "has secured a far better understanding than it has enjoyed for centuries." When the embassy is actually established at the Vatican, France expects to resume the protection of Catholic interests in the Far and Near East, we are told, and also to receive recognition of her influence elsewhere which went unchallenged before the war. But, according to Maurice Colrat, one of the members of the French Finance Commission, who is quoted in *America* (Catholic), no question could be raised in the negotiations between the Vatican and the Government concerning the internal legislation of France, and "the fact that an agreement has been reached does not in any way imply any modification of the Laws of Separation." Foreign politics demand the renewal of diplomatic relations, observes *America*, "since without the Pope many questions relating to the Togoland and the Kamerun, to Syria, Palestine, and the Sarre Valley can not be properly regulated." And in the preamble to the bill recently passed by the French Chamber of Deputies asking for a credit to reestablish a French Embassy at the Vatican it is argued that "French diplomacy must be present when questions interesting to France are being discussed. It can not remain any longer absent from the seat of the spiritual government at which the greater number of states are careful to be represented." And at this time—

"The putting in force of the peace treaties that are closing the world-war makes the resumption of relations with the Holy See particularly opportune. . . . Each alteration of frontiers in central Europe raises religious questions, particularly in districts where races are mixed and where conflicts of nationalities and tongues are associated with those of rites and confessions. . . . The new situation created in Syria, Palestine, and Constantinople, and throughout the whole East makes an agreement necessary as to the part which is dictated to us by our time-honored traditions, and by the sympathy of populations who are deeply attached to their worship and beliefs and whose political statutes are often confounded with their religious statutes. The settlement of questions that are as delicate as they are complex would itself be sufficient to form the object of negotiations even if it were not necessary to insure in the Far East the respect of rights which we recognized by treaties, and if it were not necessary in several countries throughout the world to support French missionaries who can not be sacrificed to foreign competitors. . . . In France itself the Peace Treaty of Versailles raises problems that must be solved, such as the application of the old Concordat in Alsace-Lorraine, and the fate of missions in the old German colonies in Togoland, Kamerun and elsewhere. Finally, the exercise by our nationals of the Catholic religion in Morocco must be safeguarded as it has been in Tunis and our colonies."

However, the bill granting the necessary credits for the embassy was strongly opposed, and protest against it is still uttered. Asserting in *The Continent* (Presbyterian) that "when the world-war broke out the papacy remained neutral and became the center of various intrigues and influences," Victor Monod, a French Protestant pastor, says that the French Protestants are grieved "to see the moral leadership of the Euro-

pean world apparently return to Rome." The responsibility he puts on other shoulders, and explains:

"Following the armistice, the spiritual and moral authority of the United States and of Great Britain in France was unquestionable. It was the great Protestant Powers who were to direct the moral reconstruction of the European world which the war had destroyed. The papacy, on the contrary, had aroused the indignation of many upright minds by its too prudent and too silent neutrality. But for the last eighteen months the refusal of the United States to join the League of Nations and to assume international responsibilities, with the independent and somewhat dictatorial policy of England, has offended many French minds, and so the moral supremacy of the English-speaking world has become compromised and weakened in France. A great number of persons, accordingly, have again turned toward the Catholic Church, not so much, perhaps, on account of religious belief as through the fear of revolution and Bolshevism. It was noticed that the first meeting of the League of Nations was convened in Catholic Brussels and not in Protestant Geneva. Numerous and converging signs have marked a return of public opinion to its prewar preferences."

The Christian Century (Disciples), in observing these "victories" of the Vatican, is impressed with the belief that the Pope is concerning himself with a return to temporal power, and recalls that—

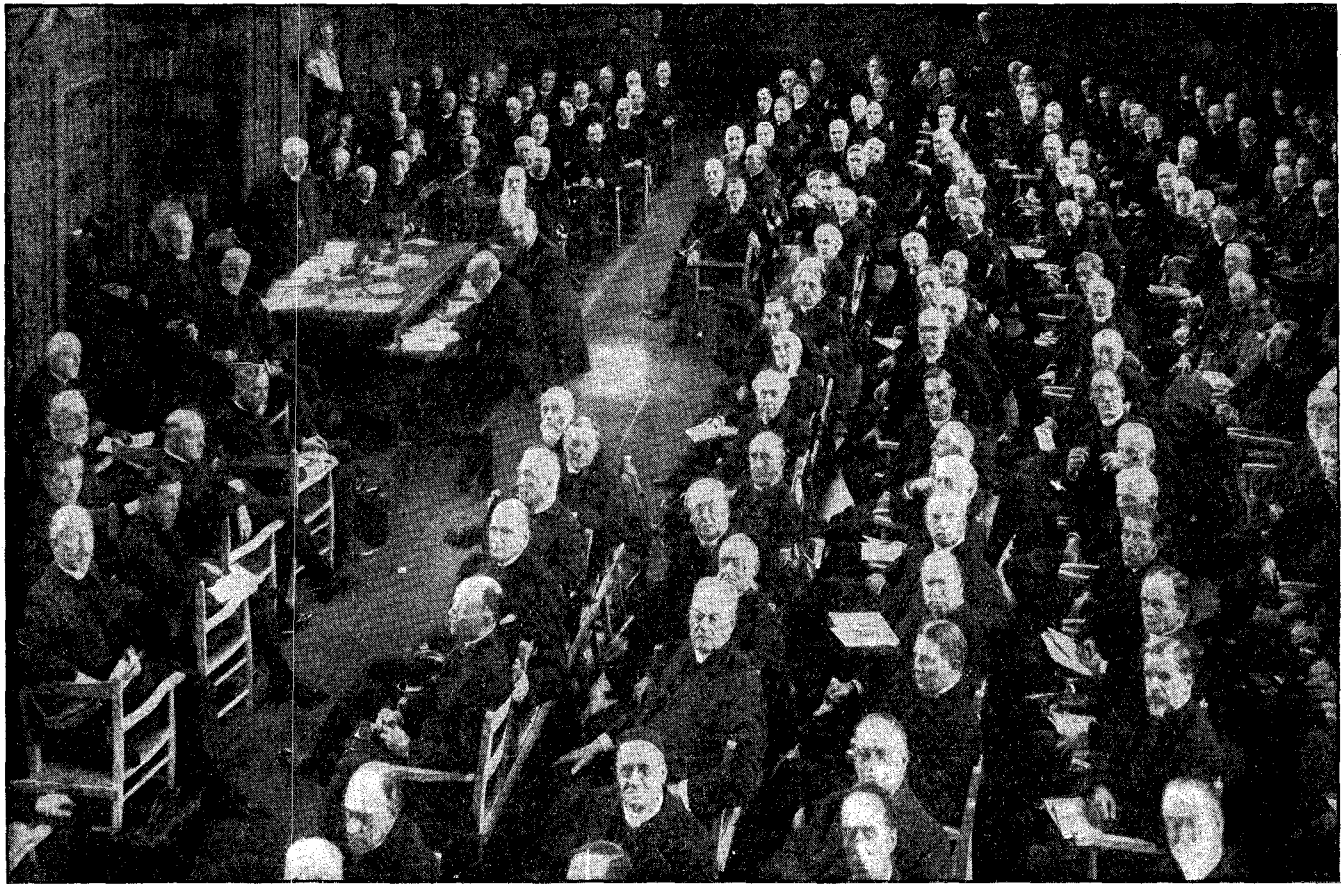
"As against these victories there was recently published a criticism of the Pope by the King of Spain. The King charges that during the war the Pope was pro-Ally one day and pro-German the next, and can not be depended upon. All of this indicates that instead of renouncing her political ambitions, the Catholic Church is using this time of confusion to strengthen her hand. The temporal power of the popes arose in a period of chaos and anarchy and the politicians of the church have seen the opportunity of the present hour and made the most of it. In the long run, however, this political machination of the Catholic Church is destined to alienate popular support. With the increase of democracy only the intelligent love of the people can save the Church."

But the Catholic press are eminently satisfied with the outcome of the negotiations which bring France and the Vatican into harmony again, and see in it a generally beneficent result for the world. As identical editorials in *The Catholic Citizen* (Milwaukee), *The Catholic Universe* (Cleveland), and other Catholic weeklies put it:

"There are now twenty-one ambassadors or ministers representing as many Powers in papal Rome. The Czecho-Slovak Republic is the latest nation to send its minister. France even now is represented, more or less informally, by a *Chargé d'Affaires*, pending the resumption of open diplomatic relations."

"Nearly one-third of the nations that thus recognize the influence of the Vicar of Christ are predominantly non-Catholic, such as Holland, Prussia, Great Britain. But these nations possess considerable Catholic populations, and their rulers recognize that the interests of all nations, and of all peoples, are bound up with that Church which alone is world-wide and permanent."

"When France joins these Powers, only the United States will lag behind in diplomatic representation at St. Peter's See, which now possesses a larger diplomatic corps than at any time since 1870, when the temporal power of the papacy ended. The secular sovereignty of the Pope is now only a chapter—albeit a chapter of tremendous importance—in the history of the past, but the spiritual force of the Church and of its Holy Father reveals itself more and more as one of the most significant facts of the present, and among the most hopeful presages of the future. . . . The visible head of the Catholic Church may no longer be forgotten or ignored by rulers or statesmen, as they themselves at last begin to realize."



Photograph from Wide World Photos.

THE LARGEST GROUP OF BISHOPS THAT EVER FACED A CAMERA.

Here are one hundred and fifty-seven Anglican bishops planning church union in conference at Lambeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding, is shown standing. Most of the American bishops are in the upper left-hand corner.

THE LAMBETH PLAN FOR CHURCH REUNION

FROM SOLEMN CONTEMPLATION OF HATES and misunderstandings engendered by the world-war the Lambeth Conference, composed of 252 Anglican and Protestant Episcopal bishops from the British Isles, America, and other parts of the world, turns to a proposed union of all Christendom as the chief hope against the forces of disorder. Its appeal, resulting from five strenuous weeks of discussion, is generally considered in both England and America to be broad and concisive. *The Christian Work* (New York) describes it as a "great advance over any previous Lambeth Conference utterance," for in their new appeal "the Episcopalians take an attitude of greater humility and finer Christianity." This spirit is voiced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over the Conference. In a letter "to all men and women of good will" he emphasizes that "the strengthening of the individual and the cementing of society are the very things which the world, on the morrow of the supreme catastrophe of the war, clearly needs for the reordering of its life."

Specifically admitting that it is without authority to exercise any powers of control or command, the Conference sets forth that the "visible unity" of the Church will be found to involve the whole-hearted acceptance of—

"The Holy Scriptures, as the record of God's revelation of himself to man, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith; and the Creed commonly called Nicene, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith, and either it or the Apostles' Creed as the baptismal confession of belief.

"The divinely instituted sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, as expressing for all the corporated life of the whole fellowship in and with Christ.

"A ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as

possessing not only the inward call of the spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body."

On the question of ordination the Conference suggests that "if the authorities of other communions should so desire, we are persuaded that, terms of union having been otherwise satisfactorily adjusted, bishops and clergy of our communion would willingly accept from the authorities a form of commission or recognition which would commend our ministry to their congregations, as having its place in the one family of life." In return the signers of the manifesto assert their "hope that the same motive would lead ministers who have not received it to accept a commission through episcopal ordination, as obtaining for them a ministry throughout the whole fellowship," and their belief that "in so acting no one of us could possibly be taken to repudiate his past ministry." Such resolutions as these "can only have been inspired by Christian charity at its highest," says the London *Guardian*, official organ of the Church of England, and it fervently declares:

"It will be forever memorable that at this moment when doubt and uncertainty are clogging the energy and obscuring the ideals of the nation, and when the very foundations of civilization are being threatened by the forces of disorder, the bishops of the Anglican communion have shown the way to strengthen and unite the only power by which they can be combated. . . . It would be grievous—tragically grievous—if narrowness of mind, old prejudices that are heritages of the past, an increasing conservatism that also belongs to an older day, should mar the consummation of a great and noble desire which we ourselves believe to have been divinely inspired."

More guarded in its appraisal, *The Church Times* (Anglican, London) believes that "if reunion could be brought about, the influence of Christianity in the world would be immensely increased and the powers that are working for good would be reinforced to a remarkable extent." In the opinion of the New

York Churchman (Episcopal) "the whole church will rejoice over the treatment of the pressing problem of reunion, and especially over the persuasive appeal to the faithful to approach the subject from a new point of view." *The Congregationalist and Advance* agrees that "the spirit of this appeal must commend it to thoughtful and prayerful consideration among all Christian people. . . . In its breadth of vision it includes the ancient communions of the East as well as the separate communions and churches of Great Britain and America," and "it may become a step toward that ultimate attainment of federated unity which is the dream and desire of all true followers of Christ. We must be careful, therefore, lest any contemptuous or narrow word should prove a hindrance."

But, however Protestantism at large may react to the appeal for unity, Rome, it is asserted, will remain adamant in its refusal. Against the Anglican invitation, says the *London Tablet*, a leading British Catholic journal, "three hundred millions of Catholics, the bulk of the Christian world, stand irreconcilably aloof—not, of course, because they do not yearn for Christian reunion, but because, as Catholics, they never could accept that notion of the Christian Church or that notion of Christian unity which, so far, is the only one which the Anglican bishops can afford to propose." And the Archbishop of Canterbury, in talking with a newspaper correspondent, is reported to have agreed that "as regards the Church of Rome, our position is hopeless." However, *The Tablet* is sympathetic, and says of the appeal: "We cheerfully recognize the sincerity and the good will of those who have framed it, and we can only pray that their zealous yearnings after unity may lead them, even through fallacy or failure, nearer and nearer to the God-given solution in which they alone can find their fulfillment." But it is in quite another spirit that the *Columbus Josephinum Weekly* (Catholic) remarks: "Except that it provides an excellent opportunity for a number of aged clergymen in different parts of the world to take a pleasant holiday, and affords in addition a medium for getting numberless things off their minds, it is difficult to see what useful purpose the Lambeth Conference fulfils."

CHRISTIANITY LIBERALIZING JAPAN—In Japan Christianity and liberalism are walking hand in hand, each aiding the other's progress, it is now asserted. The younger generation are casting aside the doctrines of the older faiths, and with the "wines of Christian inspiration" are drinking in new truths of life and conduct. Buddhism among the progressives and intellectual classes is being "discarded as unfit to lead in the progressive and perennial unfolding of life, and hence failing to satisfy the inner cravings of their souls," says a correspondent of *The Sun and New York Herald*. Thus comes Christianity's opportunity, and—

"If any one concludes from the small number of converts that Christianity in Japan has been a failure he makes a grave mistake. In a country like Japan, where the domestic and social customs have long been molded by Buddhism, people naturally hesitate to denounce it publicly, even if they have already accepted Jesus as the Savior, are sending their children to Sunday-school, and are regularly attending church. This is pardonable in a sense, since the denunciation usually involves sharp criticism from unenlightened relatives and irksome family entanglement. If we count these 'informal Christians' Japan may claim more than a million Christians within her borders. What is most noteworthy is the fact that those converts are in general younger men of keen insight, high intellectual equipment, and liberal tendencies. Such foremost leaders of liberalism and democracy as Professors Yoshino, Abe, Hoashi, and Uchgasaki are zealous believers of Christianity."

"Through their lectures and philosophical writings the younger generations are drinking the wines of Christian inspiration. It is this fact which explains why there is such a close alliance—in fact, identity—between Christianity and liberalism or democracy in Nippon. Japanese liberalism—of which the world is yet to hear—is Christianity incarnate."

THE NEAR EAST LEARNS DEMOCRACY

SELF-DISCIPLINE among children, which regulates their relations and metes out punishment to offenders, is being applied by American relief-workers among approximately fifty thousand boys and girls in the 219 Near-East Relief orphanages of Asia Minor, Syria, and Armenia. The medium of application is a children's court, with a native teacher as presiding officer and the children themselves as judges and marshals. The system is proving to be of twofold value, writes J. R. Gousha in *The Survey* (New York). "Not only is it solving a difficult problem of discipline, but it is inculcating in the new generation of Armenians an understanding of the elements of self-government." Before the establishment of these orphanages there were more than two hundred thousand Armenian and Syrian children wandering about the country, remnants of Turkish massacres. For three, four, and even five years their life had been completely outside the normal, a mere struggle for existence. To the orphanages, when the waifs were gathered up, they came famished, ragged, dulled in mentality, low in spirit, and emaciated in body. They improved with proper food and clothing, with opportunity for play and study and with new interests constantly opening before them. But their wild life had had its effect, and there were increasing infractions of discipline. In order to meet this condition, the new system of self-discipline was evolved. It is thus described:

"In every orphanage a boy police force was organized. The young officers are empowered to arrest any one of their fellows detected in the commission of an offense of any sort, and to bring him before the court of the orphanage. After sentence is pronounced, the policemen direct its execution. Save for the supervision of the native teacher, the entire machinery of justice is operated by the children themselves. Rarely do the American authorities find it necessary to intervene."

"The court of one of the orphanages, which may be considered typical, is made up of the presiding officer and three judges—an apprentice in the orphanage carpenter shop, a blind girl who teaches in the school for the blind children, and a boy of fourteen. These four, with the two marshals, sit at the bar of justice—a square table, three sides of which are occupied by the court and the fourth by the prisoner on trial. Each case is recorded in a ledger lying at the presiding officer's place. In a typical case the prisoner was one of the older boys of the orphanage. The charge, read from the ledger by the presiding officer, set forth that he had been rough in his treatment of the younger boys, and had frequently struck them. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The younger boys mocked him, he said, because, tho older than they, he was no further advanced in his studies. Turning back over the ledger, the presiding officer read the record of other trials in which the same boy had been the defendant. He also read a memorandum from one of the teachers in the orphanage school, which declared the boy a troublemaker. With that the case lay before the court. The judges went immediately into whispered consultation, the blind girl and the fourteen-year-old boy taking chief part. Finally the verdict was announced. It was unusually severe for this tribunal. The prisoner was ordered locked up over night in solitary confinement in the jail—a room on one of the upper floors. The only participation of the American staff came late that evening, when the nurse who is charged with caring for the health of the children saw that the prisoner was provided with sufficient blankets for the night."

"In another case before this court two boys found in the orchard they had been forbidden to frequent were sentenced to clear stones from an area in the garden. In a third, where two blind boys were charged with taking articles belonging to other children, judgment was reserved. Few of the children brought before the court attempt to escape the penalty of their misdemeanors. Practically all plead guilty, and the court is seldom put to the effort of proving a case. The children recognize the fairness of trial by their fellows."

"It is hoped that the Near-East Relief may be able to bring the influence of this democratic spirit to bear upon all the one hundred thousand children who have come through the years of suffering and who have not yet found their place in life."

THE COVENANT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The leading issue of the Presidential campaign, and, in fact, of world-politics, seems to be the League of Nations. To promote a more informed and intelligent discussion of it and vote upon it, we reprint below the full official text of the Covenant, and suggest it be carefully studied and preserved for reference.

THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES,

In order to promote international cooperation and to achieve international peace and security

- by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,
- by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations,
- by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments, and
- by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another,

Agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE 1

The original Members of the League of Nations shall be those of the Signatories which are named in the Annex to this Covenant and also such of those other States named in the Annex as shall accede without reservation to this Covenant. Such accession shall be effected by a Declaration deposited with the Secretariat within two months of the coming into force of the Covenant. Notice thereof shall be sent to all other Members of the League.

Any fully self-governing State, Dominion or Colony not named in the Annex may become a Member of the League if its admission is agreed to by two-thirds of the Assembly, provided that it shall give effective guaranties of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations, and shall accept such regulations as may be prescribed by the League in regard to its military, naval and air forces and armaments.

Any Member of the League may, after two years' notice of its intention so to do, withdraw from the League, provided that all its international obligations and all its obligations under this Covenant shall have been fulfilled at the time of its withdrawal.

ARTICLE 2

The action of the League under this Covenant shall be effected through the instrumentality of an Assembly and of a Council, with a permanent Secretariat.

ARTICLE 3

The Assembly shall consist of Representatives of the Members of the League.

The Assembly shall meet at stated intervals and from time to time as occasion may require at the Seat of the League or at such other place as may be decided upon.

The Assembly may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world.

At meetings of the Assembly each Member of the League shall have one vote, and may have not more than three Representatives.

ARTICLE 4

The Council shall consist of Representatives of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, together with Representatives of four other Members of the League. These four Members of the League shall be selected by the Assembly from time to time in its discretion. Until the appointment of the Representatives of the four Members of the League first selected by the Assembly, Representatives of Belgium, Brazil, Spain and Greece shall be members of the Council.

With the approval of the majority of the Assembly, the Council may name additional Members of the League whose Representatives shall always be members of the Council; the Council with like approval may increase the number of Members of the League to be selected by the Assembly for representation on the Council.

The Council shall meet from time to time as occasion may require, and at least once a year, at the Seat of the League, or at such other place as may be decided upon.

The Council may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world.

Any Member of the League not represented on the Council shall be invited to send a Representative to sit as a member at any meeting of the Council during the consideration of matters specially affecting the interests of that Member of the League.

At meetings of the Council, each Member of the League represented on the Council shall have one vote, and may have not more than one Representative.

ARTICLE 5

Except where otherwise expressly provided in this Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty, decisions at any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council shall require the agreement of all the Members of the League represented at the meeting.

All matters of procedure at meetings of the Assembly or of the Council, including the appointment of Committees to investigate particular matters, shall be regulated by the Assembly or by the Council and may be decided by a majority of the Members of the League represented at the meeting.

The first meeting of the Assembly and the first meeting of the Council shall be summoned by the President of the United States of America.

ARTICLE 6

The permanent Secretariat shall be established at the Seat of the League. The Secretariat shall comprise a Secretary General and

such secretaries and staff as may be required.

The first Secretary General shall be the person named in the Annex; thereafter the Secretary General shall be appointed by the Council with the approval of the majority of the Assembly.

The secretaries and staff of the Secretariat shall be appointed by the Secretary General with the approval of the Council.

The Secretary General shall act in that capacity at all meetings of the Assembly and of the Council.

The expenses of the Secretariat shall be borne by the Members of the League in accordance with the apportionment of the expenses of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

ARTICLE 7

The Seat of the League is established at Geneva.

The Council may at any time decide that the Seat of the League shall be established elsewhere.

All positions under or in connection with the League, including the Secretariat, shall be open equally to men and women.

Representatives of the Members of the League and officials of the League when engaged on the business of the League shall enjoy diplomatic privileges and immunities.

The buildings and other property occupied by the League or its officials or by Representatives attending its meetings shall be inviolable.

ARTICLE 8

The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.

The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments.

Such plans shall be subject to reconsideration and revision at least every ten years.

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Argentine Republic	Greece	Persia
Australia	Guatemala	Poland
Belgium	Haiti	Portugal
Bolivia	Hedjaz	Rumania
Brazil	India	Salvador
British Empire	Italy	Serbia
Canada	Japan	Siam
Chile	Liberia	South Africa
China	Netherlands	Spain
Colombia	New Zealand	Sweden
Cuba	Norway	Switzerland
Czecho-Slovakia	Panama	Uruguay
Denmark	Paraguay	Venezuela
France	Peru	

Ecuador is considering the treaty of peace in the current Congress. Nicaragua has ratified, but the formalities of depositing the ratification are not yet complete. Honduras has completed the parliamentary stage of ratification. The United States is eligible to original membership.

After these plans shall have been adopted by the several Governments, the limits of armaments therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council.

The Members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections. The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those Members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.

The Members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval and air programs and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes.

ARTICLE 9

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to advise the Council on the execution of the provisions of Articles 1 and 8 and on military, naval, and air questions generally.

ARTICLE 10

The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

ARTICLE 11

Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case any such emergency should arise the Secretary General shall on the request of any Member of the League forthwith summon a meeting of the Council.

It is also declared to be the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

ARTICLE 12

The Members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.

In any case under this Article the award of the arbitrators shall be made within a reasonable time, and the report of the Council shall be made within six months after the submission of the dispute.

ARTICLE 13

The Members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which can not be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration.

Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty, as to any question of international law, as to the existence of any fact which if established would constitute a breach of any international obligation, or as to the extent and nature of the reparation to be made for any such breach, are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for submission to arbitration.

For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which the case is referred shall be the Court agreed on by the parties to the dispute or stipulated in any convention existing between them.

The Members of the League agree that they will carry out in full good faith any award that may be rendered, and that they will not resort to war against a Member of the League which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such an award, the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

ARTICLE 14

The Council shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

ARTICLE 15

If there should arise between Members of the League any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, which is not submitted to

arbitration in accordance with Article 13, the Members of the League agree that they will submit the matter to the Council. Any party to the dispute may effect such submission by giving notice of the existence of the dispute to the Secretary General, who will make all necessary arrangements for a full investigation and consideration thereof.

For this purpose the parties to the dispute will communicate to the Secretary General, as promptly as possible, statements of their case with all the relevant facts and papers, and the Council may forthwith direct the publication thereof.

The Council shall endeavor to effect a settlement of the dispute, and if such efforts are successful, a statement shall be made public giving such facts and explanations regarding the dispute and the terms of settlement thereof as the Council may deem appropriate.

If the dispute is not thus settled, the Council either unanimously or by a majority vote shall make and publish a report containing a statement of the facts of the dispute and the recommendations which are deemed just and proper in regard thereto.

Any Member of the League represented on the Council may make public a statement of the facts of the dispute and of its conclusions regarding the same.

If a report by the Council is unanimously agreed to by the members thereof other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute, the Members of the League agree that they will not go to war with any party to the dispute which complies with the recommendations of the report.

If the Council fails to reach a report which is unanimously agreed to by the members thereof, other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute, the Members of the League reserve to themselves the right to take such action as they shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice.

If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council, to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement.

The Council may in any case under this Article refer the dispute to the Assembly. The dispute shall be so referred at the request of either party to the dispute, provided that such request be made within fourteen days after the submission of the dispute to the Council.

In any case referred to the Assembly, all the provisions of this Article and of Article 12 relating to the action and powers of the Council shall apply to the action and powers of the Assembly, provided that a report made by the Assembly, if concurred in by the Representatives of those Members of the League represented on the Council and of a majority of the other Members of the League, exclusive in each case of the Representatives of the parties to the dispute, shall have the same force as a report by the Council concurred in by all the members thereof other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute.

ARTICLE 16

Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not.

It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

The Members of the League agree, further, that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article, in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience resulting from the above measures, and that they will mutually support one another in resisting any special measures aimed at one of their number by the covenant-breaking State, and that they will take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the Members of the League which are cooperating to protect the covenants of the League.

Any Member of the League which has violated any covenant of the League may be declared to be no longer a Member of the League by a vote of the Council concurred in by the Representatives of all the other Members of the League represented thereon.

ARTICLE 17

In the event of a dispute between a Member of the League and a State which is not a Member of the League, or between States not Members of the League, the State or States not Members of the League shall be invited to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, upon such conditions as the Council may deem just. If such invitation is accepted, the provisions of Articles 12 to 16 inclusive shall be applied with such modifications as may be deemed necessary by the Council.

Upon such invitation being given the Council shall immediately institute an inquiry into the circumstances of the dispute and recommend such action as may seem best and most effectual in the circumstances.

If a State so invited shall refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, and shall resort to war against a Member of the League, the provisions of Article 16 shall be applicable as against the State taking such action.

If both parties to the dispute when so invited refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, the Council may take such measures and make such recommendations as will prevent hostilities and will result in the settlement of the dispute.

ARTICLE 18

Every treaty or international engagement entered into hereafter by any Member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it. No such treaty or international engagement shall be binding until so registered.

ARTICLE 19

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

ARTICLE 20

The Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof.

In case any Member of the League shall, before becoming a Member of the League, have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the terms of this Covenant, it shall be the duty of such Member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations.

ARTICLE 21

Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace.

ARTICLE 22

To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be intrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as Mandatories on behalf of the League.

The character of the mandate must differ according to the stage of the development of the people, the geographical situation of the territory, its economic conditions and other similar circumstances.

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

Other peoples, especially those of Central Africa, are at such a stage that the Mandatory must be responsible for the administration of the territory under conditions which will guarantee freedom of conscience and religion, subject only to the main-

tenance of public order and morals, the prohibition of abuses such as the slave trade, the arms traffic and the liquor traffic, and the prevention of the establishment of fortifications or military and naval bases and of military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defense of territory, and will also secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other Members of the League.

There are territories, such as Southwest Africa and certain of the South Pacific Islands, which, owing to the sparseness of their population, or their small size, or their remoteness from the centers of civilization, or their geographical contiguity to the territory of the Mandatory, and other circumstances, can be best administered under the laws of the Mandatory as integral portions of its territory, subject to the safeguards above mentioned in the interests of the indigenous population.

In every case of mandate, the Mandatory shall render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge.

The degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the Mandatory shall, if not previously agreed upon by the Members of the League, be explicitly defined in each case by the Council.

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the Mandatories and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates.

ARTICLE 23

Subject to and in accordance with the provisions of international conventions existing or hereafter to be agreed upon, the Members of the League:

- (a) will endeavor to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor for men, women, and children, both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend, and for that purpose will establish and maintain the necessary international organizations;
- (b) undertake to secure just treatment of the native inhabitants of territories under their control;
- (c) will intrust the League with the general supervision over the execution of agreements with regard to the traffic in women and children, and the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs;
- (d) will intrust the League with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition with the countries in which the control of this traffic is necessary in the common interest;
- (e) will make provision to secure and maintain freedom of communications and of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all Members of the League. In this connection, the special necessities of the regions devastated during the war of 1914-1918 shall be borne in mind;
- (f) will endeavor to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease.

ARTICLE 24

There shall be placed under the direction of the League all international bureaus already established by general treaties if the parties to such treaties consent. All such international bureaus and all commissions for the regulation of matters of international interest hereafter constituted shall be placed under the direction of the League.

In all matters of international interest which are regulated by general conventions but which are not placed under the control of international bureaus or commissions, the Secretariat of the League shall, subject to the consent of the Council and if desired by the parties, collect and distribute all relevant information and shall render any other assistance which may be necessary or desirable.

The Council may include as part of the expenses of the Secretariat the expenses of any bureau or commission which is placed under the direction of the League.

ARTICLE 25

The Members of the League agree to encourage and promote the establishment and cooperation of duly authorized voluntary national Red Cross organizations having as purposes the improvement of health, the prevention of disease and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world.

ARTICLE 26

Amendments to this Covenant will take effect when ratified by the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Assembly.

No such amendment shall bind any Member of the League which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a Member of the League.

CURRENT - POETRY

VERS LIBRE rarely gets a contribution that charms by the rhythmic exquisiteness of this one in the *London Nation*. Revolters against the prevalence of unrimed verse must be to a measure subdued. The pertinence of Tagore's message to the times will not be missed either:

HARBINGER

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Fiercely they rent into pieces the carpet
woven by ages of prayer for the welcome of the
World's best hope.
The great preparation of love lies in a waste-heap
and there is nothing in the ruined altar
to remind the mad crowd of the coming of
their God.
In a fury of passion they seem to have burnt
their own future to cinders and with it
their hope of the flowering time.
The air is harsh with the shout "Victory to the
Brute!"
The children look haggard and aged,
they whisper to one another that time revolves
but never advances, that we are goaded to run
but have nothing to reach, that creation is
the cry of the blind.

I said to myself, "Stop thy songs,
For song is for the One who is to come,
and fight without end for things that are."
The road which had ever seemed to keep
its ear to the ground listening to footsteps from
beyond
misses to-day its message of the coming guest
or of the house at the end.
My lute said to me, "Fling me to the dust."
I looked at the dust by the roadside.
There was a tiny flower among thorns,
And I cried, "The hope of the world is not dead.
Here is the print of the footstep."
I felt the horizon's whisper to the earth
and a hush of expectation in the air.
I saw the palm-leaves clapping their hands to the
time
of some unheard music,
and the exchange of glances between the moon
and the glistening silence of the lake.
The road said to me, "Fear not,"
and my lute said, "Lend me thy songs."

THERE is a power of suggestion in the following poem from the *Minneapolis Tribune*. The palpitating heat-waves that one sees rise and fall over a sandy plain are here given the realities of wolf-packs:

THE HEAT DEVIL'S DANCE

BY CARTER J. GREENWOOD

Where thin banks of hoary, stunted sage
Fringe the dull-gray mesa's swift decline
Toward the wastrel desert's hospitage,
Where the guests are served with alkaline,
Devils hold their gruesome matinees—
Celebrate their ancient trysting days—
Gliding lightly evermore
O'er the desert's sanded floor,
Rise and fall their padded feet
In a rhythmic, steady beat,
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans
and prayers.

'Tis a land of luring, lurking death,
Where these dancing devils rule supreme;
There they twist a compress on your breath,
And you cease to follow up the gleam:
Then their steaming crimson wine they brew—
Roast by heat of sun their barbecue—

Gliding lightly evermore
O'er the desert's sanded floor,
Rise and fall their padded feet
In a rhythmic, steady beat,
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans
and prayers.

Still Death Valley spreads its dun barrage
Round that lurid, burning lake of hell;
Still it lures men with its calm mirage,
Where the rising heat-waves fierce upswell;
Where the locoed spirits westward gaze,
And the mocking devils thread the maze—
Gliding lightly evermore
O'er the desert's sanded floor,
Rise and fall their padded feet
In a rhythmic, steady beat,
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans
and prayers.

"WISTFUL lovers" will probably be satisfied with what is offered them here in *The Touchstone*. They apparently have to be taken care of by the poets as well as the more violent ones:

THEY WHO LAUGH

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

It needs all the gaiety
We can give,
All the mirth and the laughing.
Just to live.

So, since for Life's disasters,
I must be brave,
You will look in vain still
To see me grave.

Only gay, gay laughter
And light, light love
Can I give you, wistful lover.
Is it enough?

THE *Washington Post* brings us a reminder of some of the lingering victims of the late war whose disabilities have the misfortune to outlast our humanitarian concern. Such a reminder is salutary:

FORGOTTEN

BY MARY L. D. MACFARLAND

Nary a visitor in the ward this week—
Aw, they're tired of us now!
When we was well and whole
And they needed us to go across
To stop the U-boat on our shores
And chase the Hun across the Rhine,
Then every last blamed chump among us
Was a "hero" and they couldn't do enough.
Now—
Well, the war is over, so they say
(It looks to me like it wasn't finished yet).
And they're sick of all
The whole danged business.
So are we!
We're sick of this 'ere hospital,
We're sick of this 'ere grub,
We never want to see another doctor or a nurse,
And they never want to see another wounded cuss.
I don't blame 'em, but—
Here we are!
This buddy next me here he hadn't got
Much left to decorate his carcass,
And he's blind, too; the *Boche*
Shot out one eye for sure;
The doctors thought they'd save the other one,
But yesterday they took the bandage off
And he couldn't see a goldarned thing.
He's a sport. He never said a word,
But I could see his lips a-shakin'.

My, ain't it hot!
And these danged flies are such a nuisance
I wisht that I could hike out to a shady place
And "cool my fevered brow," as they say
In high-toned stuff.
But I can't, your see, until
They hitch sumpin' goin' on to
These two pretty stumps of mine.

THE poignancy of this verse in *Ainslie* points to an experience of personal loss. Harry Kemp has chosen to be known as the "tramp poet," and his themes have been culled from "the road." Here we go into his own inner sanctuary:

TRAGEDY

BY HARRY KEMP

The solemn tragedy and end is near,
Not as I thought, but in the ordained way;
The spirit that abandons its racked clay,
Pausing before it seeks another sphere,
Knowing it may no longer fashion here
The dreams and hopes it fashioned yesterda
Seems in its silence more to mean and say
Than all the song of many a crowded year.

She reassures me of eternity,
Lying there, still as sculpture and as fair;
She brings such wide-horizoned hope to me
That joy grows in my heart, and not despair,
And I perceive that greater things must be
Beyond this world hung in a bubble of air.

THE diligent searcher for antique furniture in its native haunts will recognize the genuineness of this type to which "G. S. B." has given a bit of pathos. As usual we find him in the "Conning Tower" of the *New York Tribune*:

THE HOARD

BY G. S. B.

The rotted pales hung wryly from the fence;
The sagging screen-doors, gnawed upon by rust,
Broke when you touched them; grubs had built
their tents
Across the fanlight, clouded with thick dust.

The storms of years had marked the dingy walls
Wasps buzzed displeasure, and from room to room
Rats scrambled in alarm, with squealing calls.
Our footfalls woke strange echoes in the gloom.

Old girandoles and sets of Empire chairs,
And cupboards full of books in musty leather,
And mantel ornaments in ugly pairs,
And black-framed prints, bestained by time
and weather;

Hearth furniture of choicest early brass,
A classic highboy, a large pie-crust stand,
A most uncommon triptych looking-glass,
A curious cabinet, artfully japanned;

Such we saw there, shut up to slow decay;
And not our prayers nor tears could aught avail
To coax one precious, envied piece away
From the lean spinster who said, "Not for sale."

They are not beautiful to her, and she
Lives in the kitchen, but she still clings fast
To these few things; to part from them would be
To own the world had beaten her at last.

The old and feeble, she yet shows the pleasure
Of proud refusal in her filmy eye;
Poor tho she be, rich is she in a treasure
Solicitous strangers are too poor to buy.

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Everybody knows Campbell's. Why?

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WORLD-WIDE-TRADE-FACTS

AMERICA EATING MORE CANDY

BY FAR THE LARGEST single channel through which sugar was consumed in the United States last year was that of candy. Approximately, three hundred and fifty million pounds were used for this purpose, the most conservative estimates on the subject indicating that the minimum per capita consumption was at the rate of thirteen pounds of candy per annum, an advance of twenty per cent. over 1916, says Schuyler Patterson in *The Financial World*. This was in spite of the fact that during this period the output of candy was decreased to a very considerable extent by the United States Food Administration curtailing the amount of sugar that could be used by manufacturers. In the final three months of 1917 they were limited to fifty per cent.; in the final six months of 1918 to eighty per cent., and in the last six months of 1919 to fifty per cent. of their normal consumption. To meet this situation, manufacturers contrived to employ substitutes, such as fruit- and corn-sugars, which, to a certain extent, are still used in this industry. Without these substitutes the candy industry would, to-day, be much curtailed, since periodical sugar shortages are still recurring, and the candy industry, being a non-essential, is the first to be restricted.

Prohibition has, of course, played a leading part in the development of the sales of sweet-stuffs. It has long been known that the habitual candy-eater is seldom a drinker of fermented liquors in quantity. In fact, several of the so-called "cures" were based on this foundation, and patients were plied with candy with the idea of overcoming their taste for potent drinks.

HIGH WAGES AND THE CANDY "JAG"

Now that drinkers, both habitual and casual, have been legislated out of the satisfaction of their desires, they seem to have turned to sugar as a means of gratifying their appetites. The reason for this is not far to seek, since it is a scientific fact that through the process of human digestion sugar changes into alcohol, and that a certain amount of stimulant results, particularly when the sugar is taken in excess, this fact having been demonstrated during the recent war. Several of the belligerent Powers recognized this need of their fighters, and, not wishing to supply them with the stimulants which lessen their resistance powers, fed them candy and jams in large quantities.

The high wages which have prevailed for the past several years have put large amounts of money in circulation, and, lacking the means otherwise to expend money to the satisfaction of their alimentary tastes, many persons have fallen back on sugar and sugar products. That women in industry are receiving higher wages to-day than ever before and are more universally employed in all lines is a factor of no small importance, since women are proverbially the leading candy consumers.

The history of candy in this country for the past seventy-five years is one of rapid strides. Prior to 1845 there were few attempts to manufacture high-grade confectionery, local dealers contenting themselves with molasses candy, stick candies, and sugar plums of their own manufacture, the better grades being imported principally from France.

A comparison of consumption between 1880 and 1919 shows:

	1880	1919
Pounds of candy.....	110,342,540	1,400,000,000
Retail value of candy.....	\$33,700,000	\$1,219,000,000
Per capita consumption (pounds).....	2.2	13.1

For the last few years the total estimated candy business has amounted to the following:

	1914	1919
Pounds of candy.....	550,000,000	1,400,000,000
Value.....	\$176,000,000	\$1,219,000,000
Per capita consumption (pounds).....	5.6	13.1
Per capita cost.....	\$1.79	\$11.39

From this it may be seen that whereas candy consumption has increased in five years approximately one hundred and fifty-five per cent., total cost has gone up almost six hundred per cent. The public is paying an average of eighty-seven cents a pound to-day as against thirty-two cents in 1914, and buying almost seven times as much as in 1914.

CANDY CONSUMPTION BY SEASONS AND STATES

It is interesting to note that by far the greatest amount of candy is consumed in the winter, due to the greater number of indoor entertainments, holiday season, and the natural craving for candy in the cold weather. The approximate consumption during the various seasons is:

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
Winter.....	39	Summer.....	14
Spring.....	21	Fall.....	26

So fixt has this seasonal consumption of candy become that manufacturers are aware well in advance of just what demands will be made on them and lay their plans accordingly.

Consumption of candy by States is pretty well known. Figures for eleven States in the East and Middle West are given in the following table:

	Pounds		Pounds
New York.....	106,470,000	Missouri.....	34,500,000
Pennsylvania.....	88,000,000	Michigan.....	31,340,000
Illinois.....	63,180,000	New Jersey.....	30,800,000
Ohio.....	52,750,000	Indiana.....	28,550,000
Texas.....	46,020,000	Wisconsin.....	25,540,000
Massachusetts.....	38,330,000		

Next in importance to candy in the consumption of sugar come the soft drinks. This industry includes bottled drinks, sirups and flavors, soda-fountain supplies (including cones, ice-cream, etc.). The bottled-drink industry and the soda-fountain products represent the largest part of the total.

It is impossible to give exact figures as to per capita expenditure, particularly in the soda-fountain end of the sales, but it has been estimated that for every man, woman, and child in the United States \$6.75 is spent annually at the soft-drink bar. This per capita brings the total consumer expenditure to \$715,500,000, altho the wholesale value of the product is considerably less.

Investigation shows that there has been an increase of almost one hundred per cent. in this industry in the past few years. It is now estimated that each of the eighty-four thousand soda-fountains of the country serve an average of ninety-five thousand persons annually, or a total of almost eight billion services by all fountains. This is the equivalent of sixty-five services annually for every man, woman, and child in the country.

In 1889, it has been estimated that the public was spending less than one hundred million dollars at the soda-fountains of the United States, as against present consumption of about seven times that amount. The following tabulation shows the estimated amount spent at various times during this period, also the percentage of increase for each period. If the increase is as great during the next five years as it has been during the last five, the amount of money spent at the fountains will amount to well over a billion dollars.

Year	Spent at Fountains	Percentage of Increase	Year	Spent at Fountains	Percentage of Increase
1889.....	\$100,000,000	..	1909.....	300,000,000	42
1894.....	120,000,000	20	1914.....	485,000,000	62
1899.....	170,000,000	42	1919.....	715,500,000	46
1904.....	210,000,000	24			

Should prohibition, in its present form, remain in effect, and the "invisible" supplies of liquor continue to be depleted, 1920 should show a substantial increase over 1919.

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PERSONAL - GLIMPSES

TERENCE MacSWINEY, AN "IRISH SPEARHEAD"

SINN-FEIN IRELAND'S long struggle against British control seems to many observers to have been brought to a head by the hunger strike of Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork. MacSwiney took the place made vacant when Lord Mayor MacCurtain was murdered by members of the constabulary. A "doomed post" Mayor MacSwiney called it when he accepted the office, and he predicted his own death, either as the result of violence or through self-imposed starvation, which he had decided to undergo in case of arrest by the British authorities.

"A young man with the head of a poet and the heart of a stoic philosopher," the sympathetic Boston *Globe* characterizes Mayor MacSwiney, and even the numerous American editors who are not sure whether his self-immolation points toward martyrdom or suicide agree that "in his emaciated body is concentrated the cause of Ireland." The anti-British New York *American* enshrines the Irish sufferer above one of the most famous of American martyrs by announcing in large type that "the death Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, is dying, makes the sacrifice of Nathan Hale seem insignificant."

Mayor MacSwiney, according to a recent Irish bulletin forwarded to *The Irish World and American Industrial Liberator*, of New York, took his extreme course "after four years of alternating imprisonment and attempted arrest by the British military government, which seeks by these means to prevent the representatives of the Irish people from serving the Irish people." He was a "commercial instructor" by occupation, with the degree of B.A., and is the author of some national dramas and poems. After he became prominent in the Sinn-Fein movement his life consisted mainly of arrests. According to the bulletin:

Alderman MacSwiney was first arrested in May, 1916. He was deported without trial or charge to Wakefield Prison, England. He was released without explanation or apology some months later. He was rearrested in February, 1917, and was again deported without trial to England. He escaped and returned to Ireland in June, 1917. He was rearrested in November, 1917, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for a seditious speech. He was released in ill-health in February, 1918, and was rearrested in March of that year. He was sent to Belfast Prison to complete his sentence, and was discharged in broken health on September 6. In spite of his condition he was rearrested at the jail gates and was deported without trial or charge to England. He was released without explanation or apology in March, 1919. Warrants were issued for his arrest in September, 1919, November, 1919, January, 1920, and March, 1920. Many efforts were made to arrest him. He was finally arrested on August 12, 1920, was for the fourth time deported to England, and is now dying there.

Girl sympathizers with the Sinn Fein paraded the streets of New York, not long since, bearing huge placards, which read:

And shall MacSwiney die?
And shall MacSwiney die?
There's several million Irishmen
Will know the reason why.

The world at large, whose attention has been turned to Ireland by MacSwiney's hunger strike as, perhaps, by no other single event in the whole tragic history of the island, is not so certain as to the reason why. American newspapers, especially, seem to be puzzled by the spectacle of an intelligent, well-educated, well-balanced young Irishman deliberately starving himself to death because he has been sentenced to two years in a British prison for conspiring against British military authority. Perhaps the best explanation of the whole matter, as well as the best side-light on MacSwiney's character, that has so far reached this country is contained in the issue of the *Cork Weekly Examiner*

for Saturday, August 21, which contains a detailed account of the court martial which sentenced the Lord Mayor. In MacSwiney's reply to questions, and especially in the brief statement which he was permitted to make, is set forth his own position and the position taken by the Sinn-Fein revolutionists in general. The account concludes with the Lord Mayor's declaration that, whatever the British Government might do, he would be free, alive or dead, within a month. To quote from *The Examiner*:

A district court martial, over which Lieutenant-Colonel James, South Staffordshire Regiment, presided, assembled at Victoria Barracks, Cork, on Monday, when the following charges were preferred against the Right Honorable Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork: (1) That "without lawful authority or excuse he, being in possession of a cipher on August 12, which cipher was the numerical cipher issued to the Royal Irish Constabulary; (2) having this under his control; (3) being in possession of a document containing statements likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty. This document was the resolution (an amended one) passed by the Corporation acknowledging the authority of, and pledging allegiance to, Dail Eireann; (4) copy of the speech the Lord Mayor made when elected as successor to Lord Mayor MacCurtain.

The members of the court were: Major Percival, Essex Regiment, and Captain Reeves, Hampshire Regiment. Captain Gover prosecuted.

The Lord Mayor, who has not partaken of any food since his arrest, showed signs of the ordeal he is going through. He was accommodated with an armchair placed between two soldiers carrying rifles.

Every person before being allowed to proceed to the court had his or her name and address entered in a book, and they were also subject to a search.

When asked if represented by counsel, the Lord Mayor said: "I would like to say a word about your proceedings here. The position is that I am Lord Mayor of Cork and Chief Magistrate of this city. And I declare this court illegal, and that those who take part in it are liable to arrest under the laws of the Irish Republic."

He was then asked if he objected to the personnel of the court, and replied: "What I have said covers that."

When asked to plead, his Lordship said to the President: "Without wishing in any way to be personal to you, I want to point out that you are guilty of an act of presumption to question me."

President: "Any statement that you wish to make later on will be taken down."

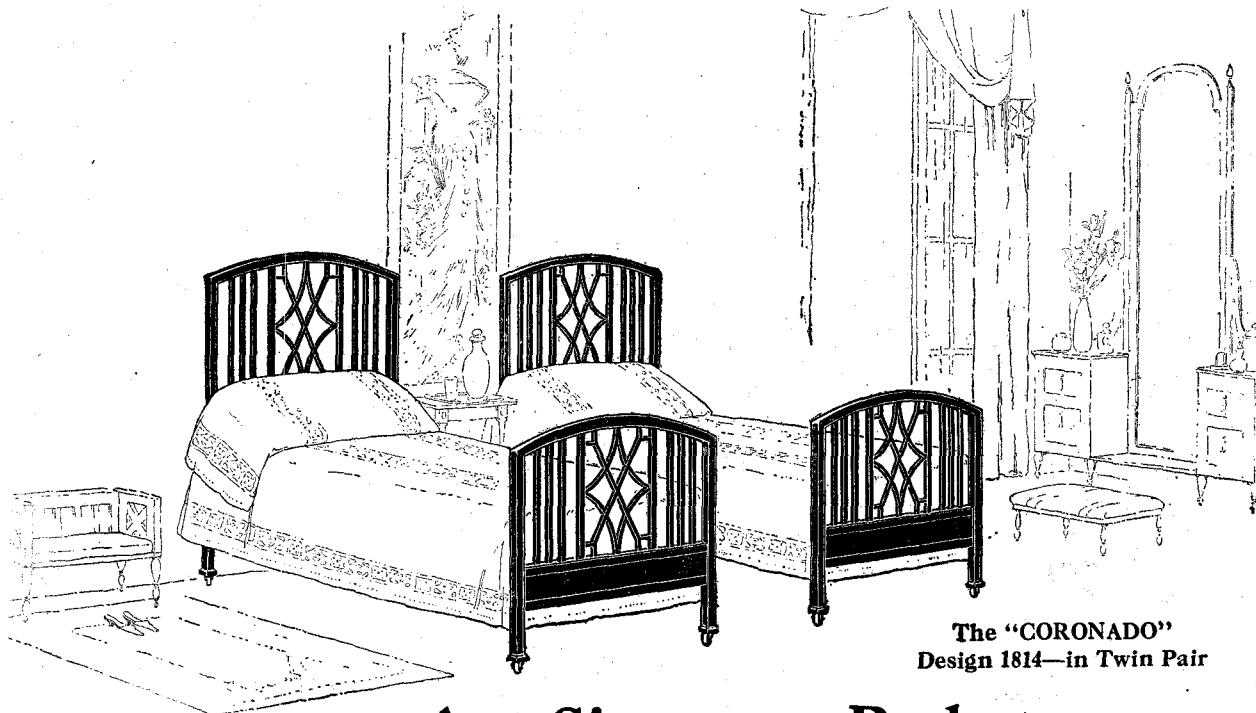
The Lord Mayor: "It is not necessary to take anything that I say down. It is only attaching importance to the proceedings."

The prosecutor (Captain Gover), outlining the case for the



HAILED AS AN IRISH MARTYR.

Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, told the British court which sentenced him to two years in prison that Great Britain could no more keep him in prison than she could keep down the cause of Irish independence. He would be free, he declared, alive or dead, within a month.



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The "CORONADO"
Design 1814—in Twin Pair

Are Simmons Beds too good for guests and children

OLD habits often die hard. For instance—the habit of furnishing the guest room or children's room with the beds discarded by Mother when she bought new furniture for her own room.

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That means Simmons Beds, *Built for Sleep*—a clean sweep of all the old beds, and Simmons Beds in every bedroom.

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Ask your dealer to show you the wonderful Simmons Beds—*built for sleep*.

See how *noiseless* they are. No creaking of joints—nothing to work loose and rattle.

A bed which invites com-

plete relaxation of muscle, nerve and brain—actually inducing that *sound, refreshing sleep* so necessary to every member of your household.

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prosecution, said that the four charges were grave, but their gravity was increased by the position "held by the accused." "Because of the high office he held," added the prosecutor, "I would like to say that I regret accused is not professionally represented, and the attitude he adopted toward the court—not to recognize it or not defend himself." That threw on the court, and on him as prosecutor, the greater responsibility, and he mentioned that any cause of doubt in the proving of the charges the court should construe it to the benefit of accused. He proceeded that on August 12 a party of military, with officers in charge, went to the City Hall, arriving there between 7:30 and 8 p.m. They surrounded the hall, and an officer would give evidence that he went to the back of the hall, and there climbed a wall with a private. When this officer got over that wall he saw eleven men coming out of the back door of the hall. These men went into a hut—a workshop—and the officer, going there, put a guard over them. One of this guard—a private—said three or four of them were tearing up papers, and one of

Republic. There was quite a similar document there, too. It was a resolution drawing attention to the verdict and inquest on my predecessor, in which a jury found a unanimous verdict that the British Government and its police were guilty of his murder. And now it must be obvious to you that if that were an invention, it would be so grave a matter that it would be the chief charge here to-day, even in this illegal court. But that document is put aside, and I am gratified to be here to-day, notwithstanding all its inconveniences and other annoyances, to have that brought out, because this action in putting that document aside is an admission, an assent to a plea of guilty on behalf of those who committed the murder. That being the position, you must know that holding the office I do is absolutely grave for me, in view of the way my predecessor was sent to his death. I can not say but that the same will happen to me myself, at any moment. We always regard soldiers as others than policemen, and, tho misguided in coming to this country, as still men of honor. I knew where the code was, but did not know

who separated it from other documents; but it must have been done to make two charges against two individuals. No one is responsible but me. I know where that paper was and where it was sworn to be. My respect for your army, little tho it was, owing to happenings in this country of late, has now disappeared. It is a document that ought to be only in my possession. No one else could have it without my consent without committing an offense. Any one who used such cipher to transmit messages about the Irish people is guilty of a crime against the Irish Republic. My entire answer to this court, or any court, is the document the original of which you have seized. But I would draw your attention to the fact that there were seized among my papers a copy of a letter I address to his Holiness the Pope on the occasion of the Beatification of Oliver Plunkett. His Holiness has read that letter by now, and it will be of interest to him to learn that it is a seditious document when found in my possession."

Prosecutor: "If you desire that letter will be returned to you. There is no charge whatever in connection with it, and it will be returned."

Lord Mayor: "It is too late to make the correction. Another letter taken was one I received from the President of the Municipal Council, Paris, asking for information relative to the port. I supplied that information and kept a copy of my reply. It will be of interest to the French Government to know that it is an offense for the President of the Municipal Council of Paris to address letters to me, and that when found in my pockets they are seditious documents. Another matter to which I wish to refer is to the numbers of visiting-cards found. These were cards of distinguished foreign journalists from America, France, and other parts of Europe; when linked with my name they are taken as evidence of seditious conspiracy! I am the only person responsible. My attitude was expressed in the speech I delivered when elected Lord Mayor, and which has been cited in part as sedition. They were brave words. They asked no mercy and sought no compromise. That is my position," his Lordship concluded. "I ask for no mercy."

The court then retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, during which time the Lady Mayoress conversed in Irish with the Lord Mayor, returned to court when the President announced that the findings were not guilty on the first charge and guilty on the second, third, and fourth.

The Lord Mayor: "I wish to state that I will put a limit to any term of imprisonment you may impose as a result of the action I will take. I have taken no food since Thursday; therefore, I will be free in a month."

President: "On sentence to imprisonment you will take no food?"

Lord Mayor: "I simply say that I have decided the term of



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DUBLIN PRAYS WHILE MACSWINEY FACES DEATH.

Special services were conducted at the Church of the Oblate Fathers for the Lord Mayor of Cork. Four thousand railroad-workers crowded the church, and little children knelt in the street to offer up prayers for the release and recovery of the hunger-striker.

these men was the accused. This fact was reported to the officer, who came and put accused and the other two men away from the others. A private searched the hut, and found behind the corrugated iron, near the place where accused was standing, an envelop address to the Commandant, First Cork Battalion, Irish Republican Army, Cork. Shortly after that accused and the other ten men were put under arrest and brought to Victoria Barracks, where they arrived about 10 p.m.

Subsequently evidence was presented to show MacSwiney's connection with the revolutionists. The report continues:

The Lord Mayor in response to the President's request if he had anything to say, rose from his seat.

The President: "You can remain seated, Mr. MacSwiney."

The Lord Mayor: "I believe I will be able to hold on my feet until after the close of these proceedings, and then it is immaterial. These proceedings, as I have said, are quite illegal. Anything I have to say is not in defense, and it is in the written statement, parts of which are made the subjects of charges here in this illegal court. You have got to realize, and will have to realize it before very long, that the Irish Republic is really existing. I want to remind you of the fact that the gravest offense that can be committed by any individual is an offense against the head of a state. The offense is only relatively less great when committed against the head of a city, and the illegality is very much more grave when in addition to seizing that person, his building and private room is violated and his papers taken. I wish to reverse the position and for the moment put you, gentlemen, in the dock. One of the documents seized is a resolution relating to our allegiance to the Government of the



“... so I made my wife happy
—and still play golf”

“**M**UCH as we loved each other, Ethel and I could not agree on golf. She wanted me home Sundays and holidays, besides every evening.

“Business was demanding a great deal of me and I felt the need of outdoor relaxation. But Ethel couldn't see any connection between the efficiency and health of a brain worker and his golf, tennis or his club.

“Ethel's feet were bothering her; the maid quit us. Poor Ethel was pretty well upset, but all she seemed inclined to do was lie down and worry. I had been reading in the *Times* about a shoe called the Cantilever Shoe, which has a flexible arch, permitting the foot to function naturally, as opposed to the restraint and impeded blood circulation in the ordinary shoe. It seemed to be a comfortable shoe, a stylish walking boot, but shaped properly so as to prevent or correct the ills of the foot, such as weak arches.

“Bad shoes were given as the cause of foot troubles, and foot troubles as the cause of much poor health and unhappiness. I looked at the ill-shaped shoes that Ethel was wearing and I wondered if comfortable ones wouldn't make her more cheerful.

“It was the first time I ever had to ask Ethel to buy something, and she smiled. Next evening

she had on a new pair of brown kid Cantilever boots and her feet felt so comfortable and lively that she wanted to dance.

“The shoes looked splendidly on Ethel's feet. She began to walk more. Her feet seemed to feel like walking.

“The finely arched instep of the shoe gave a gentle, restful support to her arches, while the foot muscles had freedom to exercise and gain vitality. Without the regular steel shank-piece embedded in the sole of the ordinary shoe, the Cantilever arch bent with the foot and her feet could really act naturally. The blood had a chance to circulate, as the shoe fitted snugly but without pressure or restraint.

“I may have been prejudiced, but it seemed to me that Ethel was looking prettier every day. She said that a good walk, in comfortable, healthful shoes, made her feel happy. I told her that was why I played golf!

“After all, we're still children—and 'a well baby is a happy baby.' Old Jack Hill phoned me Friday evening to see if I couldn't get back into the foursome. I put it up to Ethel, like man to man.

“‘George,’ she said, ‘I haven't been reading patent medicine ads, but—really, since I've been wearing the right kind of shoes, I feel like a new woman. If you think you need some outdoor recreation like golf, go ahead—and try to make an ‘85.’”

“Of course, I am wearing Cantilever Shoes myself now. Ethel didn't have much trouble persuading me to join her in the enjoyment of real foot comfort.”

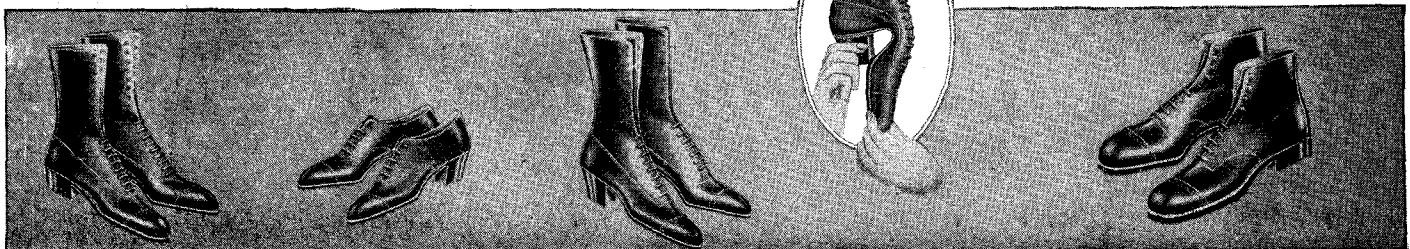
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Buffalo—Cantilever Shop, 639 Main St.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Charleston—James F. Condon & Sons.
Chicago—Cantilever Shop, 30 E. Randolph St.
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—Graner-Powers, 1274 Euclid Ave.
Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb & Bro.
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Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son D. G. Co.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
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Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
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Milwaukee—S. J. Brouwer Shoe Co.
Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.
Nashville—John A. Meadors & Sons.
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New Haven—Edw. Malley Co.
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New York—Cantilever Shop, 22 W. 39th St.
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Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung.
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for Men
&
Women



my detention whatever your Government may do, I shall be free, alive or dead, within a month."

The same paper, which is among the strongest supporters of the Sinn Fein, contains this account of the arrest of Lord Mayor MacSwiney:

At 7:30 p.m. a fairly large military party in two lorries came over the Clontarf Bridge, to dislodge near the City Hall, which they proceeded immediately to surround. This action naturally arrested all passers-by, and within a very short time a large crowd



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A NEW YORK ECHO OF MACSWINEY'S HUNGER STRIKE.

Sinn-Fein sympathizers picketed the British Consulate in New York City during the early days of the Irish Mayor's imprisonment. One of the placards by means of which they attracted attention to their cause is shown in the above photograph.

had assembled in Anglesea Street, along Albert Quay and Lapps Quay, and even on the South Mall. Traffic was stopt, and the City Hall being hemmed in, soldiers entered the building. They carried rifles with fixt bayonets. It is not stated whether or not any words conveying the carrying out of the order were addressd to the attendant in the vestibule. Possession was taken, and a search was commenced.

When the earliest intimation was given that the building was being surrounded the Lord Mayor left his room, and with every one eager to assist him in getting away he was more or less forced out by a roundabout way into the Cornmarket. He was all but clear when the soldiers entered here, it is said, and placed him under arrest. Attendants and others in the building at the time were convinced that his Lordship did escape, and it was not until after nine o'clock that their hopes were disappointed.

The first soldiers, two, entered by the main door. At this time the Lord Mayor had gone out into the space at the back of the Municipal Buildings, and to the side of the City Hall. These soldiers were followed quickly by others, and they proceeded to the various corridors and offices in the building. Up-stairs, in the Council Chamber and Committee Room, Dail Eireann courts were about to sit. There were a fairly large number of cases for hearing, and this meant that quite a number of people were interested. There were, as a matter of fact, a number of women and children present, presumably members of six families in a tenement of which the landlord was seeking possession.

The rushed tread of the soldiers, fully armed, carrying rifles with bayonets fixt, struck consternation into these people, whose shrieks of fear intensified the display of terror.

Strongly sympathetic expressions were quoted from several American newspapers at the beginning of this article. Turning to another group, the *Richmond Virginian-Pilot* comments in an editorial that may be considered fairly typical of the large body of American opinion which has not swung violently either to or against the Irish agitator. "Separated from Ireland's thousand-year struggle for independence," it says, "of which MacSwiney is for the moment spectacular spearhead, the self-inflicted death by starvation of a political prisoner would be a matter rousing only limited sympathy." The writer continues:

MacSwiney plotted against the Government. He was identified with the Irish Republican army, which was at war with the Crown, sharing in the glory of the enterprise and also in its perils. The question of his patriotic attachment for Ireland is not immediately an issue. The pertinent consideration is his rebellion against the sovereign. That sovereign, impelled by motives of self-protection, approved by all governments, arrested MacSwiney, tried him, and sentenced him to two years of imprisonment.

The Island of Porto Rico holds for the United States, at least in a comparable degree, the strategic importance that Ireland holds for England. What would be the attitude of our Government to the Mayor of San Juan if he allied himself with a secret army whose purpose it was to overthrow American authority and set up an independent island government? If Porto Rico had been an American possession for a thousand years, how much more determined would Washington be to deal with a firm hand with islanders who plotted to destroy its authority?

The illustration is admittedly far from perfect. It will lead no one away from the fact, well known of all Americans, that in this case the broad sympathies of the United States are with Ireland and not with England. Americans know, and England admits, that the British record in Ireland, excepting the last fifty years, is one of unbroken misgovernment. Sentiment in America favors an Ireland enjoying the fullest autonomy. But sentiment in this country does not support the policy of systematic murder that has become the weapon of Sinn Fein, does not support the piecemeal assassination of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and does not support protests that find their expression in sabotage and dynamite.

A KIDNAPED BRITISH GENERAL WHO ESCAPED HIS IRISH JAILERS

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LUCAS, of the British Army, whose kidnaping by Sinn-Feiners on June 26 sent mingled emotions of amusement, indignation, and satisfaction around the world, has escaped from his prison in a way that would suggest the hand of a moving-picture director—if some of the accompanying incidents had not been so deadly serious. The General is not sure as to the exact whereabouts of his prison, says a report from Dublin to the *London Times*, detailing the "thrilling circumstances of his escape." To quote the story as it reached London:

He managed to remove the bars from the window of his room and got away in the darkness. He wandered for some hours across country, and at about nine o'clock he had the good fortune to intercept a military lorry on the main road between Limerick and Limerick Junction. The General was wearing civilian clothes and a soft hat, and the soldiers in the lorry were greatly surprised when they learned who he was.

The lorry continued its journey until, at a point about half a mile on the Tipperary side of Oola, close by a farm-gate, its progress was arrested by a felled tree. As the car pulled up a volley was fired by men in ambush. The soldiers left the lorry and returned the fire. During the fighting, which continued for about half an hour, two soldiers were shot dead and three wounded, one of them seriously. The military state that at least three of the attackers, Republican Volunteers, were hit.

While the fight was in progress a second lorry appeared, followed by six armed police from Oola. The ambushing party retreated, and the dead and wounded were taken away in lorries, while the military parties proceeded to Tipperary.

Mr. John Lynch, a pump-sinker, of Cappamore, County Limerick, gave a graphic account of the fight at Oola, of which he was an eye-witness. As he is quoted by the *Times* correspondent:

I was coming to Tipperary this morning with a cart-load of timber in company with my brother Tom. It was about half-past nine, and we were about a quarter of a mile on the



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Tipperary side of Oola, when we heard shots in front of us. We proceeded on our way, and a short distance farther on the wife of a farmer, named David O'Donnell, ran out in a very excited state on to the road, and, putting up her hands, shouted to us not to go any farther, for there was a raid on near Hewitt's Gate. We continued on our way, however, and about thirty yards farther on a policeman met us, putting up his hands and warning us to stop. We then left the horse and cart in the middle of the road and went in behind the hedge on the roadside. Looking through the hedge, we saw a motor-lorry some little distance down the road. About a dozen soldiers had got down from the lorry, and were replying with their rifles to shots which came from both sides of the road. Two soldiers lay motionless in the middle of the road, apparently dead. From behind a shed with a corrugated iron roof a heavy and continuous fusillade was directed on the soldiers. I could not say how many men were in the attacking party, but there appeared to be a good number.

When the fight had been in progress about twenty minutes or half an hour, a second motor-lorry full of soldiers coming from Limerick raced up to the spot. Following them rushed five or six policemen, rifles in hand. The attackers then dispersed through the fields, firing as they ran, and the military firing after them. When the fight was over the two dead soldiers, and two or three others, who appeared to be wounded, were placed in the lorry, and the two lorries went on to Tipperary.

There is a strong rumor in Tipperary, says the writer, that the attackers were not aware that General Lucas was in the military lorry, and that the purpose of the attack was to secure the military mails which it appears that the car carried. The general impression appears to be that on the General's escape being discovered, hasty steps were taken to intercept him.

A later report states that General Lucas arrived in the small hours of this morning at Pallas Village police barracks, where, on informing the garrison who he was, he was taken in and kept. The military mail-motor from Limerick to Limerick Junction, on passing through Pallas, was hailed by the police and General Lucas was taken on board. Rain fell in torrents all night, and General Lucas had great difficulty in making his way through the fields and across hedges. His tattered clothing and bedraggled appearance show the ordeal he had undergone.

HOW OBREGON CHEATED DEATH AND ENEMIES

TWICE, in the bad old days before Villa became a peaceful farmer and Obregon was peaceably elected President of the Mexican Republic, the ex-bandit had a death squad ordered out to shoot the present President. Obregon didn't want to be shot, and he treated the whole idea with the "insolent nonchalance" which so often rescues heroes from tight places—especially in melodrama. "What would you shoot me for?" he is reported to have asked the ruthless Villa, without the flinch of a traditional eyelash. "If you shoot me you will only split the Carranza party and make a present of the country to the foreigners. If we hold together, we can hate each other, but we can keep Mexico for the Mexicans." Villa knew this was true, says Agnes C. Laut, in *The Forum*, where she presents the story along with several others that she picked up in a recent tour of Mexico. Therefore Villa "ordered the death squad back to barracks, roaring and swearing at the top of his voice, like an enraged bull, as he relinquished the chance of prey at hand." Apart from these two tense occasions with Villa, Obregon is said to have escaped death "by a hair, both by bullet and secret poisoning, so often that his followers consider he has a charmed life." If these various tight squeezes do not prove that Mexico's new one-armed President is a genuine "man of destiny," here are some other stories, direct from Mexico, illustrating his traits of character and general method of doing things:

Once when Villa had Obregon in his power in Chihuahua, he happened to have on his person in gold and negotiable bills forty thousand dollars. It is also a safe wager Villa did not know that money was on Obregon's person. Obregon sent for the American newspaper man who is now his financial agent.

"If they get me," he said, "they will also get my subordinate officers. They are poor. Their families will be left destitute. Take that"—handing the American the forty thousand dollars—"and if I am bumped off, distribute it equally among the families of the officers."

That is one side of Obregon's character. Here is another. On one occasion he had in his car several representatives of the foreign embassies from Mexico City. There had been a battle. A mortally wounded peon was howling at the top of his voice for his mother. "Does that blank fool think I am an incubator?" he asked, and through the car-window, by one well-aimed shot, the wounded crier was stilled forever by a shot from some Obregon officer.

Or take down in Mexico City. Obregon's forces were encamped out San Angel way. There had been a battle. The houses of the neutrals all around were filled with the wounded and dying. One house had not room for another soul. A peon was dying outside the walls. A servant, who could not stay to keep the dogs off, ran to headquarters to report the man. One of Obregon's captains came back with an orderly to look at the man. He took one look. The man could not recover. "Kill him well," ordered the captain; and one blow put the peon out of misery. Obregon may or may not have issued the orders. His captain was a Yaqui; and it was the Yaqui code; yet he has been held responsible for the code.

One episode will explain why, tho Carranza and Obregon held together, their military commanders could never operate in the same field together. It was down in Vera Cruz. A Carranza relative was in charge. There was at that time no embargo on the importation of firearms. Remington 30-30 shells were being used. The Carranza man had 2,500 men. Ten million rounds of ammunition came in. The Carranza general reported it all "shot off," and requisitioned one hundred million rounds. That, too, came in. It, too, was reported "shot off." If, as the Germans figured, one bullet out of twenty-five should hit a man, this general must have "winged" four million enemies, but that was not his game. He called in a little foreign broker—not an American—turned the ammunition all over to the little broker, and sold it back to the Government. This was done three times. The little Austrian broker boasted that he cleaned up \$200,000 as his share of the deal.

This was the sort of thing that made Obregon froth at the mouth. It is the sort of thing that makes him bitter enemies to this day in the Carranza *junta*. Then there were other little things. Obregon wanted to be first to Mexico City. He was held back by red tape till Carranza beat him to it. That happened over and over in all Obregon's campaigns. It perhaps explains why Obregon would not go against Villa, when Carranza's men couldn't whip Villa.

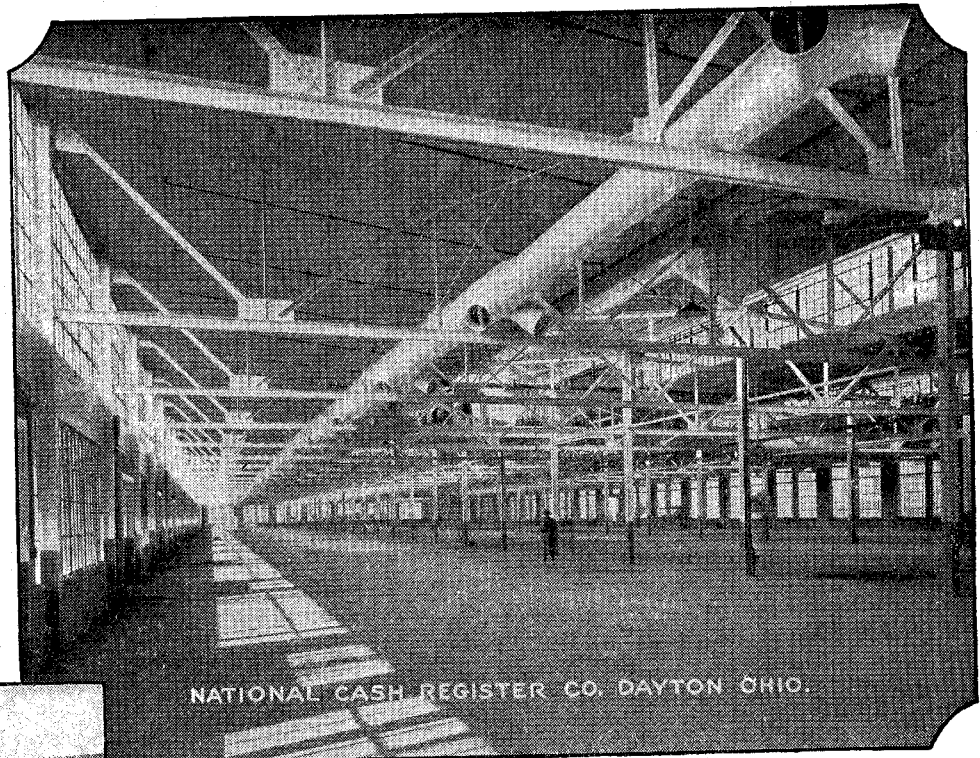
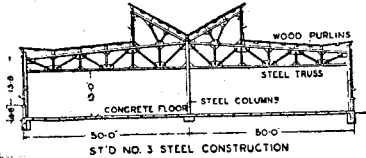
Obregon won the Yaqui Indians by the simple, but somewhat unusual, proceeding of practising with his own lands the division which he favored for Mexican lands in general. He descended from a Mexican family rich in lands, and he managed to divide up in such a way that he not only satisfied the Indians, but made a very good thing out of it for himself. He would set aside an acre or two acres to a family, advance the family a plow, a horse or a mule, and one sack of beans, all to be charged against returns. Now one sack of *garbanzo* beans would produce 280 sacks, worth fourteen to eighteen dollars a sack. All advances were charged against returns; then, for the use of the land, Obregon took 25 per cent. of the net profits. He did even better than this:

As all farmers know, the trick is not to raise a crop. It is to sell the crop without letting middlemen steal all the profits; so Obregon created an exclusive monopoly in Sonora for *garbanzo* beans. They must all sell beans to him; and controlling all beans, he raised the price to eighteen dollars a sack. Of course enemies howled at the word monopoly; but his worst enemies have never accused him of cheating the growers one cent. Compare his methods with Alvarado's socialistic experiment on the same line with henequen in Yucatan, when all profits went to overhead expenses and the growers were reduced to ruin. Yet Alvarado is to-day Obregon's finance minister, which in itself holds seeds of future quarrels.

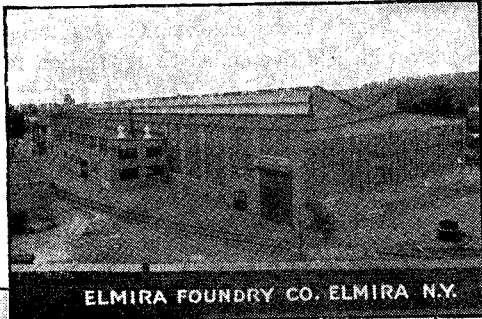
Obregon had always been a colonel in his own home guards; so when the revolution broke he called to his six hundred Yaquis and all the others who would come. It may be asked how the Yaquis got their firearms and how they get them to-day. Yaquis work on the American side of the border. They go constantly backward and forward across the border, and when they go back to Mexico they carry shells with them. And they are very sparing of shells. They use the knife. When they find an



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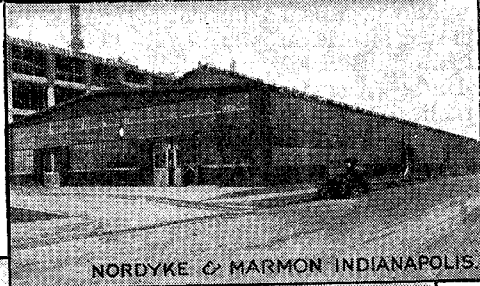
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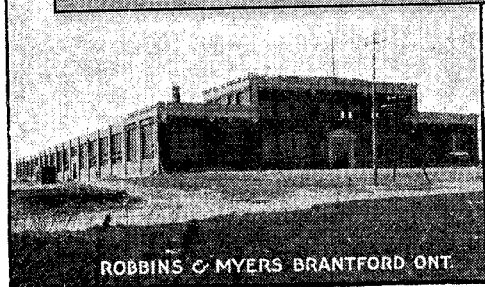
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Burlington . . .	250,000
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<i>Robbins & Myers</i>	
Brantford, Ont. . .	54,000
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STANDARD AND SPECIAL BUILDINGS

empty shell, they run lead into it, put in their own fulminating cap and use it again. It is a shell crueller than dum-dum bullets.

So when Obregon reached Mexico City he had fifteen thousand men. It was then the Carranza *junta* began to fear him and began to conspire. Obregon countered so quickly his enemies quaked. Dr. Atl, a madly enthusiastic I. W. W. man, educated in Paris in all the tenets of "Red" revolution, was called in. One can imagine how Obregon's land policy appealed to Atl. Atl got out among the unions. Conductors, drivers, taxi-men, deserted in droves to join Obregon's army. When Obregon left Mexico City he had thirty-five thousand men, and his enemies were powerless to touch him; and he has never forgotten Atl. When Atl went broke from the very excess of his own theories, it was Obregon who kept him in pocket-money, and as late as July, 1918, Obregon sent Atl one hundred dollars in Los Angeles.

But the association with Atl raised another host of enemies—the Carranza *junta* and the old safe conservatives. He was too powerful for open attack, but secret attempt after attempt was made on his life:

Once a conspiracy bribed an Indian boy to sell him some cones of poisoned ice-cream. Word through Indian friends came to Obregon. In sheer bravado, Obregon ordered the boy to help himself to a cone. The boy, of course, picked out an unpoisoned one. "Oh, I'll take that," said Obregon, beginning to munch the boy's safe cone, and he handed the boy another cone. The little Indian went from yellow to green with fear and began to weep. Obregon went on unconcernedly eating other cones. Luck was with him. He didn't chance to pick the poisoned cones, but the boy didn't dare to eat the cone given to him. A confession followed. The conspirators were summoned. They were given the cones. One merchant died on the spot. I forget whether three or five of the conspirators were shot; but all the press announced was ptomaine poisoning.

At another time some Zapatistas were smuggled into the city and placed on the roof of the Jockey Club with rifles. Obregon used to ride past the club to the National Palace. A fusillade of shots hit him. He fell beneath his horse unconscious. The Zapatistas were clapped into jail. It was announced Obregon was dead. That night two Spaniards went to the jail and offered the guard thirty thousand dollars in gold to let the Zapatistas escape. From his death-bed Obregon ordered the three Zapatistas let out and the two Spaniards arrested. Confession followed. Three men were shot for this conspiracy and twenty-nine others shipped out to Spain; so Zapata's followers to-day are Obregon's friends.

Obregon has been blamed for the hideous massacre of the police. His friends declare this was not his work, but the work of the *junta* conspiring against him to discredit the Yaquis. What happened was this: Huerta had formed a terribly strong body of city police. What with Obregon's thirty-five thousand and the five thousand Huerta police, the Carranzistas were in deadly fear of a *cuartelazo*, or quick military flop. They tried to disarm the police, but it was known the police still had firearms concealed. Strikes were impending. The Yaquis were told to "run the streets at night" so strikers could not come out. Atl was now hiding in Obregon's house. Carranza had forbidden the strike and was chilling to the I. W. W.'s because they had gone over to Obregon. Two Yaqui colonels got very drunk. In a saloon they purposely created a row. The police arrested them. The Yaquis, "running the streets at night," then assaulted the police of the Fifth Precinct. The row became a massacre—a hideous massacre. The police were shot like scuttling rats in a trap—three hundred of them—and one hundred and sixty-eight citizens were wounded. It was all of a piece with the usual pattern of Mexican politics.

On another occasion, when Obregon was visiting in San Francisco under United States military escort a variety actress was placed next his room in the hotel with a bribe of ten thousand dollars to give him poisoned wine; but Obregon's wine and women days were over. He had married an old sweetheart and settled down. He probably never knew of the plot hatched against him in his own land; but the United States State Department did, and, if Obregon had died, that variety actress would have been hanged, tho Obregon was no friend of America at that time. If Carranza had permitted Obregon to conduct an honest campaign for the Presidency, Obregon would never have used the standard of revolution for a second time; but the foolish old Chief knew Obregon would win in any honest contest, and ordered Obregon to his regiment. Obregon resigned by request. Carranza was prepared to arrest him. Obregon fled to his troops.

Will his luck stay with him? *¿Quien sabe?* As a friend said, when I asked that question, "Only God knows what will come out of the muddle of Mexico; and he isn't telling."

GERMANY VERY MUCH ALIVE, WHILE AUSTRIA STAGNATES

"IF GERMANY IS THREATENED by Bolshevism and despair, the ominous signs were singularly lacking in the region from which I have just returned," writes Herbert Kaufman, editor of *McClure's Magazine*, in the introduction of an article which has attracted much attention both here and abroad. "If Germany is incapable of preserving law and order without the maintenance of great bodies of armed men, the disaffected multitudes offered as excuse for a gradual reduction of military forces are concentrated beyond the area of my observation." It is the writer's opinion, founded on excellent opportunities for observation, that tales of German misery and disorganization form a kind of smoke-screen behind which the former empire is busily building up industrial and financial power and incidentally evading its responsibilities to the Allies. In some particulars he finds that Germany has recovered from the war even more rapidly than England, France, or even the United States. Along with this economic recovery, he discovers a certain spiritual dignity among the people, who are "neither repentant nor regretful," but "alive, vital, prosperous." It is this Germany which is fast putting into its fields, factories, and railways the money which is demanded as reparation for the German conduct of the war. As Mr. Kaufman picturesquely presents the matter in the *London Times*:

While Germany's envoys have been bickering, dickering, finessing, haggling, and playing for time across the border, her people are making roads, repairing telegraph and telephone systems, building houses, pushing production, and cultivating every inch of arable ground with an intensity that betokens unbroken morale and undeterred resolve.

Given many more months of grace and the shrewd Teuton will have much of his indemnity money securely and irreparably invested in concrete houses, highways, rails, and ballast.

The milliards for which the Supreme Council is ineffectually reaching lie heaped along the roadside ready for eager shovels. They are being transmuted into mortar and molded into bricks. I speak only for the section I have personally visited, but if the rest of the Empire is as well ordered and industrious, if the remaining population is carrying on with equal fervor, German skill and German will can cope with the very reasonable debt owed to justice and the victims of her megalomania.

Germany is suffering from shortages, but so is all civilization. The mark has wofully depreciated, but not beyond the recuperative capacity of such an efficient people.

Meat is expensive in Germany, not intrinsically dearer than in many other lands. There is no linen. Fats are still scarce, soap is costly, fabrics of all sorts in limited supply, but German bones are still well upholstered, and the common fare is more varied and nutritious than Italy's or Japan's. Sundays and holidays are marked by throngs of picnickers, by-lanes are crowded with bicycles and pleasure carts. Horses are numerous, and, if anything, far too plump.

If defeat and the penalties imposed by the Allies have soured the German character and offered a fertile surface for Bolshevism, the German has suddenly become past-master in the art of dissimulation, and these are the merriest lot of anarchists I have ever met.

Folk generally are not well dressed—they never have been. Shoes are not smart—German foot-gear never was, but if boots are clumsy, they are sound and efficient, and thus far neither *sabot* nor clogs seem necessary, even for the farmers.

The loudly bewailed lack of fuel has not yet affected the vast southern forests. The slopes of the Schwarzwald seem as thickly timbered as ever, and every little copse is as trim as a public park. There may be a lack of metal, but it is not apparent on the telegraph poles. Germany has metal enough and money enough to keep her communications in prewar condition, which is more than can be said of America or France or England.

As for necessities, the beer is unspeakable—but so is that of England. One may fill any ordinary need at the chemist's; chocolates and bonbons of fair quality can be had at every turn. The bread is very poor, but it suffices, and I have eaten worse at home.

The best meal I have had in Europe was at the *Hôtel Stéphanie* in Baden-Baden. For a dinner (two persons) comprising cocktails of orange-juice with English gin and a dash of absinthe, a perfect *consommé*, a young Rhine salmon, with *mayonnaise* such as neither London nor Paris provides, *hors d'œuvres*



How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by
ALONZO KIMBALL

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly, is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing

it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

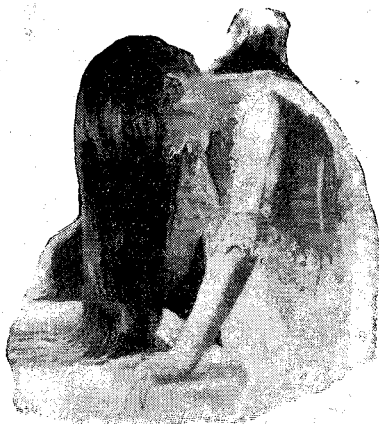
Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can



When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing

it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain

day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the children.

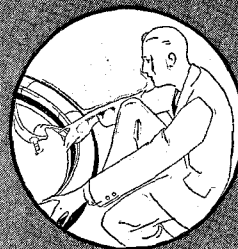


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THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY

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decidedly better than the Pré-Catalan or Claridge's can furnish, steaks of infinite tenderness, with marrow Bordelaise sauce, new peas, new potatoes, bread and butter, a bottle of Himmelreich Gracher, and the best Java coffee, together with the chauffeur's food and drinks (including a 15 per cent. tax), I paid exactly 372 marks [about \$7.50 at present rate of exchange]. And this, mind you, at an hotel which even the manager of the famed Crillon acknowledges to be the best on the Continent.

The recent *maitre d'hôtel* of the Hôtel Chatham, Paris, one of the head-waiters of the Carlton, and a former *chef de service* of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, approached my table at intervals and renewed acquaintance, but none of the three attempted in the least to propagandize, except by expressing the hope that America would soon interest itself in furnishing milk and better flour for the younger children, who, they asserted, were sadly in need of both.

They were excellently drest, robust, evidently contented, and hinted that I would soon find them back at their old posts.

Nowhere, says the writer, did he encounter any appreciation of the outer world's attitude toward the German. "They feel certain that once the details of settlement have been arranged we shall severally welcome them back to the fold and afford them all past opportunities to prosper in our midst." However:

There is no servility, no cringing; a strange dignity rather, and well-measured courtesy, as befits a people satisfied as to their status and worth.

In Karlsruhe I spent several hours at Police Headquarters inquiring for an American friend who had married a professor in the Technical High School there, and, while a search was being made through the records, had ample opportunity for conversation with the officials. They express no regrets over Germany's position and in nowise endeavored to win my sympathy. In the course of the afternoon several prisoners were brought in and ordered to find work, it being explained to me that idlers are no longer permitted. The headquarters telephone-operator asserted that the morale throughout in that section is all that could be desired and that infractions of law and order are well within the norm.

Karlsruhe is tidy, its pleasure-gardens well patronized, children as lusty as those on the streets of London. The latest Paris modes were in evidence, building operations are in full blast, and factories running on schedule.

I found one batch of cattle waiting for shipment at the railroad-yards, but saw only one milk cow, one goat, and no sheep in the immediate district. In fact, there were practically no meat animals in evidence along the route of my subsequent journey between frontiers. I saw grain everywhere, and in most excellent condition, plenty of poultry, and enough cabbages and potatoes to promise bumper crops.

While Germany's heavy mortality is proclaimed by crowded graveyards, there are an astonishing number of sound, hearty young fellows about—about as well drest and good-humored as one usually saw before 1914.

One reads of weak governments and potential revolutions, but there are no obtruding signs of mismanagement or national dissatisfaction. To me, Germany appeared alive, vital, and prosperous—neither repentant nor regretful. She is wasting no time in *douleurs* or day-dreams. Her head is clear and soundly set upon her shoulders. Neither her aspect nor her activities support the veiled threats and unctuous pleas presented at Spa.

I speak only for such parts as I have seen; I knew the old Germany, and there is little about the new that is manifestly different.

My personal opinion is that she can pay her obligations without undue difficulty. My hope is that she will be made to pay in full. Defeat has not broken her spirit, and I do not think it has altered her character.

Revenge is not written in the amount demanded for reparation, and reparation will be scantily served even by the full amount. If any nation in Europe must put up with hardships and inefficiencies, Germany deserves to be that Power. But Germany is rapidly making herself efficient with the funds that France and England and Belgium must have to be competent, comfortable, habitable commonwealths again.

If the Allies permit much further dallying they will find the money they seek planted in the fields, sealed in walls, nailed to railroad-sleepers, stretched on poles, cannily invested beyond reclamation in the wherewithals to reconquer world-trade—and possibly more.

On the other hand, says Mr. Kaufman, Austria can not possibly meet the terms imposed upon her. She has no important remaining resources except her timber-lands and the doubtful energy of her subjects. Such agricultural domain as is left

to her will not suffice to feed the cities—she is practically without fuel, her water-power is undeveloped, her factories are silent or barely operating. Further:

There seems no vision, no ability in the existing Government. Workers are out of hand and reluctant to recognize authority. Kronen were selling at 154 to the dollar (616 to the pound) the day I left Vienna, but the villages stubbornly insist that this is the result of manipulation by money-changers, not because of economies.

Of course, there is great poverty in Austria. But it is by no means so hopeless as represented. Those who did not know southeastern Europe before the war are hardly fit to estimate its condition now. According to Anglo-Saxon standards of living, the majority of folk in Vienna are just removed from famine. But Vienna was always a city of cruel contrasts—probably the richest and the most woe-begone of communities, a nest of rookeries and palaces, crowded with beggars and barons, filled with riches and penury.

Long before the war the city was notorious for its abnormal percentage of consumptives. Hardly another community of equal size was so blighted by venereal disease. Mendicants always crowded about the railway-stations, and the night spewed as miserable a lot of wretches through the streets as ever man encountered.

It is not a new thing to be beset at the Bristol and the Grand by beggars, and if an untoward number of wan, wistful children and subnormals are now in evidence, it must be remembered that they are not alone the residuary legatees of the Great War, but as often the heirs to centuries of national callousness and neglect.

Vienna is not starving. Vienna is in far better shape than propaganda and uninformed sentimentality have taught us to believe. With a little further assistance and much wise counsel she can worry through. The rich and middle classes are quite able to care for themselves, and, moreover, can succor a large percentage of the indigent as well. Even the affluent burghers are not taking poor children into their homes, and the outlying farmers are doing next to nothing to alleviate their plight.

The main trouble with Austria is that she can not get the masses to help themselves. Consumptive loans to these people must soon cease. Whatever assistance is offered by the Powers should be in the way of constructive finances, and granted only after the establishment of a system of taxation which will eventually enable Austria to liquidate the indebtedness.

Meat, butter, sugar, shoes, clothes, fabrics are expensive, but plentiful. Shops are as smart as those of Paris and their stocks hardly inferior. One may walk for miles past windows filled with jewelry, plate, silks, and laces, exquisite confections of fine cotton, linen, and satin, sweaters and motor-coats and porcelains. Munchausen himself could hardly invent a taller lie than "the empty shoe-shelves" of the city.

It would be hard to find a business block without a well-stocked sweet-shop. Pilsener beer is freely on sale; white bread, fancy rolls, pastries are to be found in the better restaurants. A big plate of Prague ham, another of roast beef, half a can of sardines, a heel of rye bread, and two great steins of beer may be had for less than a dollar in several of the sidewalk cafés.

The *cuisine* at the old Turkish Fort compares with that of the foremost Boulevard restaurants. Hotels lack nothing in fare or equipment, and the rates, incidentally, are very low.

English, French, German, American goods are procurable at several chemists'. Taxicabs and touring-cars, contrary to report, are plentiful and cheap. The opera is crowded nightly. The race-course is jammed, and races are held at frequent intervals. Betting and skirts alike run high. Since Vienna can thus support its favorite amusements, sport, and weaknesses, it can contribute considerably more toward the aid of its unfortunates.

Prices for merchandise are insolently high. Malacca canes with an ivory crook, to be had in Paris for \$15, cost \$25, and the merchant seems perfectly satisfied if you do not purchase.

Small silver cigaret-cases with the plainest enamel are \$50 and \$60 each. Men's scarves—and very scant ones at that—such as may be found in Bond Street at \$1.50 or \$1.75, cost the equivalent of \$2.50 and \$3. A knitted white and green sports coat, of admittedly excellent quality, is \$100. Damask is scarce. However, there are reasonable quantities of lace and linen garnitures, blouses, etc., but these are mostly in the specialty establishments and are among the very few things sold under the average European market.

A man's felt hat of indifferent quality costs around \$7.50, a woman's felt sports hat with a plain binding and band about \$15. Trunks, hand-bags, leather goods of all sorts are in fairly abundant quantity, but one can buy them to better advantage in either London or Paris.

Mind you, these are the marked prices that Viennese are

paying, and there are enough Viennese with enough money to provide sufficient trade for street after street of splendid establishments, which are manifestly so flourishing that they can afford to do without foreign customers.

Carriage rates are hardly pauperizing at an equivalent of several pounds a day. The Prater, Vienna's famous amusement section, is thronged nightly and congested on holidays and Sundays. There is ample money for fun and clothes and *luxus* wares, for resorts, for swarms of smart *cocottes*; but Vienna has none to waste on the pitiful underdogs whom it is exporting by wholesale to England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and even to Germany, where five thousand little ones have been received in the Rhine district alone.

The Hoover Commission is feeding swarms of little ones daily, and, I understand, assurances have just been sent from America that funds are available to continue this relief for another year.

But Vienna itself must be forced to do more for the hungry, and its prosperous, callous classes especially brought to a realization that races and operas and luxury dealers are indefensibly supported while so much of the city is in dire straits.

Vienna must work; its idlers must be compelled to sustain themselves; its farcical business hours must end. The constant introduction of new holidays must cease, and if the officials now in control are impotent to end this *opéra-bouffe*, a wiser and sterner Government must succeed.

This is not a brief against continuing the charitable works now going forward, but it is a protest against a general world-tendency to do too much of the wrong thing for Austria—to pamper her to her own ultimate ill.

Austria is clever, imaginative, adept; she has a distinct and unique place in world-affairs—she is a creator, an artist, a designer, a fabricator; here peculiar industries can and should be restored to vitality and every encouragement lent to their recovery.

She has sage and adroit financiers who, given time and opportunity, can work out her worst problems. The important Allied countries are inclined to wish her well; but she must aid in her own renaissance, while her assets should be conserved and protected so that she may take her place again as a factor and a force in world-affairs.

GLIMPSES OF IRELAND UNDER BRITISH REPRESSION

IRISH NEWSPAPERS, especially those which sympathize with the Sinn Fein, carry little news these days except accounts of murders, arrests, and riots, in which British policemen and British soldiers are said to be the offenders. Papers supporting the Government are not quite so prolific of accounts of violence, and it is noticeable that the murders of policemen and attacks on government property are given more prominence. One page of the *Cork Examiner*, a weekly paper supporting the Sinn Fein, recently carried six head-lines, reading as follows: "Civilian Shot Dead," "Lord Mayor Arrested," "Military Invasion," "Lord Mayor Court-Martialed at Victoria Barracks," "Sacking and Burning of Limerick," and "Citizens Fired on in Dublin." The first report, dealing with the shooting of a civilian, runs:

A terrible tragedy occurred last night at Hospital village in County Limerick, picturesquely situated in the Golden Vein beneath the Galtee Mountains, fourteen miles from Tipperary, when a man named Patrick Lynch was taken out of his residence by military, and shortly afterward was found lying dead in a pool of blood, shot through the head on the road, less than a hundred yards from the village.

The deceased man was aged about forty-eight years, unmarried, a harness-maker by trade, and the sole support of his aged father and three sisters. The tragedy is all the more appalling as poor Lynch, to the knowledge of everybody in the locality, was a decent, industrious, and most inoffensive man who never took part in political affairs.

The circumstances leading up to the shocking affair are told fully in the following statement made this evening by Miss Lucy Lynch, sister of the deceased man. "We were all in the kitchen," she said, "reciting the Rosary about eleven o'clock, old time (midnight, summer time), when a loud hammering came at the front door. My brother went to open the door, when immediately there was another loud hammering at the back door, and soldiers rushed into the house through both doors. There were about seven in all, in charge of an officer and a sergeant. They appeared to be very excited, and some of them seemed to be

under the influence of drink. They carried rifles and revolvers and fixt bayonets and were not in any way disguised. The officer said, 'We want to see your "correspondence."' My brother gave the officer a candle and told him he had no private correspondence, but they could search the house. They then searched the shop and kitchen but discovered nothing.

"A tall soldier called my brother from the kitchen into the shop, and I heard him question him about Sinn Fein. My brother said he never took any part in politics—that he hadn't time to do so. The sergeant then came over to my sister, Mary, and asked her if she knew anything about a Mr. Maloney, a young man who was recently arrested in the village. Mary said she knew nothing about him. The sergeant said, 'On your honor, do you know anything about Maloney?' She said, 'No.' 'Are not you his sister?' said the sergeant. Mary said, 'No.' He called me over next and said, 'Do you know anything about Mr. Maloney?' I said, 'No, my name is Lynch.' 'Maloney told me,' said the sergeant, 'that you were his sister.' I said I knew nothing about the boy only just to see him. 'Have you any information about Maloney?' asked the sergeant. I said, 'No.' 'On your honor,' he repeated, 'can you give me any information about him?' I said, 'No, I have no information about him.' 'Was he employed at Foley's?' (a grocery-shop in the village) said the sergeant. I said, 'No, but by Leonard & Martin, who lately purchased Foley's place.'

"The sergeant then called over my other sister, Winnie, and questioned her in the same way, and she gave similar replies. After that the military made a further search in the kitchen but took nothing away.

"All this time the tall soldier was in conversation with my brother in the shop. After this my brother was ordered into the kitchen, and the tall soldier called out the officer into the shop, where they had a private talk. The officer then came over to us in the kitchen and said, 'We'll go now; we're sorry for disturbing you.' My brother said, 'Can we go to bed now?' 'Certainly,' replied the officer. They then left, my brother shutting the door after them, and we finished reciting the Rosary. We had just risen from our knees, about a quarter of an hour afterward, when another loud knock came at the front door. My brother opened the door, when he was met by a soldier, who said, 'The sergeant wants you.' My brother said, 'Wait till I get my cap.' 'Oh,' said the soldier, 'it doesn't matter. Never mind about the cap.' My brother then went away with him. My sister and I went to close the door after him, when a soldier standing outside said, 'Keep in; shut the door.' Annie told me she didn't know what way they had gone, but we thought they had taken my brother to the barracks.

"Some time afterward we heard shots. About twenty minutes after my brother had left another knock came at the door, and Dr. Cleary and a military officer entered. Dr. Cleary asked if my brother were at home. I said, 'No, he's gone to the barracks.' Dr. Cleary said, 'Was he alive leaving the house?' I said, 'Yes.' Dr. Cleary, who I know now was trying to soften the blow for me, said, 'He's badly injured.' The doctor and the officer went away, and shortly afterward he and Father Kennedy came, and the doctor asked us if we could get a car. I said, 'No. Is my brother very badly injured?' The doctor said, 'I am very, very sorry to tell you he's dead.'

Residents in the village say they saw poor Lynch being brought up the street among a number of soldiers and that they heard him say to them, "What did I ever do to ye?" A little while afterward there was a cry of "Halt!" and three shots rang out in the still night air. The inhabitants knew instantly that some terrible deed of blood had been done.

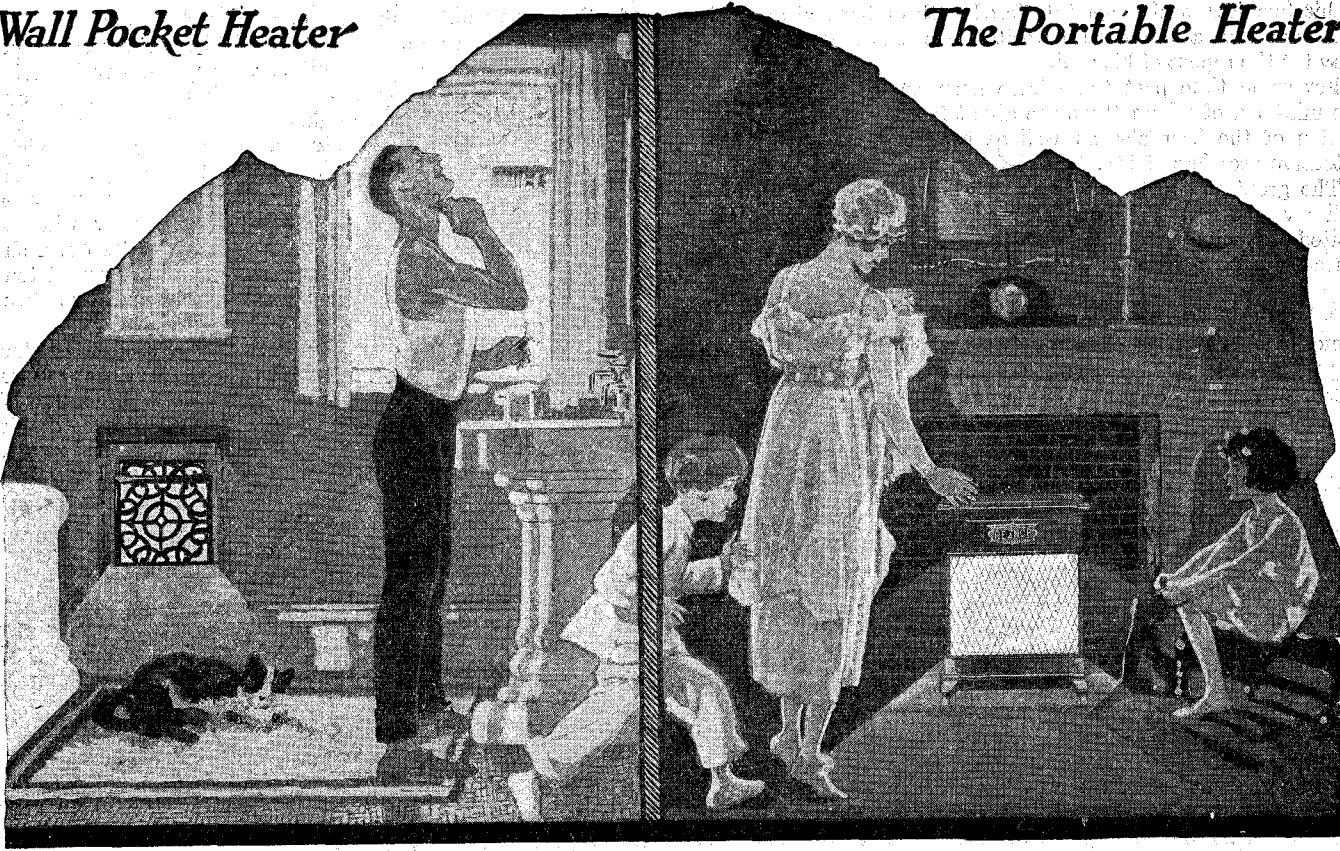
It appears that a military officer shortly afterward summoned Dr. Cleary, who lives close to the scene of the shooting, and that the unfortunate man Lynch was found lying dead on his side in the middle of the road, with three bullet wounds in the head. Father Kennedy was sent for, but Lynch was beyond spiritual or medical aid. The body was put on a car and conveyed to Lynch's residence, where his aged father and sisters were prostrate with grief, and are still in a stupefied and dazed condition, not seeming able to realize the full significance of the awful tragedy that has so suddenly visited the quiet little household.

The scene of the tragedy in the middle of the road, a stone's throw to the south of the village, is marked by a great pool of blood, around which the villagers have placed a ring of stones to prevent traffic passing over it. Beside the blood is a bullet-mark in the road, furnishing clear evidence that poor Lynch was fired at after falling. Great numbers of people visited the place during the day and knelt and said a prayer for his eternal rest. The corpse is laid out at his residence, where all day there were crowds of sympathetic callers.

At second mass in the village church to-day the Rev. L. Ryan, C.C., who was deeply moved, referred to the terrible tragedy. He spoke of the deceased as a man of the highest character, honest and inoffensive, who devoted his whole time

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The Portable Heater



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The Reznor burner burns *all* the gas and *warms* the fresh air without *fouling* it. We have special booklet on this subject for those interested.

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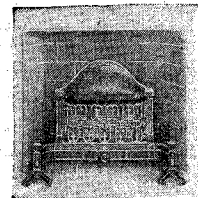
*We have an attractive booklet, illustrating a style for every purpose.
It's yours for the asking.*

REZNOR MANUFACTURING CO., Mercer, Pa.

See Your Reznor Dealer

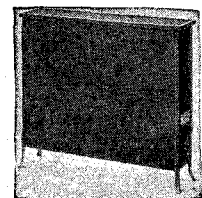
There are thousands of Reznor dealers throughout the country. They will be pleased to show you the Reznor line.

TO DEALERS: In case you are in unrepresented territory, it will be worth your while to write us. A Reznor agency is valuable, and will be even more so in the future.



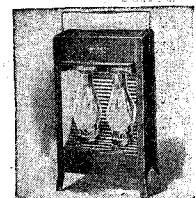
**Reznor
Fireplace Heater**

The above illustration shows one of our line of fireplace heaters. There is a style to suit your needs and to match the decorative scheme of your home.



**Reznor
Garage Heater**

This heater occupies small space, is guaranteed against backfiring, absolutely safe. Heats the whole garage, yet car can be run within three inches of heater without danger of scorching. 100% efficient.



**Reznor Reflector
Oil Stove**

Same dependable construction as Reznor Gas Heaters. Gives light, heat and may be used for light cooking. Perfectly safe. Can be carried anywhere. Weighs only 12 pounds.

to his business, and never interfered with or harmed anybody, and who was a universal favorite. He asked the people to pray for the repose of his soul.

For some time past there have been no police in Hospital, the military, of whom there are about forty, having taken possession of the barracks as well as having commandeered the extensive premises of Mr. John O'Sullivan, grocery merchant.

The greatest consternation prevails in the district. To-day military and police officers and motor-lorries full of soldiers visited the village, but none of the military called at the deceased man's residence or made any inquiries from his relatives.

A report in an adjoining column deals with an outbreak in Limerick when, it is charged, the police ran amuck, sacked and burned several houses and stores, because two of their number had revolvers taken away. To quote from this bitter and circumstantial account:

Order is being restored in Limerick with petrol. Support for the administration is being won by official reports. "The people of this city are being taught to recognize that the quickest way to smother discontent is by terrorism. Others, apparently, have been taught that the most efficient way to restore order in a spirited town is to reduce that town to ruins. The process is in operation in Limerick. It was begun yesterday, and more is promised.

It may be admitted at once that the police did as much damage during the time they were engaged at this occupation as could reasonably be expected of thirty or forty men out for the purposes of destruction. Their excuse, of course, is that two of their comrades were attacked in the park, and I think this is generally admitted. But that they should wreck the poorer quarters of the town by way of reprisal for the loss of two revolvers is only in accord with what has always been regarded in Ireland as "law and order." And then an official announcement is issued in justification of the wholesale wrecking.

Asked by your reporter to-day what he thought of this report, the Mayor of Limerick (Mr. Michael O'Callaghan) replied, "The official statement is so untrue that it is difficult to know where to begin to contradict it." He did not bother refuting its assertions in detail, and neither was there any need, as its statements were so remote from the truth as to answer themselves.

The facts are that thirty or forty policemen, on hearing that two detectives had been disarmed in the park, marched to the railway-station, and, having performed there after the manner reported in this morning's *Examiner*, turned down to Parnell Street and opened an attack on the licensed premises of Mrs. Bermingham, which is at the corner of Parnell Street and Davis Street. Mrs. Bermingham was away at Kilkee, and the only occupants of the house were her sister, Miss Kennedy, and Miss O'Brien. They were in the back of the house when bullets came through the front windows, and, having already heard the firing at the station, they wisely remained where they were. Neither of them can say how long the attack lasted. It seemed to them an hour, but they suspect, all the same, that it did not last half that time. Anyhow, the police accomplished their purpose. They broke in the shutters and set the place on fire. All the stock was destroyed and the ground covered with the debris. To-day the following inscription appears on the walls: "This is the work of the Black and Tans."

Mr. T. Hayes, who has a licensed house next door, told your reporter that his family were at Kilkee and that he and his wife were the only people in the house when it was attacked. The panels of the door and shutters were broken and the windows were battered in with rifles. The licensed premises of Mr. Michael Coffey, 24 Edward Street, were attacked about one o'clock. The house had been newly painted, the work being completed only on Saturday, and whether it was the appearance of the doors and shutters that attracted the attention of the police Mr. Coffey does not know, but the eight shutters were broken with the butt-ends of rifles and the door was also badly marked. "But for the shutters," he said, "I was ruined."

His brother, Mr. Timothy Coffey, keeps the public house at 25 Parnell Street, a hundred yards distant. This was broken into, and the taps of whisky-barrels and porter-barrels were turned on. Brandy-bottles and wine-bottles were broken. The clock, which registers one-thirty, bears the mark of a rifle butt. The glass door leading to the tap-room was smashed, and in all some hundreds of pounds' worth of damage must have been done.

But no place in the city suffered so much as Carey's Road, which was up beside the station and is a working-class quarter. There is not a window on the ground floor of any house between Edward Street and the bridge that has not been broken and there is not a house that can boast of an undamaged interior. Very few people were in their houses at the time of the police visit to Carey's Road. Some had not returned from last mass

and others were out walking. This gave the police free scope to use their carbines, and they availed of it. There is one poor woman, a Mrs. Cusack, every bit of whose furniture is broken and neither is there a glass or a cup or a picture left in the house. The floor is strewn with bits of glass or china, and herself and her two young children are in hysterics. Several neighbors visited her to-day, as did also the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan. Rev. Father Philip also called on the other afflicted people of the town. Mrs. Cusack feels that she and her family will have to leave the place, and her one despairing cry is: "I never shall be able to put a home together again." Her little son of ten is even more hysterical than she, and shouts to his mother between his sobbing: "Mother, will they come again?"

The public house of Mr. William Hickey is only a few doors away, and this was also pummeled with the butt-ends of carbines but was not entered. It may be stated here that the police paid two visits to Carey's Road during the day—the first about one-thirty and the second at six. On the second occasion they searched the houses that they had earlier in the day reduced interiorly to a heap of ruins.

While they were ransacking the road for the second time soldiers on duty came along, and one of the residents, Mrs. Collins, appealed to the military sergeant to intervene, but his answer, tho sympathetic, brought little comfort. It was "I can do nothing for you." Eventually, Rev. Father Robinson, Director of the Confraternity, and Rev. Father Philip, O.S.F.C., appealed to the military, and the result was that the police were withdrawn from the streets.

Father Robinson announced in the church last night that there would be no Confraternity meeting this week.

Joseph Kenny, who resides in the same road, had his house broken into and the ware smashed. Among the photographs on his walls to-day is one of his dear brother. It has been pierced either by a bullet or a bayonet.

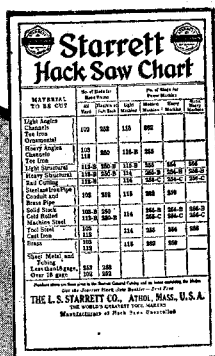
The next visit was to High Street district, and the first house attacked here was that of Mr. M. Ward, general furniture dealer, of Cornmarket Row. There is a garage next door, from which petrol was obtained, and two of the dozen tins taken from the garage were used to set fire to this establishment. From inquiries here it was learned that between thirty and forty policemen took part in the attack. But they had not intended to burn Ward's house. They admitted afterward that they had made a mistake, and that the house they intended to destroy was Mr. Patrick Foley's. They did, however, carry out their purpose with Mr. Foley's, two of whose sons, Charlie and Frank, spent a period at Wormwood Scrubbs. The only occupants of the house when the police knocked were an invalid boy and his mother. They got five minutes to clear out, and the boy having been removed by neighbors, the house was set fire to. It was completely wrecked and is to-day a heap of smoldering ruins.

The fire brigade was summoned when these houses were set on fire, but their horse was shot on the way, and the only people who endeavored to extinguish the flames were the Irish Volunteers.

Mr. John Hurley, publican, grocer, and corn merchant, Mungret Street, was also honored with a visit. The police forced the door with the butts of their rifles, and when they got inside they broke the glass partitions all round the shop. They also turned on the whisky and porter taps. Three tins of petrol were used to set the place on fire. One was thrown over the counter and another under the counter and the third in the bar. When the police left the Volunteers came to Mr. Hurley's assistance, and with wet bags and buckets of water put out the fire, thus saving the upper portion of the building. The grocery department was, however, completely destroyed. It is stated by Mr. Hurley that one of the few on the street at the time was Denis McSweeney, an ex-Australian soldier, and that when McSweeney went to his assistance shots were fired apparently at him.

Mr. William Griffin, of High Street, who is one of the most prominent men in the Corporation, and a member of that body for sixteen years, carried on a grocery, wine, and spirit business in High Street. The police saw to it that he will not again transact business there for some time. Mr. Griffin and his wife were out and there was no one in the house, but his neighbors state that thirty or forty policemen took part in the destruction of his establishment, and they also say that a motor-car followed up the destroying angels and supplied them with petrol. The firing in the streets continued while they were attacking this and other houses, firing so intense that some people thought machine guns had been brought into action. There were, however, no machine guns employed. "It was purely a police matter," say the people, and all are inclined to give credit to the military for their behavior throughout the day.

During yesterday a number of civilians took refuge in a grain-boat lying at the quay. Other police are stated to have fired



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on the vessel from Sarsfield Bridge. There were several persons boating on the river, but nobody is reported wounded.

Mr. J. Dundon, solicitor, attended at the New Barracks to-day to hold an inquest on Constable Nathan, who was shot dead during the firing yesterday, but a jury could not be got together and the inquiry fell through.

It is now practically certain that Constable Nathan, who was a Londoner, was shot by his own comrades. He was not one of the party of wreckers, but was returning from divine service, when he received a policeman's bullet, fired from Carey's Road.

Pictures in the houses visited came in for particular attention, and one of Archbishop Mannix in the house in Carey's Road was shattered by a blow.

A man named Paget, of Playhouse Lane, was admitted to the Workhouse Hospital to-day suffering from serious facial contusions. He is one of the victims of yesterday's law-and-order crusade.

It is said that Lord Monteaigle was in Limerick yesterday and was under fire.

The town was fairly quiet last night, but several shots were fired.

One man who was beaten by the police during the day is said to have succumbed to his injuries. There was very little business done in Limerick to-day. The people were mostly occupied in viewing the sights created by yesterday's lawlessness.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE "DEESTRIC OF LAKE MICHIGAN" STARTS ANOTHER REVOLUTION

A NOTICE, practically equivalent to a declaration of war, was served on President Wilson the other day. It was signed by Capt. George Wellington Streeter, and informed the Chief Executive that on September 6, 1920, the captain and his cohorts would enter the "Deestric of Lake Michigan" and free it from the "anarchy and treason" of the officials of the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois. At the same time the members of the American Legion in Chicago received an appeal from "General" W. H. Niles, appointed "Military Governor" by Captain Streeter, asking them to aid him in fortifying the "Deestric" against "foreign invasion." Thus opens another chapter in the somewhat turbulent history of the strip of one hundred and eighty-six acres of sand and refuse at the lower end of Superior Street, Chicago, which comprises the "Deestric of Lake Michigan," to which Captain Streeter lays claim by "right of discovery," a claim, it is said, he has defended with bullets and word of mouth for some thirty years. The doughty captain seems to be no respecter of persons when it comes to warfare. We are told he has fought every enemy appearing on the scene, courageously and impartially, including the Republic of the United States of America, the State of Illinois, and the city of Chicago, to say nothing of sundry millionaires and their henchmen living on the lake shore, whose riparian rights to the "Deestric" he refuses to recognize. Captain Streeter's last revolution was in 1918, when he declared the independence of the "Deestric" from the State of Illinois. This was quelled by the Federal Government. Apparently he has now recovered from this blow and is once more asserting his rights in the face of all comers, a farce comedy being thus repeated that has been enacted many times before. The complete story of Captain Streeter and his fight to maintain himself in his "Deestric" is highly edifying and has furnished much entertaining copy for the newspapers. On the occasion of his present "revolt" the *Kansas City Star* carried a brief account of the captain and his exploits, from which we quote the following:

"Cap," as Chicago speaks of him, is getting up in years. He is almost seventy-five now. There is little left of the flaming thatch of hair he wore in his palmy days. He long ago shaved off the long red beard which streamed back over his shoulders as a battle-flag to the crowds which followed him through the streets of Chicago. Considerable frost has gathered on the fierce red mustache which droops till its ends frame his aggressive chin. He's not quite so spry as he used to be. His familiar black silk "stovepipe" hat is a bit rusty. But he's just as scrappin' as he was back in 1886, when he and Maria, his wife,

took part in the geographical formation of the "Deestric of Lake Michigan."

"Cap" had already had a more or less varied career. He had carried a wagon show through the plains States. He had spent several years in the United States Army. He had been a Great Lakes navigator. In 1886 he was engaged in the Micawberish task of recruiting a little group of adventurers to colonize several hundred thousand acres of land in Honduras. He had chartered the *Reutan*, a little lake steamer, for the voyage, and, with Maria, was on his way to Chicago to take aboard emigrants when he was caught in a storm off the Michigan shore. The engines of the little steamer went dead and the vessel was blown onto a sand-bar just off Chicago.

The captain insists there never before had been any land at that particular spot, but when, some hours later, the storm left off, the *Reutan* was high and dry on an island of sand. Only four hundred and fifty feet of shallow water separated it from the mainland—451.42 feet, according to "Cap" Streeter's surveys.

Being something of a philosopher, the captain decided to stay rather than go to the expense of lifting the *Reutan* from its bed of sand and repairing it—for it had been pretty well battered by the storm—and floating it again. So there he and Maria "squatted." For some three or four years they lived in peace. They had small boats in which to visit the mainland and to rent to holiday-makers. They did a little fishing, cut doors and windows in the *Reutan*, and, in "Cap's" words, "lived purty comfortable," till one day some of the millionaires on shore looked out toward the island and decided it should be connected with the mainland.

Through their influence with the city government they had the city's trash dumped into the little slough which cut off the island. The wind and waves drifted sand among the tin cans and broken bottles, till before long "Cap" and Maria were able to walk dry-shod to the mainland. The owners were "exercisin' their ripairin' rights," "Cap" said. "Ripairin' rights," he explained, "is the right to *ri-pair* yer shore where it's wore off by the water. Don't gi'en ye no more right to fill in the lake an' own the fillin' 'an it does me to dig a hole in yer front yard an' own th' hole."

"Cap" let them go ahead and "ripair" till his island had become a part of the mainland. He let them build a great boulevard about the edge of his "Deestric" to keep the waves from wearing it away more. He had no objections to "them rich fellers" and the park commissioners improving the land, so the work went on. But one day when the squad of workmen approached his boat-house the captain showed his hand.

"Come, now," the foreman said, "you'll have to get out of here, you know. We've let you stay here long enough, but now we want to fill in where this shack of yours is. Just get your stuff out of it and we'll tear it down."

"Cap" chuckled. "Why, you fellers don't know what you're talkin' about," he said. "This here land is mine. I discovered it. It warn't in the city of Chicago er the county o' Cook er the State o' Illiny. It war jes' out 'ere in the lake, an' I discovered it, an' now it's mine."

For a while the "Cap" held his own against the lake-shore millionaires. Then one day he and Maria returned from the city to find their household goods lying out in the snow. They returned them. Three times that day the shack was stripped of its contents, and three times "Cap" and Maria put them back.

The next day a gang of men arrived and began a fence along the shore. The captain ordered them away. Some one fired a rifle, and the captain retaliated by sending a load of buck-shot into the leg of one of the "trespassers." He and Maria were arrested, charged with assault with intent to kill, but were acquitted.

It now occurred to Captain Streeter to lay his claim before the authorities at Washington. Armed with his army discharge, a plat of his "Deestric," and maps showing that it did not appear as a part of Chicago or the State of Illinois, he called on the Secretary of the Interior and asked to file a soldier's homestead claim. The Secretary examined the captain's plats, compared them with various maps in his own office, and finally came to the conclusion that officially the "Deestric" did not exist. Therefore—

The captain returned home well pleased. He had before claimed the land by right of discovery, insisting that, having aided in its formation, he was the first to set foot upon it. Now he claimed it as outside the domain of the State, the county, or the city. He refused to recognize any superior government other than that of the United States, to which he pledged allegiance. He named his find "The Independent Deestric of Lake Michigan," and began to sell and give away lots. Before long he had a colony of some thirty or forty persons living in



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With the "American," an old pulley can be replaced or a new one can be added, in any position, without stripping or otherwise disturbing the shaft.

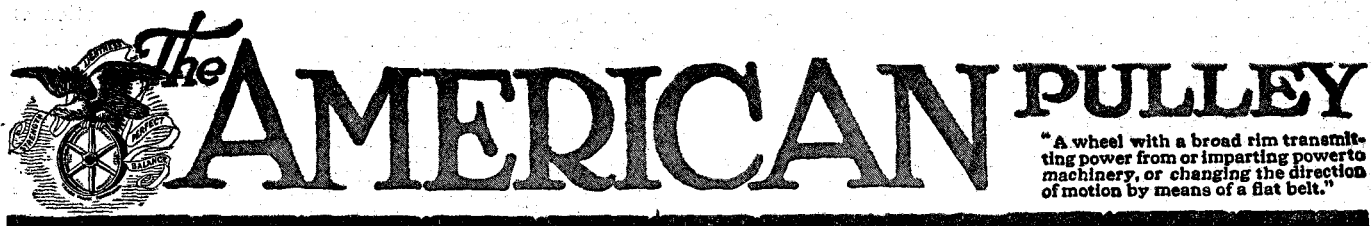
This pulley divides, slips over the shaft and, with a simple tightening of bolts, grips the shaft with a grip that no amount of normal service can loosen. A tremendous saving of time and labor. Only a momentary shut-down, even for repairs.

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"Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency" is not a catalog, but a pulley book that will be useful to you. Will you advise us where to send you a copy?

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driftwood shacks about his own. He filed his plats and descriptions with the land office in Washington and requested a patent and title, in order that, should the Secretary's decision ever be reversed, he might have on record the earliest application for homestead rights.

Then the captain called a district election. Forty-six men voted and seven officials were elected. Streeter was elected district clerk, William H. Niles, a justice of the peace. Within a fortnight these officials formally appeared before the clerk of the United States Court of the northern district of Illinois, presented their election certificates, and were sworn in. The captain then proceeded to organize a parade to precede the establishment of autonomous government in the "Deestrie."

All the masculine population of the district was called together, and on each was pinned a shiny tin star proclaiming him a deputy "United States marshal for the district of Lake Michigan." Through the streets of Chicago the little band marched, led by the captain, whose red whiskers snapt in the wind, while his shiny hat, perched precariously on the back of his head, threatened to leave him at every gust. Arrived at the island, they planted a flagstaff bearing the United States flag in front of the captain's shanty, labeled one of the shacks the "Capitol," and thus completed their occupation.

"Now, b'gosh, let them fellers come," the captain exclaimed to a group of newspaper men. "We got the United States on our side, an' they ain't goin' to buck up agin the Govamint. This ain't Illiny an' them fellers ain't got no rights in this 'Deestrie.' If any cops comes over here, I'll arrest 'em, b'gosh."

City, county, and State officials were puzzled as to what to do, but by the next morning an invading party of policemen had been formed. In the meantime, one by one, the captain's men had sneaked away under the barbed-wire entanglement, put up earlier for their protection, till none remained. The captain was sitting alone in front of his shack, reading a newspaper and, as usual, chewing fine-cut, when Inspector Max Heidelmeier arrived with two hundred bluecoats at his back. Inspector Heidelmeier was inclined to lapse into dialect when greatly excited—and in this instance he was considerably excited. He stepped three paces forward, raised his right hand in a melodramatic gesture, and in a voice meant to be thunderous, but which disconcertingly broke into an occasional falsetto, commanded:

"In der name of der beebles of Illinois, I gommands beace!"

"Cap" paid no attention, but continued to read his newspaper.

"In der name of der beebles of Illinois," the inspector began again, "I gommand you to disperse."

"Hold on, thar," Streeter interrupted. "I cain't disperse. They ain't but one o' me. I'd do it if I could, Max, but I cain't."

For the first time the police discovered the absence of the captain's followers. They looked relieved and drew nearer.

"Vell," the inspector insisted, "you god to go oud mid here."

The captain refused to go except by force, so was lifted, rocking-chair and all, into the patrol-wagon. He was booked for refusing to disperse when ordered, but after hearing his very logical defense, that, being only one, he could not very well "disperse," the charge was dismissed.

Except for occasional brushes with employees of the "rich fellers" on the Shore Drive, "Cap" and his followers lived peacefully until 1900. One morning in May of that year residents on the shore looked out toward the "squatters' huts" and saw rifle-pits with the gleam of rifles in them, while a couple of Gatling-guns poked their noses threateningly from behind a barbed-wire entanglement. It was learned that martial law had been proclaimed in the "Deestrie" with "General" Niles as military governor. The police were notified. The chief of the Lincoln Park police drove up to investigate. He was in too great haste to treat with proper respect the sentries posted along the boulevard, and Niles, who had been a soldier and a cowboy and was an expert rifleman, sent two rifle-bullets crashing through the chief's buggy, about two inches on either side of him. He retired with more haste than dignity.

Another army of policemen started for the island, but before they arrived, Niles, with a handful of the fifty men who had been with him earlier in the day, had surrendered to a lone park policeman. Tho Captain Streeter, then living with Maria in a hotel up-town, denied any knowledge of the affair, he was arrested. He and his men again were discharged.

For a while it appeared that the captain might succeed in embroiling the Chicago Chief of Police in international complications. The chief, much excited by reports of the number of armed men in Streeter's camp, had commandeered two tugs and armed them with three-inch guns. This was alleged to be a breach of the agreement between the United States and Canada, prohibiting more than a specified number of duly authorized ships of war plying the Great Lakes. Captain Streeter threatened to report the matter to the British Consul in Chicago, but nothing

ever came of it. Perhaps the captain was satisfied with the fun he had already had out of the police.

Soon after this episode the lake-shore owners established guards along the "Deestrie." There were occasional clashes with the captain's sentries, and in 1902 one of these led to the first death of all "'Cap's' revolution'." This was the first time a note of tragedy had ever entered the comic-opera travesty on the lake front, and it quieted down both sides.

It was 1915 before Captain Streeter again caused a city-wide sensation. In that year Chicago decided to close its saloons on Sunday. The captain, who then was running a little confectionery in his "Deestrie," continued to sell booze. On Sundays, it is said, it was impossible to get within a hundred yards of his stand. He was arrested. In court he refused to admit the jurisdiction of the judge, but by this time the State, county, and city had grown more or less tired of playing at international politics with the captain, so he was fined.

He has revolted so often and has been arrested so often that Chicago chroniclers no longer have a complete record of the history of "Cap" Streeter and his "District of Lake Michigan." It may be to provide them with new material that the captain has announced the approach of another revolt.

ALIENATING THE ALIENS

GIVING A FEW DOSES of concentrated Americanism to the alien in the hope that he will immediately appear in our midst a full-fledged American may be a fine scheme, but competent observers seem inclined to doubt it. Among the doubters is Arthur Woods, whose experience as former police commissioner of New York City, with its large foreign population, would seem to qualify him to speak with some authority on the subject, and who discusses the Americanization problem in an article in *The Forum* (New York), under the title, "Fair Play for the Foreign-Born." Mr. Woods is of the opinion that you can't make an American of a foreigner merely by teaching him English and cramming the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence down his throat. He holds that making an American of an alien can't be accomplished overnight. Boiled down, Mr. Woods's argument is that if the would-be Americanizer would discard the patronizing manner in which he is inclined to thrust upon the foreigner a lot of "superior" ideas, and would try to acquire a real understanding of the immigrant and use tact and friendliness in dealing with him, the Americanization business would look up considerably. Says Mr. Woods:

These immigrants have perfectly good civilizations of their own. They have manners and customs which are just as dear to them as ours are to us. They come here as a rule with a wholly friendly feeling toward this country. They would not have come if they had not had that feeling. They are ready to learn about us. They are eager to learn. They don't like much the idea, the word, of being Americanized. It looks as if a superior, patronizing race had set out to show them its ways, on the theory that they were tired, and disloyal, and ashamed of their own ways. They resent that attitude. They are proud of the things that they have got by inheritance from their ancestors. They are ready to be good Americans, eager to be good Americans; but they would like a little friendliness, a little consideration, a little tact shown in the process. That, it seems to me, is the way in which American citizenship is going to succeed or to fail in the trial of assimilating people who come to us from all parts of the earth.

Mr. Woods reminds us that the immigrants came to this country by invitation. America needed them, and as soon as they came they were put to work. That was about all that anybody here ever did for them beyond inventing such names as "dago," "squarehead," "hunky," *et al.* to bestow upon them. Further:

You have heard and read a great deal about deportation of vicious aliens. If a person here, whether alien or native-born, starts out to try to overthrow our Government by force, we should, of course, set going all the engines of the law against him. But the situation affects the alien in a peculiar way. The people who are deported are all aliens; not much seems to be done to native citizens. Therefore, the aliens quickly catch the idea that our effort is against aliens and not against those who are violating our laws, whether alien or native-born, and

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the feeling has got around to a large extent that we don't want the alien, that our effort is against him because he is foreign-born.

They are going home now by shoals. The movement is unofficially helped. There is a propaganda among the foreign-born, for instance, pointing out that this is the time for them to go home, because the rate of exchange is so much in their favor, because the dollar that they earned here will be worth so much more in their own money than it used to be. That is sound economic reasoning. But the whole tendency of that treatment of the alien, of the—let us hope—criminal alien, is to make the aliens think that they are not wanted here.

To many aliens, especially such as settle in the big cities, the policeman represents the Government, says Mr. Woods. Presidents and Senators and other officials are rather vague personages to the foreigner's mind, but the stately cop is a familiar phenomenon. Hence, the alien's ideas of this country are materially influenced by the police force. Mr. Woods furnishes an illustration:

I remember very well a case that happened to come to my attention, of a woman, a Russian Jewess, who had been a short time in this country and who was arrested by a policeman for some infraction of the law connected with her ash-can. Just what it was I don't know. She was arrested by the policeman, taken to court. She did not speak English. He, it is needless to say, did not speak her language. She was taken before the judge. The policeman told his story. She was very much dazed and puzzled, not knowing what it was all about, knowing that she had done nothing that was inherently wrong, not knowing why in the world she was there. And the man up there with a gown on said something, and two or three people said things, and then she was whisked away, and it was made clear to her that she was to pay something. She reached in and took out some money, and a dollar was taken out of her hoard. That sort of treatment of the foreigner by the policeman is what prepares the soil to be fertile to the seed cast upon it by the revolutionary orator.

As everybody knows, the foreign element is largely blamed for the unrest prevailing in our midst to-day, and in his article Mr. Woods discusses this matter of unrest in the light of his experience as police commissioner. He is not inclined to regard agitation for a change in governmental and social conditions as an evil. On the contrary, he suggests that unrest is a wholesome sign of progress. He, of course, advocates the punishment of persons who defiantly break the laws, but he is inclined to let all persons express themselves freely, provided it is their manifest intention that the measures they champion are to be brought about by lawful means. "Any minority has a right to go ahead and try to make itself into a majority," he says. Further:

Probably the most wholesome thing in our whole scheme of government is the fact that it permits of change, that it permits of growth. I have thought recently that no matter how wild the revolutionist may be, he need not despair at his failure to accomplish even extremely radical changes by lawful means when I remember that it was lawful means that were used to put through the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Uneasy minorities are good things for a plethoric, comfortable majority to have to deal with. The rights of the minority must be regarded by the majority. It is a test of citizenship to accord to inconvenient minorities their full rights.

In the winter of, I think, 1915 there was a good deal of unrest in New York, and one of the manifestations of it was that some earnest individuals, male and female, made up their minds that things were all wrong in the regions of the Colorado Fuel Company, whatever the exact title of it was, and that the Rockefeller interests owned the controlling blocks of stock in that company. To protest against the way things were going on in Colorado, some of these people put mourning bands on their left arms and walked up and down the street in front of the office of the Standard Oil Company.

The question was at once brought to me as to what was going to be done to these people, and my answer was that they had a perfect right to walk the streets with mourning bands on their left arms or any other part of their anatomy, or with any other decoration of their person, as long as they were respectable and did not violate our sense of decency. So they walked up and down there. If they had walked in such crowds as to interfere with the rights of others they would have been violating a law, and it would have had to be stopped. If they had incited people to violence, if they had tried to get people to storm the

building, they would have been infringing on the rights of others, and action would have had to be taken.

In connection with this demonstration they had noon-day meetings in Bowling Green Park. One day they were having one of these meetings. It was a fine, warm, blue-sky, spring day, one of the first after a rather dreary winter—an earnest young woman addressing the crowd. There were a hundred or so people around there. It was the noon-hour. They had mostly had their luncheon. They were standing around, puffing at cigars of varying qualities and taking satisfaction out of them, and listening to what she had to say. According to her, everything was wrong, and the way to right it was to listen to her and join her outfit and go in with her, overthrow the Government, overthrow the capitalist, own everything, and live happily ever afterward. The crowd listened, taking it all in, enjoying the warmth of the sunshine. It was a very pleasant, companionable gathering.

It was interrupted by a man who came down Broadway and who joined the crowd. He did not like what this young woman was saying, and he started out to answer her. That was just what she wanted. She had been able to start nothing. Here was somebody who would be a foil for her, and she could get some excitement. She shot back a very apt, irritating, somewhat profane answer to the man, which did not soothe his ruffled feelings, and he started talking, started to push his way through the crowd. The change in the attitude of the crowd was interesting. The way I heard about all this was that there was a reporter there who told me all about it. He said that people began to puff faster on their cigars, there was not the complacent feeling of comfort that there was before; they stood up straighter and began to look around.

Standing on one side of this group was a policeman. He was paying no attention to the meeting. The doctrine that was being preached did not interest him individually, and officially there was no law being violated. There was nothing that called for his action. But when this outraged citizen butted in, it looked as if there might be disorder precipitated, and the policeman felt called upon to take action, so he pulled himself together, went up and tapped his man on the shoulder, and said, "My friend, you will have to cut that out." He said, "Cut nothing out, officer. Do you hear what she is saying? I won't stand for it. If you won't stop it, I will." The policemen have soothing ways about them. This one said, "Now, see here, that is her meeting, and as long as she carries it on and there is no law violated I am going to protect her in her rights of holding meetings and having her say. If you want to hold a meeting you get over there on the other side of the street, and I will protect you, too." Now, there was the agent of the majority protecting the minority in its rights. It was exactly the way the policeman had been taught to handle such things.

Mr. Woods's idea of how to meet the situation growing out of revolutionary agitation, be it carried on by foreigners or anybody else, is that the people whose views differ from those of the agitators should seek by peaceful means to convince the latter of the error of their thinking, if their thinking is in fact erroneous. He illustrates:

A friend of mine the other day on the train to Detroit got into conversation in the smoking-room with a couple of young fellows who, it turned out, were members of the American Legion. One had been a corporal and one a sergeant. They were enthusiastic members of their American Legion Post in Detroit. They made up their minds that the way to meet the efforts of the revolutionists in Detroit was to beat them at their own game, so they had arranged for a meeting in a hall in Detroit and had invited the reddest of the local "Reds" to come and debate with them.

My friend was going beyond Detroit, but he came back two or three days later and ran into one of these fellows and asked him how his meeting had gone on, and the man was as mad a man as he had ever seen. He said they had not had any meeting, that the police learned these "Reds" were going to speak there and they had forbidden the meeting. Now, that police action was as wrong as it could be, and the effort that was made by the sergeant or the corporal was as right as it could be. They were going to meet these people on their own ground and were going to match their facts against the other people's arguments. They were going to meet misrepresentations with a fair presentation of the facts, and they were confident they were going to come out on top. As one of them said, "If we can not put it over that fellow, we shall begin to wonder whether he may not be right."

That is where the leadership of the country comes in, and that is where university men come in. A man gets in a university not merely a certain amount of knowledge of certain



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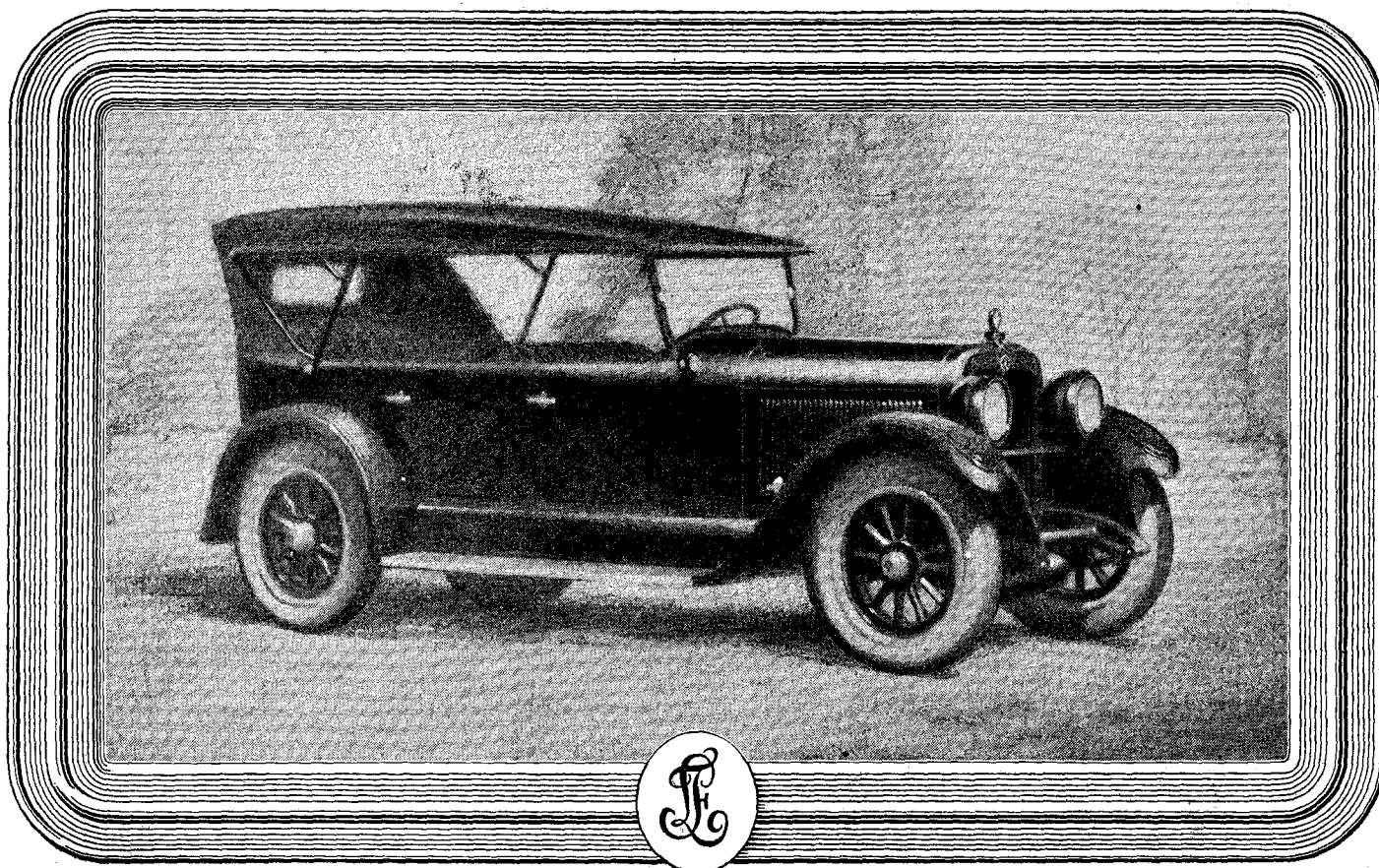
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subjects; he gets a feeling of *noblesse oblige*. He catches a spirit of obligation. If he does not, his education may be merely dangerous. The university man, with his spirit of obligation, with his trained mind, is the man who, as much as any one else, certainly, can take part in the discussions that are going on all over the country, and guide people toward sound conclusions. He does not necessarily have to go to a "Red" meeting. His power to think straight is something which he will find is an enormous handicap in his favor when he tackles any subject. The clean-working mind is what is needed to puncture the speciousness of the revolutionary argument. The educated men of the country, if they simply adopt, as is so easy, the attitude of irresponsible optimism, are not doing their part to keep the country from going toward experiments which can not help doing harm.

THE A. E. F., GREATEST AMERICAN ARMY, OFFICIALLY COMES TO AN END

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington, August 14, 1920.

General Orders No. 49

Section 1. Effective August 31, 1920, the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces, Washington, D. C., will be discontinued.

By order of the Secretary of War.

PEYTON C. MARCH,

Major-General, Chief of Staff.

Thus briefly and in matter-of-fact military phrase the greatest of American armies came officially to an end, leaving its heir, the Army of Occupation, still standing guard on the Rhine. "In a similar curt sentence the Army of the Potomac disappeared from the active list of the War Department sixty-four years ago," notes Major T. H. Thomas, in the New York *Evening Post*. The major, who was a member of the great army that has just ceased to be, continues:

The A. E. F., greatest as it was, was ever a khaki rather than a blue-and-gold outfit, businesslike rather than spectacular, and its ending is in keeping with its beginning. It began with a handful of officers slipping away unnoticed on a British liner. Following these, so slowly and after so cruel a delay, sardine-packed liners set sail by night, without trumpet or band, but darkened, silent, with an altogether disquieting unobtrusiveness.

Then followed a time of mystery, more or less of fiction, when impatience made us believe the impossible—the A. E. F. must already be at the front, but where? "Where" was then the word for nearly a year, and the disillusionment came suddenly, incredibly, almost tragically. As suddenly again the A. E. F. appeared in its proper place. Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne, sum up its brief but lively annals in the line, too familiar to need repeating here. Then, with the same impatient breath with which it had plunged in, it set its face homeward. It was not till then, perhaps, that one realized the size of the A. E. F. The armistice disclosed the fact that there was not room in France to hold it, even tho Germany had been called upon to help. It returned again in sardine fashion, tho this time the lights were on.

But tho it returned in triumph, it returned piecemeal. No one saw it all; it could not get into any one place, and there was no day of homecoming such as the parade of the Union armies in Washington in 1865. It would have been, we must admit, a good idea and only fair, and a Government endowed with imagination would have found a way; would have gathered together in recognition a selection at least of those who made it up—a few generals quite worth showing, the three armies, the nine corps, the forty-odd divisions, G. H. Q., the S. Q. S., the special services, and all the rest.

The second battle of the Marne, Saint-Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne will not be forgotten in American military annals. But it is difficult to foretell the place our brief and sudden part in a long war will hold in the American imagination; too soon to compare its appeal to those made by our wars of the past.

It will never have the legendary heroic glamour of the Revolution. It did not call out the enduring strain and trial, the poignant sense of tragedy and danger, the disappointments and long-depressing periods of the Civil War. It was far away, fought out in a land not our own, and, all in all, a new kind of a war.

Let us say frankly, however, that as far as the A. E. F. was concerned we—who were of it, at least—fear no comparisons.

Our rank and file did not wear homespun, but, on the other hand, they did not go home to the farm when the spirit moved,

as did the boys of '76. The dough-boy might never have started the Revolution, but once in, he would have made a quicker job of it. If we had no splendid, single-handed tussle such as Gettysburg, we had, on the other hand, no Bull Run, no quiet along the Potomac business in our history. Nor did a regiment of ours pull out of line because its ninety days were up. We had no Congressional generals, no political colonels (except one or two that stray regiments brought with them), no Halleck, no campaigns run by a Soviet in Washington. (This, it is true, we have the Secretary of War to thank for; whether or not he was a Stanton, he avoided all those things which Stanton ought not to have done; he chose one general and left him in command.) Even a good Republican will admit that the worst lapses of the A. E. F. can not recall the management of the Spanish War. There was no politics in the A. E. F., and there were no favorites; if the best men were not always chosen, Blois was always there—and it was not left empty—if anything, the rod was applied almost too severely.

All in all, the A. E. F. can take its place confidently enough in line beside the armies that have gone before. Brilliance was not the note of the A. E. F., and its tone was not dashing or heroic; matter of fact rather, and slightly skeptical. "Steady on the job" might well have been its motto. Good average capacity, applied without let-up and with the keenest impatience to get results, was what it relied on. Scattered among this average was a due proportion of those eager to learn and to improve, impatient to have all the lessons they discerned turned instantly to profit. There was, finally, a due proportion of those born to the curious game of war—leaders by instinct in any combat—or those (no less important) who have the knack of getting strange tasks accomplished without experience, without help, without anything that was necessary, but always done, and in time. This driving element of budding talents, plus the sound traditions and common sense of the regular army—an influence little suspected but all-pervading—sound plans, and policies, and training, and finally the willingness, the businesslike desire of two million dough-boys to get the job done—this combination of types and qualities made up the A. E. F.

In all comparisons of the future, suggests the writer, let it be remembered above all how much the A. E. F. had to do, much of this it had to do alone. Its commander-in-chief was called upon to be a general such as few have been before. Further:

Upon arriving in France he had not only no army, but had to (thanks to official incuriosity during three years of the war) find out or report what a modern army was. He had himself to determine the whole design upon which his army was to be built; its size and shape and component parts or internal mechanism. He had then to establish the basis on which it was to be trained for warfare as yet wholly new and unknown and then, even before the army arrived, to plan and gather together an organization capable of handling it when the time came. As to the staff, he had to make something out of nothing, for not only the thing itself, but even the idea of the thing scarcely existed among us before. With such trifles as these to deal with he had at the same time to turn his hands to the work of a constructing engineer, a captain of industry, a super-wholesale merchant, buying from all quarters of Europe; a builder or the operator of a great railroad system; something of an ambassador plenipotentiary, and, finally, in a sense, an admiral of a merchant fleet—for, tho ships were not his province, it was he who determined what was to go in them. All commanders-in-chief must be men of a hundred hands, but the others had their own countries at hand to fall back on, Ministers of War to take on a part of this burden. But the War Department stopt at tidewater; in France everything was up to the A. E. F.

Moreover, there was no time to develop gradually, to grow up with the war, as others had done. We had the benefit of their lessons—but had at the same time to catch up in one spurt, with all the complexities, changes, and novelties of four years of war. To do this required, among other things, to take decisions and take them quickly. General Pershing's recommendations for organization and training were sent home a month or so after he reached France. In the end they proved sound enough (in the words of the French staff officer whom we may take as the best judge of the task) to enable him, in spite of all the surprises of 1918, "to achieve the prodigy of training an army for battle while the battle was in progress."

Long before American soldiers saw the front the firm at Chaumont had designed its plant and begun construction, dredging the sandy harbors which were to become our American Cinque Ports in France; building docks, warehouses, the great base depots, cantonments, railroads, and interminable sidings. It was not work which appeared in the *communiqués*, and in

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view of puny realities and feeble prospects, it seemed at the time not without irony. But when, in the end, the incredible shipfuls poured out in the base ports those limitless reserves for Foch, then at last it appeared—to the astonishment of the front—that there were railroads to bring them forward, rations to feed them, and, above all, an organization to keep going an army suddenly grown great and suddenly flung into battle.

Let us modestly accept a compliment, rather than make it ourselves, quoting again from Colonel Requin: "The glory of America's soldiers lies in having gone into action with their organization barely completed and their training still unfinished; making up for this lack by energy, courage, irresistible enthusiasm, indomitable steadfastness, and, in a word, by that fine self-confidence which was to be expected from so great a people."

That, after all, is the point. A good deal was expected of the A. E. F.—and it made good.

MOVIE "EXTRAS" WHOSE LIVES RIVAL SCREEN ROMANCE

IN EVERY PHOTOPLAY that flickers its course on the screen there may be from a score to a hundred concealed dramatic thrills that the audience never gets. They are not the kind artfully planned by the author in plot and counter-plot, nor do they have anything to do with the trials and triumphs of the leading players. They are hidden in the lives of those numerous subordinate actors gathered from all parts of the world by the lure of the world's greatest center of screen romance, Los Angeles. They are a wonderful and strange aggregation, these humble "extras," the "day-laborers of the screen," who often illustrate in their lives the stories in which they act. In studio parlance, says Monroe Lathrop, writing in the *Kansas City Star*, they are "the atmosphere"—relegated to inferior social rank in the world of make-believe. As for their work and antecedents:

To the casting director the extras are types—useful in one play, out of place in another. So they float about in the movie stream. As a class they are essential, but as individuals they can more or less easily be replaced. The parts to which they are assigned never call for emotional acting or for great subtlety, so that these parts can be filled by any one with average intelligence and features that fit the character. On the lot the extras are the commoners; the stars are the aristocrats of film society.

In Los Angeles nearly ten thousand persons, in addition to some five thousand actors, are listed as gaining their living, in whole or in part, in this manner. A precarious living it is, existing from day to day on the exigencies of plots calling for types that fit the visible characteristics of the candidates for jobs.

What induces this host to take up such an aimless life? Frequently it is sheer necessity; at times it is love of adventure; and with how many a curious vanity?

There are no caste lines. In the ranks of the extras on the studio lot, the rich adventurer, who is doing it for a lark, may stand by the side of a real ragpicker, selected by the director because he is a strong, veracious type of lowly calling. This is not an extreme statement, for all classes are here represented, mixing in the most perfect democracy probably the world has ever known.

So utterly democratic are studio conditions that when an infant is needed for "atmosphere" in a play the baby of the slums has as good a chance as the scion of the most exclusive household. Only visible merits are considered. In the case of adults the plaster of grease-paint and make-up absolutely covers all social lines.

Seven dollars a day is the average pay for these people. Some of them have in their heyday earned that amount in a minute. It is laborious work. The woman who plays the *grande dame*, if she happens to live twenty miles from the studio, must rise at five to attend to the ordering of the household that she may be at the studio at eight. She often works till ten at night, then, haggard and worn, must return by the same journey to seek rest for a repetition of the course another day. Many double their pay by taking both night and day jobs.

Louis M. Goodstadt, casting director of the Famous Players-Lasky studio, tells of amazing facts that have come to light out of this conglomerate humanity, each to be looked over for his or her fitness for a day-by-day job.

There is among those working thus humbly at the studios a former secretary of the French legation at Berlin. His claims are supported by the proud exhibition of a breastful of medals. There are numerous French and British officers from the world-war, incapacitated by gas for other work.

Almost without number are doctors and lawyers who never succeeded in their professions because square pegs do not fit round holes. Horace Williams, casting director for Metro, declares a half-dozen former convicts—one an escaped felon—are engaged in this occupation. "So far as I know, these men are now living exemplary lives," he says. "It is none of my business to inquire into their past or present status, so long as I can observe no lapse from rectitude."

A former valet to General Lord Kitchener, who, by the way, was born in Paris, educated in Germany, and looks like an Englishman, is among the extra draftees.

There are old Indian chiefs. One of them, White Eagle, was kidnaped from a white family as a boy by the Indians and grew up among them. An old French countess, a true and typical *grande dame*, supports an invalid daughter as an extra. A former United States consul-general in Peru, at seventy, proud but very poor, plays parts that call for distinguished bearing.

Among the mass also is a former Tammany Hall leader, "with the florid countenance associated with men of this traditional school"—but he happens to be a Yale graduate. Unfrocked preachers and others of education and breeding, who have not been able to make a living at their professions, rub shoulders in the lot. There are countless picturesque figures besides:

The first white woman born in California, now nearly ninety years old, is a well-known character among the extras. A once-noted surgeon from the British army of occupation in India has a place when a man of fine military bearing is required.

When a lady of the aggressive business type is required a former woman president of an Illinois bank is called on. Shot at in a quarrel by her cashier, she was so upset that she pulled up stakes and came to California. She has made good as an extra, as she did as a business woman.

The lots are also graced by a former Texas ranger who accumulated such a crop of enemies—the kind that attempted to bump him off—that he quit the State before they "got" him and has drifted into moving pictures. One can not count the number of former Royal Northwest Mounted Police who help to give a faithful portraiture of frontier life.

Two daughters of a New York banker who was overwhelmed by adversity took up this business. They were later joined by their mother. Now, altho their father has regained his footing, they enjoy the game too well to quit. Any number of the English upper middle class whose incomes were reduced or cut off by the war, dependent and untrained people, find the movies a godsend for their helpless kind.

To this class also belong many superannuated minstrels and comedians of a former era on the stage, from seventy to eighty years of age, who accept eagerly an occasional job and so save their pride from the humiliation of appeal to the actors' fund.

If the members of the millionaire colonies sojourning in Southern California towns, who in sportive whim slip over to appear on the screen, do not furnish comedy enough in this spectacle, how will this do as an example of farce? A heavy stockholder in one of the companies occasionally is not above the accumulation of a few additional dollars as an extra on the principle that "every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more." He kicks over the paltriness of his own remuneration, and later, as an executive, indignantly protests against the director's extravagance in overpaying extras!

The tallest man in the United States Navy towers over the mass. He is six feet nine inches tall and weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. He can't act a little bit, but is used in certain parts as a freak. His portrait can be seen at the Navy Department at Washington, with President Wilson and Secretary Daniels standing under his arms.

Also may be mentioned an old English author and former play-reader to Sir John Hare, Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Then there are one of New York's once renowned *restaurateurs*, a famous florist from the same metropolis, and two men, twins, both Oxford graduates, who never knew what to do with their degrees but are very proud of them.

These are only specimens of the strange variety of humanity gathered from all quarters of the globe, from every social rank, from war, politics, agriculture, the arts and professions. In truth, out of this heterogeneous mass have come some of the best-known stars. They were ambitious young people who took this means of breaking in and were alert to seize opportunity by the forelock; others had the good fortune to be in the eye of the casting director when the big chance came.

Horace Williams, of the Metro studios, says: "In the four years I have been casting director I have seen four notable stars rise out of this flotsam and jetsam—if that figure of speech may be used. This was entirely without personal influence from any one in authority."

To deal with this continually shifting mass of ten thousand

that must yield members appropriate for the human factors of each new picture, the memory of the casting director must be of the prodigy order. Address and telephone number of each of these thousands are carefully filed, with minute description, in a card-index system. But these are insufficient. The casting director must recall from the kaleidoscopic battalions just the right one for his special requirement of the moment.

A recent titled visitor from England has been quoted as saying that he knows at least half a dozen members of the British nobility who are determined to come to southern California to enter the movies. These *blasé* people, bored by the routine of their gilded existence, hope to find thereby a pleasant reaction in their new experience.

Let them come on, for, in the democracy of the cinema, the grand duke is treated with as kindly consideration as the ambitious shop-girl. If these "dooks and dookesses" have in their hearts any of the emotions which react to the tragedies of real life that beat fiction all hollow, they will get the new thrill, all right.

SWITZERLAND NOW HAS MORE DEPOSED ROYALTIES, BUT FEWER AMERICAN VISITORS

CALLED the "watch-tower of the Continent" during the war, and the "whispering-gallery of Europe" since, the little Republic of Switzerland has become a gathering-place for half of the titled ex-potentates of the world. True, there are drawbacks, such as the fact that the exiled dignitaries left most of their incomes when they left their home towns, and that the customary crowd of cash-laden Americans is lacking; but, by and large, Switzerland is said to be "sturdy, reticent, busy, and free of the scars of war." The Swiss might be called "the mutest people in Europe," writes Cecil I. Dorrian, staff correspondent for the *Newark News*, who has been traveling around Europe to find out how the various nations are conducting themselves two years after the greatest stir-up in history. Switzerland seems to him like some sort of tight little island that has weathered the vast European storm comparatively untouched. He writes:

The most perfect order prevails here. Nothing seems changed except that almost all the royal and ducal crowns that used to sparkle in the glory of power and privilege around her frontiers have now entered her borders in trunks, while instead of reposing on thrones their wearers are living in Swiss hotels, happy to avail themselves of the safety which this age-old democracy, alone in Europe, seems able to guarantee them.

William of Hohenzollern is said to be guarded night and day in Holland, seldom able to venture beyond his gates. But you can see their ex-Majesties of Austria, the former King of the Greeks, and other cascaded monarchs scooting along the Swiss roads or walking about on foot as unguarded as everybody else, care free for the first time in their lives, and, who knows, possibly even happy, too. The ex-Emperor of Austria had his lunch to-day in the quiet little lakeside hotel where the writer is stopping. He came in an ordinary and somewhat worn automobile. He was accompanied by three faithful gentlemen, one of whom acted as chauffeur, and all of them were clad as plain and undistinguished citizens. No one even knew who the young stranger was until he rose to leave, and then the proprietor started the flying whisper, "Karl of Austria."

"Times are bad" you hear the gloomy refrain about you. German, French, and Italian business with Switzerland is cut down to nearly nothing, because with the debased currencies in those countries and the high value of the Swiss franc they can not afford to buy here. American trade is reported to be almost nil, because Americans during the war made the machines to produce "Swiss" embroideries themselves, and that was the greatest article of export from here to America before the war.

Then, too, the holiday business is poor. There are not so many English as there used to be. Taxes in England are too high. It is the same with the French and Italians, only they have the added trouble of not being able to pay for their holiday in Swiss francs. Few of them can afford a holiday this year inside their own frontiers. As for the avalanche of Americans that was confidently expected this season, they have entirely failed to materialize. Never were there so few Americans here.

The hotels can not understand the absence of their old clients from across the Atlantic. Some of our good friends in influential London and Berlin newspapers have spread the news insistently across the world that Americans are rolling in the money we

made "at Europe's expense" out of the war, and have practically no taxes (perhaps one per cent. or something comically insignificant) to pay. Hence, according to them, the least we can do is to cancel the debts that the struggling European belligerents owe us and after that career around the world, buying and spending and letting others share in our good fortune.

The mere sight of an American going into a European hotel now, says Mr. Dorrian, "is the signal for the keepers thereof to offer him the royal suite and expect him to order up a case of champagne at once." The writer comments:

It can be imagined what a mean lot we are thought to be in view of our "small and belated effort in the war" and of the "vast gains" we all made out of it now that we are neither refusing to accept the payment of the money we lent nor are lavishing our funds on their enterprises.

This attitude may sound a trifle astonishing to us, but people do believe what they read, especially when they read it again and again and see it expressed in a way that proclaims the writer of it to be fair-minded and forgiving but constrained to tell the truth.

At all events the disappointment in Switzerland is keen. Dutch and Swiss are the principal elements in the holiday crowds here this year, with a thin but steady sprinkling of English.

Work is proceeding everywhere, however, in a persevering and at bottom cheerful spirit against the future.

Ashamed of their dependence on coal, the Swiss are going ahead as fast as they can to develop their vast natural supplies of water-power so that they may emancipate themselves entirely and forever from the grimy slavery of coal. They are aiming to run railways, factories, heat, light—everything—with electricity. New railroads are going forward, too, and new houses being built.

A handicap to progress is the necessity of keeping the army on a partial war-footing. The German border must, the Swiss think, be guarded, as that country is not in a condition to inspire confidence. The new troops of the year are now in training. Cavalry trots in maneuver across the fields outside the picturesque town of Thun, and infantry deployed in fighting units advance up the slopes to take "enemy" positions.

In this highly democratic little army sons of rich families seem to take it so naturally to serve in the ranks, groom their own horses, and take pot luck beside the peasants, that they make no virtue of it, and say they are proud to be in the ranks when asked.

It is only now and then that one comes in contact with the real spirit of these silent people, who seem seldom to think about themselves and rarely, if ever, write themselves up.

If a foreign excellency, a minister or ambassador accredited to Switzerland, wants to take a railroad journey from his station in Bern he can go down to the train early enough to secure his seat like anybody else. He can not reserve it in advance or have any special service. There are no privileges for any one.

This is an old and ingrained habit of mind inherited from six centuries of unwavering democracy. The only privilege is that of citizenship and service. The vote, one is told, is taken seriously by every one. The two election days of each year are held on Sunday so as not to waste another day, and the balloting is done in the church or in a public restaurant or old castle, where there is one of the latter left over from the old days.

Democracy has not yet struck their women, and it went against the grain, one hears, to have had to welcome the Women's Congress, at Geneva, this year. As Mr. Howells wrote long ago, one still has the impression that it is the Swiss women who do the larger share of the heavy labor outdoors and in. They take little leisure, less relaxation, and no share in what public life there is, except to look on. In some sections they sit together, apart from the men, in church. They wear modest kerchiefs and stumble over long dresses as they rake the hay on the slopes. At forty they look like old mountain witches, with strange, haggard faces, in which, if you look closely, you see with a start that tho their backs are bent and their strength used up, they are not yet old.

In the midst of musings about this reticent people and of trying to find out and imagine what their feelings about their little country must be, frankly wondering whether they had any national sentiments at all, or whether they were not just pro-German in the north, pro-French in the western cantons, and so on around, a certain magic happened to-night. The Swiss set out a little surprise for those of the visitors to their country who know little or nothing about them.

When the guests at this small hotel went in to dinner, an unexpected air of festivity greeted them:

The Swiss flag, its bright red cross on a white ground, was draped at one end of the room. A framed picture of Helvetia, surrounded by wild flowers from the fields, looked out from its folds. The waitresses, young girls from the neighborhood, in



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

more than usually fresh attire, were smiling with an expectant air. There followed a bounteous—even a lavish—banquet offered by the house.

It appeared that this was the Swiss National day, the six hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the republic. It had not been a holiday. There had been no premonitions of its coming and no earlier sign of its arrival except for a little desultory setting-off of fire-crackers by the children, but as that, for some unknown reason, is going on all over Europe in these days it had passed unnoticed. There had also been quietly patriotic sermons in the churches of all creeds in the morning, but few strangers go to the native churches, and so did not hear them. The English have their own chapels conducted by a minister transported for the summer from England.

After dinner, in a state of mellow well-being, the guests strolled into the café-garden, and there the two little boys of the house were hanging lighted paper lanterns in the trees bordering the water. The slight breeze set them a-swing, and in the twinkling red reflection coffee was served. Red torches suddenly flared off near the fountain and showed its misty spire of water a geyser of rubies.

Small boats, arrayed in lights and greens and flowers, now began to put out from the shores of the little harbor of Spiez. Rockets and Roman candles, sparkle bombs and red flares, soon enlivened various parts of the shores and hills. Houses on the slopes across the lake slowly strung themselves with lights, and suddenly high up on one of the peaks a beacon flared and was answered from peak to peak away down the lake to the summits of the snow and glacier mountains and on toward the east.

With a quaint love of humorous surprise, the festival had grown around us, unheralded, apparently effortless.

On the shores near by the village people had appeared. There had been no sound of their coming, but there they were, most of them carrying a colored paper lantern hung to the end of a long stick. They were the quietest village folk you ever saw. There was hardly a sound except that of the rockets until the band of the local military unit came marching down the hill playing the national anthem. The band embarked on a lantern-decked barge and floated about in the offing playing stirring marches and heroic spirited things suitable to brass and flute.

The people stood and listened and watched, and never even raised a voice. They seemed charmed by the ecstatic scene that they had with so great ease prepared. One of the lake steamers filled with people from Interlaken, with music and blazing lights, came close inshore to enjoy the exquisite little magic we were having at Spiez, and it seemed to have an immediately quieting effect, for the boat's noisy paddle-wheels stopt churning and her orchestra fell to silence to listen to the cornets of our barge players.

It was an early party. At half-past ten all the lights were out and the people had followed the homeward band when it marched away to bed.

You might have thought the whole affair a mischievous hallucination spangled against the black background of the night if it were not for the single party of village singers who later went out on the lake in

the full flood of the risen moon and in rich-toned folk-song had yodeled rolling echoes from the hills praising their land and their freedom until dawn.

RANDOM MEMORIES OF A COMMUTER ON THE PACIFIC

NOW that the course of tourist travel has been turned in such large measure to the steamship lanes of the Pacific as one effect of the world-war, it is interesting to come upon the recollections of a traveler who has been sailing this ocean and others for more than forty years. There is no bumptiousness in his remark that the Pacific is his "favorite ocean," on which he claims to be a commuter, when we consider his many journeyings up and down the seven seas; and tho he jumps from one scene to another without warning, he is quite candid in his hope that it will not cause his readers "any discomfort." "Let them lay it to the habit of mind engendered in the old traveler by his familiarity and indifference to thousands of miles," he says, for "an old campaigner like myself thinks nothing of an eight-thousand-mile jump." In his chapter on navigation in the Pacific, the first of the book, "Forty Years on the Pacific" (Oceanic Publishing Company, New York), the narrator, Mr. Frank Coffee, writes interestingly of what he calls "echo seamanship" on the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada as follows:

This unique form of navigation I witnessed in Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, which are noted for the numberless islands in their waters. On the voyage the ship is seldom on the open sea, and the going is smooth. But sometimes in spring and autumn Puget Sound, the Gulf of Georgia, and the waters between them and Alaska are fog-enwrapped. In summer, too, occasionally, a forest-fire will contribute a huge pall of smoke to add to the danger and difficulties of navigation. Between Victoria, Seattle, and Vancouver large ships from Australia and the Orient must plow their way over this route at all hours and seasons. The navigators, nevertheless, have so accustomed themselves to finding their way by echo that neither fog nor smoke-bank can interrupt their course. At certain periods of the year rain, snow, and wind increase the hardships.

To beat the elements at their worst, the officer on watch must, first of all, know the time the engineer is making. Of course, he must possess excellent hearing and an accurate measurement faculty, together with a *qui vive* alertness that is attuned to the slightest variation. Not for an instant must he forget that sound travels a mile in four seconds, and his reckoning must be absolute. The whistle is tooted frequently, and the captain must gage his position by the echo-return just how far he is from rocks. There are some very narrow passages, and all the skill of the captain is called into play. There is a large amount of iron in the rocks contiguous to the shore, which demagnetizes the compass, making it unreliable. For that reason, on board some of the ships, the use of the magnetic compass has been discontinued, and the gyroscopic compass is used instead. The echo is a source of many surprises, and a good yarn is told of Capt. Sid Phillips, a Sydney skipper, who, by the

way, was born on board a ship in Sydney Harbor. It appears that a young couple who were traveling between Victoria and Vancouver were up forward under the bridge. Every time the whistle blew the girl would giggle, and this served to distract the captain's attention and interfere with the echo he was trying to concentrate upon. At last he became annoyed and yelled out from the bridge:

"Will you stop your — noise, so I can hear?"

Naturally, the aural sense of a pilot in these fog- and smoke-blanketed waters becomes abnormally acute, which will likely prove of great assistance to him in other regions of the world. This was demonstrated in the experience of Lieutenant-Commander Barney L. Johnston. Johnston acquired his skill in the whistle-echo system through years of work on the British Columbia coast, where the fast express ships of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Grand Trunk Railroad are navigated in all seasons, no matter what the condition of the weather, and they must reach their destination without loss of time. At one time he was skipper of the Grand Trunk Railroad steamship *Prince Rupert* out of Vancouver, and at a later period he was one of the Vancouver pilots. In 1915 he took one of the Canadian-built submarines from Montreal across the Atlantic. Leaving the Canadian service, he was given a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, in command of the British submarine *H-8*. When in the North Sea, he struck a mine which blew off the forward end of his craft. Luckily, the bulkhead held, and after resting on the bottom, to effect repairs, he managed to grope his way back to the English coast, where, caught in a fog, he navigated into port by the method of whistle-echo from the cliffs on shore. As a result of this exploit, he was made lieutenant-commander of his new ship, the *D. S.*

The islands of the Pacific are as neatly and comprehensively tabulated and described by Mr. Coffee as the human items on the confidential visiting list of a society matron. Those whose names make most immediate appeal to the average reader are Tahiti and Tonga. Of the former he writes:

Every traveler has extolled the beauty of Tahiti. The Society Islands, of which Tahiti is the principal, are among the most picturesque in the world, and form one of the earliest posts of the London Missionary Society, which began work there in 1796.

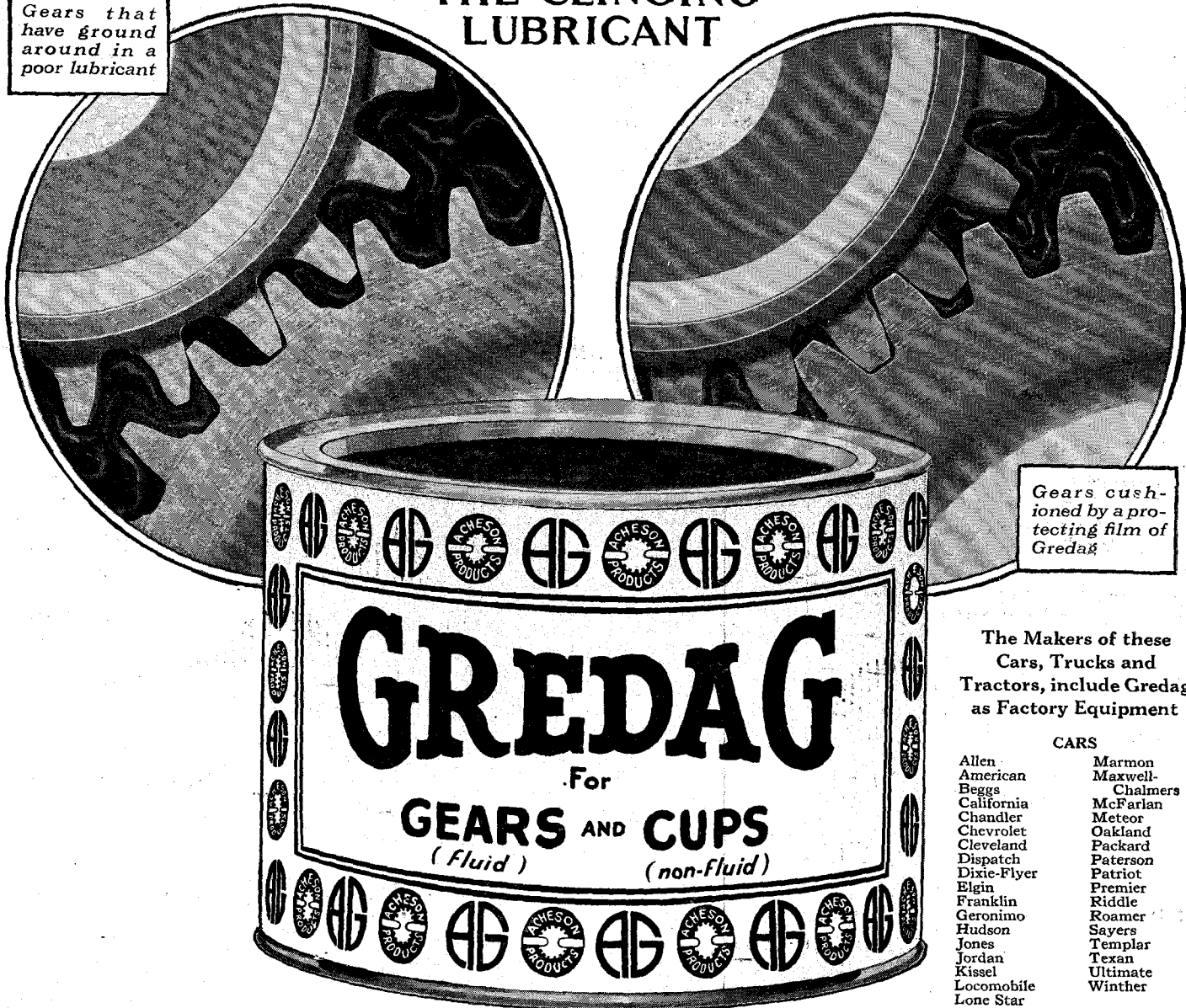
Called Otaheite, which means "From Tahiti," by Captain Cook, history has thrown a halo of romance around this interesting group. Cook made a long stay in the Society Islands, and took away with him on his first visit a young Tahitian named Omai. He went to England with his distinguished patron, was presented at court, was introduced to the fashionable society of the day, was shaken by the hand by George III., and was taken back by the great navigator, after all this grandeur, to Tahiti in 1776.

Two years later Bligh came to Tahiti in the *Bounty* to collect bread-fruit trees, which it was intended to transplant in the West Indies. The *Bounty* stayed in Tahiti for nine months, and at last sailed away, but the majority of the crew had left their hearts in the keeping of the beautiful belles of that Pacific paradise. When twenty-four days out from Tahiti, the celebrated

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mutiny occurred. Bligh was sent adrift in the *Bounty's* cutter with eighteen of the ship's company who remained faithful to him, and after enduring terrible hardships, eventually safely reached the Dutch East Indies. The mutineers returned to Tahiti and its seductive pleasures, its plenty, love, luxury, and idleness, and then some of them, with a number of young Tahitian women, sailed far away to hide themselves on Pitcairn Island.

Tahiti has become an appendage of France, mainly as the result of conquest during the reign of Louis Philippe. History tells us that early in January, 1844, Captain Bruat landed a strong force, hauled down Queen Pomare's standard and hoisted the French flag. The islands have now become the chief French colony in the eastern Pacific, with Tahiti as the center of Gallic authority.

Tahiti is formed by two distinct mountains of great elevation, which are connected by a long, narrow isthmus of about three miles in width. Consisting as it does of volcanic ridges of inexhaustible fertility, and valleys watered by abundant streams, this island is of much commercial value. Its delightful climate brings to maturity all the products of the tropics, which are nowhere to be found in greater fulness and perfection. Papeete, the capital, is a gay little town, remarkably cosmopolitan in its elements and Parisian in its tone and manners. The main thoroughfare, which passes through Papeete, continues right round the island. The most beautiful boulevards in the town are opposite the post-office and the Governor's residence.

In the square is a rotunda, and it is here that the residents and natives assemble to hold their fête on July 14—the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the national holiday of France. A week before the fête, the Governor sends a small steamboat to bring the natives to the festival, which is opened on the 13th with an official ceremony. The natives march in procession, carrying on bamboo poles supplies of live pigs and poultry, as well as all kinds of fruit and other products of the islands.

In an open space in the Parliament Buildings a show of all the articles mentioned is held and prizes are awarded by the Governor. Canoe races are a feature of the festival. The natives are a fine and handsome people; but civilization, disease, liquor, and admixture with Chinese coolies have deeply affected the race "surpassing all others in physical beauty" that excited Cook's admiration. Of late years the native population had been stationary, neither increasing nor decreasing, but large drafts of young men volunteered for service at the front with the French Colonial troops, and this, I am afraid, will have the effect of greatly reducing the population. They traveled to New Caledonia via Sydney to undergo drill. The poor fellows were not used to wearing boots, so they went barefoot and carried their boots across their shoulders and often caught cold. Also, the recent ravage of the influenza in Tahiti has sadly depleted the native population. . . .

To the east of Tahiti, the Tuamotu, or Low Archipelago, extends for many miles and affords rich pearl-shelling grounds. Owing to the introduction of diving-machines, the pearl shell was obtained in such immense quantities by scooping the lagoons that the French Government intro-

duced a closed season. In recent years no diving-machines are allowed, and native divers are only permitted to dive for four months in the year. In visiting pearling grounds in various parts of the world, I have heard almost incredible statements as to the depth to which divers can go. In Torres Straits, Japanese divers reach greater depths than any other pearl-divers engaged. Female divers in Ago Bay, Japan, who cultivate pearls, dive to an incredible depth, but in the Tuamotu group, the Tahitians are credited with diving nineteen fathoms. When descending, they take a piece of lead in each hand, and upon reaching the bottom, drop the lead and grab a pearl-shell between their fingers. In 1899 an old man dived in seventeen and one-half fathoms, at Hikuen, and returned to the surface in two minutes and forty-five seconds, bringing up two pearl-shells.

Black pearls are frequently found here. Jack London, in one of his novels, accuses a red-headed storekeeper at Papeete of dyeing pearls black and selling them to tourists. Steps were taken by the storekeeper to prosecute London for libel; but the author had such convincing proofs that the case was dropped.

The island of Morea, about twelve miles from Tahiti, is claimed to be the most beautiful island paradise in the world, rich in flowers, trees, streams, and jagged mountains. Alert to its beauties, a moving-picture company sent operators from Los Angeles to obtain pictures.

The Gambier Islands, or Mangareva, are also a part of the French possessions. A party of Mormons first attempted the civilization of the people. They were replaced by some French Catholic missionaries, who arrived in 1834. The members of the United States surveying expedition who visited the islands some years ago reported that they were much impressed by the beauty of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Mangareva. The candlesticks were of pure gold and the altar and reading-desks were composed almost entirely of pearls of great value. The pearl-fishers upon returning from their excursions donate tithes to their church.

The Marquesas Islands are a very beautiful group, and the natives were in the old days accounted one of the handsomest of the races in the South Seas, but they are dying off with appalling rapidity; European and Chinese vices, disease and change of customs, having done their work. In 1850 the islands were estimated to contain fifty thousand inhabitants. Now there are less than three thousand. If this rate of decrease goes on, it is only a matter of a very few years when the Marquesans will have vanished altogether.

I can not conclude this chapter on Tahiti without referring to a remarkable character who lived there, or did, till a little while ago—Ernest Wilfred Darling, the "nature man," as he styled himself, who abandoned the customs, food, and clothing of every-day civilization of American cities, for the open air, the fruit diet, and the simple life of Tahiti. The story goes that in his youth Darling became deeply interested in the Bible. He read and pondered over it, and the more he read and pondered, the clearer he believed that man—the present-day man—did not live naturally as the Lord intended him to live. Darling decided that he would eat the fruits off the trees, abandon the clothing that generations had developed, and go about just as created. So he set about to find his Eden, and decided that Tahiti fulfilled his demands. Thither he went.

The Governor presented the "crazy" American with a piece of land high up on the mountains, with the clear understanding that he would stay there with his peculiar ideas. Fruits and herbs grew there in plenty. The air was balmy and fine, and the view delightful. There he could play "Adam in Paradise" to his heart's content. Darling, acquiescent, sallied forth and claimed the mountains. Here, indeed, was his dream of paradise. In this world-forgotten place he could find ample time for his meditations. On the top of his mountain he built a simple hut of palm-leaves and branches. He changed the virgin soil of his domain from a wilderness of tropical waste to a food-yielding garden. In a short time he grew independent of the natives, as his plantations became very productive. He lived in absolute solitude. His skin became the color of bronze—his hair and beard grew long.

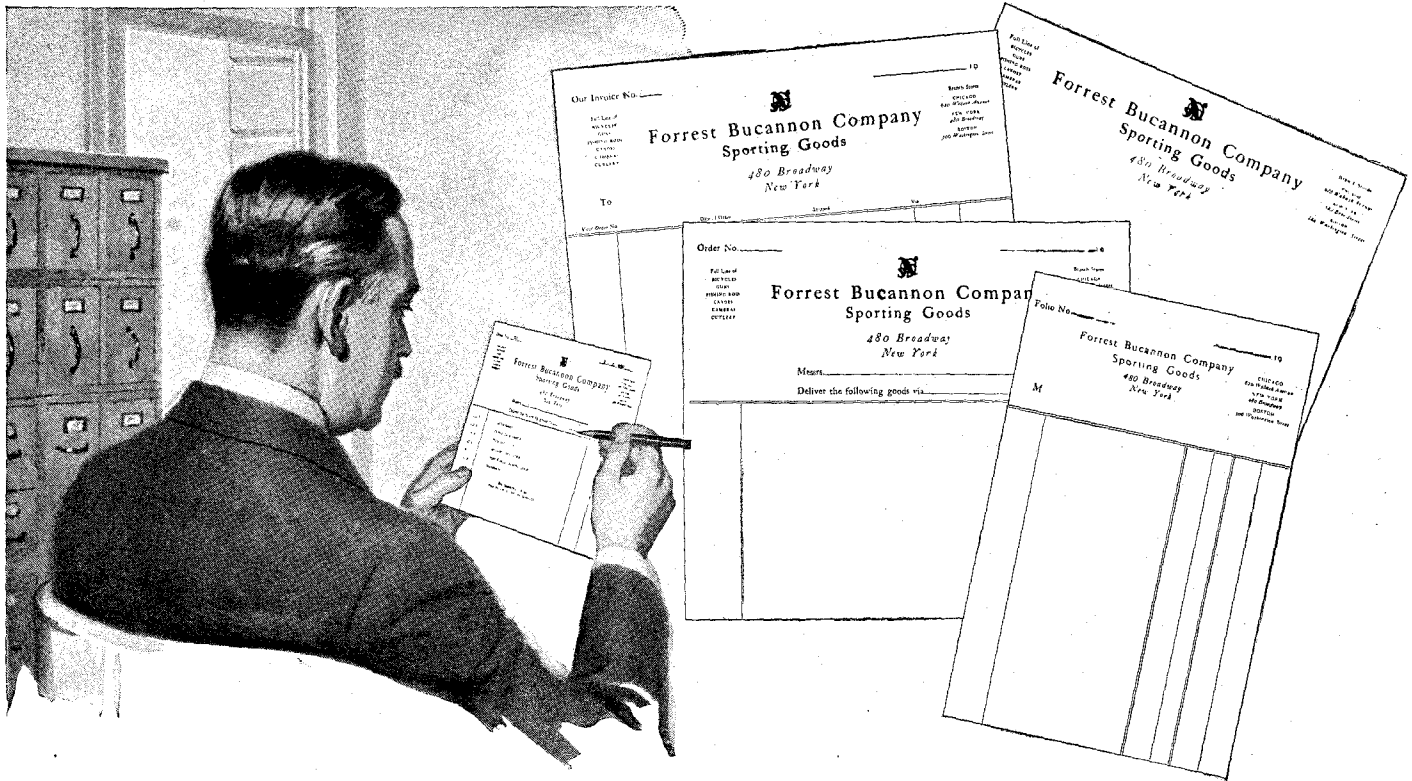
When Darling had lived his lonely life for more than a year, he took a wife, a comely young native girl. After four years of this life came the test of Darling's convictions. An uncle of his died and willed him a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars under the conditions that he leave his island wife, return to his native land, and live like a normal being. But Darling smiled a superior smile at the suggestion.

"Why," he explained, "what do I want with money?" "What could money procure me better than I've got—happiness, health, and peace of mind, from the knowledge of leading the life that I know God intended man to live?"

His inheritance went elsewhere. But the philosopher did not regret his decision. He was still happy as ever on the top of his mountain on the lovely tropical island, until influenza killed him, December 18, 1918. To the end the natives worshiped him, and the Frenchmen debated over him at their afternoon absinthe on the veranda of the Club des Etrangers in Papeete.

The little kingdom of Tonga, we are reminded, is the one remaining nominally independent kingdom of the Pacific. Within the memory of many who have reached their three-score years, Mr. Coffee remarks, Tahiti, Hawaii, Fiji, Samoa, and Raratonga have been independent. Now the French tricolor floats over Tahiti, and the American ensign over Hawaii and part of Samoa. Fiji and Raratonga are parts of the British Empire, but Tonga, while under British protection, still flies its own flag. It is a quaint little kingdom, according to Mr. Coffee, who proceeds:

The Tonga Archipelago consists of three large islands, Tongatabu, Haapai, and Vavau, and about a hundred smaller ones, including Niuafoou, famed for the size of its coconuts, and Niuatobutabu, sometimes called Keppell's Island. Many of the islands are mere banks of sand and coral, giving foothold to a few palms, and nearly all are on a dead level. Of the few lofty islands, Vavau, at the northern end of the group, is justly celebrated for its beauty and its lovely landlocked harbor, one of the best in the Southern Pacific. All the islands are clothed with rich tropical vegetation, feathered with waving coconut palms and upon any of them the jaded seeker after rest might easily be content to spend the rest of his days—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—for Tonga is one of the few places that remain absolutely cut off from the outside world, save for the monthly service provided by



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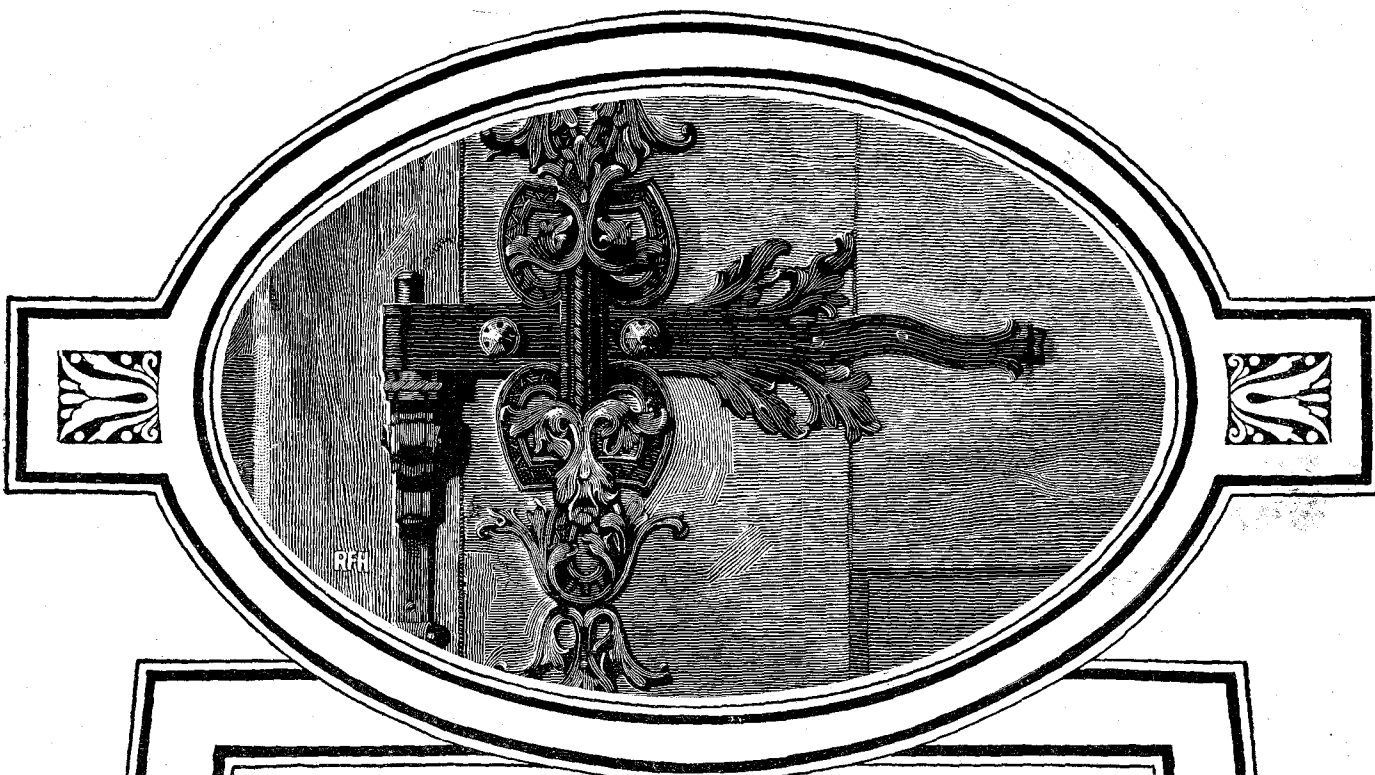
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PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

Continued

the Union Steamship Company and occasional sailing craft. The Germans before the war were getting a strong grip on the trade.

Many a quaint story has been told of the way in which the brown kingdom has in its miniature fashion imitated the ways of European monarchies. As an example of their self-imagined importance, it may be mentioned that when the news of the Franco-Prussian War reached the islands, the Tongan Government held a special cabinet meeting and solemnly passed a resolution to observe strict neutrality, and I am told exactly the same procedure was adopted in the case of the recent European War. Think of the difference it would have made had Tonga, with its standing army of twenty warriors bold, with their rusty muskets and antiquated pieces of cannon, lent their powerful aid to the combatants!

The Tongan members of Parliament take their business very seriously. Every member begins his speech with a scriptural quotation and ends with one, his Majesty setting the example in his speech from the throne. The following was the king's speech at the opening of a session of Tonga's congress:

"My salutation to the Nobles, the Premier, and the Representatives. The first thing that it is right we should do is to give thanks and praise to the Lord; and in the rendering of these thanks, who is capable of explanation or who can discuss it and when is the time to speak and tell of the excessive good beyond bounds precious and important that have been rendered by the unforeseen, and also we in Tonga that we should be fortunate and that all should be well with the Tonga Islands, up to to-day who is it from whom? From your people? No! Or even from me? It is not that. Or our combined strength? Who can so much as dream or picture the mountains of strength by which worldly strength depends, such as the possession of extensive countries, and millions of people, and filled with great wealth, also possess with wisdom and learning. These are the living stones which are the foundation of countries, which stand like great mountains and can not be overcome.

"But the existence and prosperity of you and I in Tonga this day is from the Lord only. Is this a matter to stint our thanks? Think of the great number of grave, important, and difficult things that have happened within the last year. Some governments have gone to war, and some countries have been lost, and there have been famines and pestilences. Therefore, when it appears thus that our little group of islands has been brought safely through it all, I say this, and I think you are of the same opinion as I am, there can be no doubt of his condescension to us in Tonga. Yes, be praised. That the promises are still sure.

Continue your journey in peace,
Never fear nor tremble,
Tho waves be great and winds high,
He (the Lord) knows the path by which to go.

"May Heaven look down with favor on your Assembly and guide your efforts. Even so. The Lord be with you. Amen."

There is no poverty in Tonga, but there is no wealth. The tribal or communal system which has prevailed from time im-

memorial is altogether opposed to any member of the tribe accumulating property. A man's relations have the right to come and live with him, and, if necessity arises, to share what he possesses. It would be the height of meanness on his part to refuse a request from a kinsman. One of the chiefs lost his Tongan wife some few years ago. He married a Samoan of high rank. Ever since his house has had constant visitors from her Samoan relatives. They are nearly all related to him, because they are related to her. These Samoans came to Tonga with nothing; they returned with well-stocked sandalwood chests which they had "cadged" from their relative's husband, who would not break Polynesian etiquette by refusal, but preferred to get in debt to the traders!

Tonga presents a most instructive lesson to Socialists. There are to be seen exhibitions of both the strength and the weakness of Socialism. They are a people without poverty, but a people without individualism. There is no place in Tongan Socialism for the man who would seek to rise above his fellows. To those whose ideals of life are realized in short hours of labor, abundance of food, and neither poverty nor riches, Tonga should be Utopia.

A WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL FARM WHICH REPLACED A PRISON

"FORGET the Past and Build for the Future" is the motto of the Kansas State Industrial Farm for Women, and so successful has been the policy that neither bar nor fence is used to cage the inmates either in the daytime nor when night brings added temptations to escape. The prisoners operate the farm, do simple household work, fetch and carry for themselves, are permitted certain responsibilities, have wholesome food and suitable amusement, and the religious element is not forgotten. But first they are made to believe that their condition is not hopeless, that past mistakes need not necessarily mar their future lives. Of the "lifers" one is in charge of the poultry, and she evinces no desire to leave her eggs and chickens. When Mildred Reed, of the *Topeka State Journal*, went to the farm to observe conditions, she confesses that she was rather astounded to notice an apparent laxity and to observe that there were no physical bars opposing opportunity to escape. In fact, every avenue to liberty was open; but when the evening bell rang its summons to a well-laden board, all the "girls" were in line, and when night curtained them in every pillow had its head. The farm has none of the modern conveniences. Taste for luxury is not cultivated. The inmates fetch and carry each for herself, and when they leave the farm they have a feeling of self-dependence which most of them lacked when they came under the ban of the law. Mrs. Julia B. Perry, superintendent of the farm, gave the writer every privilege to see and hear, and she ranged the farm and talked to prisoners as she pleased. She describes her astonishment when at the end of a picturesque road the farm hove in sight and she alighted before a rambling white farmhouse on a sloping blue-grass lawn, among

gay, old-fashioned flowers and nestling vines:

How these women, most of them of hardened character, serving sentences from a few weeks to life terms—there are five "life-termers"—are kept on a forty-acre farm without surrounding walls, dungeons or cells, and barred windows is only one of the wonders of the Kansas State Industrial Farm for Women, the only place of its kind in the United States—yes, in the world. "How is it done? How are the prisoners kept without a wall around them?" are questions that kept repeating themselves to me, which I could answer only partly after I had spent several days at the farm.

I was amazed to learn later that a "life-termers" who is in charge of the poultry on the edge of the farm, who would be able easily to make her escape, and who is entirely without guard, has never attempted to escape in the more than three years which she has spent there.

Few Kansans know anything about this new manner of reform which their State has adopted for women. Ten or twelve other States have become so interested in the Kansas way of handling its women criminals and delinquents that they have sent representatives to the farm at Lansing to study the farm and its plan. When Miss Maud Miner, government sociological worker and inspector, visited the farm, she said:

"It's great; I've seen nothing like it."

I was given free rein to go where I pleased and talk to whom I pleased at the farm. There was no hiding of facts, records, or conditions.

"The farm is an open book," Mrs. Perry told me, "I am glad to have you come to see anything and to write anything you care about it."

Among the most interesting chapters of the "open book" is the one concerning the farm's origin and history.

Kansas women decided that women no longer should be kept in the barred cells behind the high walls of the State Penitentiary at Lansing. About the time of their decision, fostered by the efforts of the Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs, under the leadership of Mrs. W. A. Johnston, Mrs. Noble Prentiss, and Mrs. C. C. Goddard, the State prison was crowded. Because of this condition, the criminally insane had been allowed to be too near other prisoners and had murdered them. Something had to be done immediately to relieve such an appalling condition.

With the urgent request made by hundreds of Kansas women influencing them, and with the crowded condition of the prison compelling them, the legislators of Kansas passed a law which removed the women prisoners from the State prison to the farm at the top of the hill, one mile from the prison at Lansing, four years ago. Under that law it was a part of the Kansas State Penitentiary. Later it was thought best to make the farm an institution entirely independent of the prison and legislation made the farm separate from the prison, beginning July 1, 1918, with an appropriation of forty-five thousand dollars.

Seventeen women prisoners were removed from the penitentiary to the farm in 1916. At that time there was only one building on the farm, the farmhouse now in the center of the twelve farm buildings.

In war-time when women with social disease became a menace to the army camps, legislation made it possible to send such women to the State Industrial Farm for Women. However, the legislature made no provision for the housing of such

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

women, and more than one hundred of them lived in tents in the farmhouse yard until farm buildings were erected for their accommodation. Tho hurriedly erected from native timber in about three weeks' time, and of very crude nature, the buildings then erected are still standing. When the wood became weather-beaten and shrank, leaving huge cracks, weather-proof paper was placed over the filled-up cracks and the farm management made the heating of the buildings sufficient to keep them entirely comfortable.

"Part of the wonder of this place is the fact that it is made of nothing," was the comment of Miss Miner, government inspector. "It is remarkable what can be accomplished with such crude equipment. It makes one wonder what could be done if the farm were complete and modern."

"The crude equipment may be best for the purpose," Mrs. Perry told me. "The girls are taught to do their work here with the plainest and most common utensils. They have to carry water for use in their cooking and for their personal use. Suppose that we had everything convenient and up to date, with elaborate materials for the work. When they leave the farm after using expensive equipment they would think their own homes hopelessly crude. As it is, almost all of them have as much to work with at home as we have here, and they're encouraged to make the most of what they have."

I arrived at the farm on Saturday, too late to see the girls at their Saturday morning work. Saturday afternoon at the farm is always free for recreation. I went over to the dining-room building with Mrs. Perry, where she said the girls were going to dance. There I found the long room had been cleared of its chairs and folding-tables and practically all the inmates were dancing about to the music of popular airs played in lively fashion by one of the matrons. Except for their uniform dress of blue chambray, the dancers didn't look like inmates of an institution. They seemed too happy and care-free to be in a penal institution.

I refer to them as "girls," for at least seventy-five per cent. of the farm's inmates are in the teens and twenties.

Sitting in a corner of the big room, unseen by many of the hundred girls who were dancing, I had ample opportunity to study them. No one but Mrs. Perry and one or two of the matrons knew why I had come to the farm, so that I could talk to the girls without their suspicion, and nearly always found them willing to talk to me. A dark-eyed girl of about twenty sat next to me. She seemed to watch Mrs. Perry closely as the superintendent walked among the girls.

"How do you like Mrs. Perry?" I asked her.

"Oh, we all like Mrs. Perry. She's the finest woman I ever knew," the girl replied, and there was no mistaking the warmth of her tone.

"You have good times here, don't you?" I ventured further.

"We sure do," she said promptly.

The writer was especially struck with the wholesomeness of the prisoners' daily fare. She gives an appetizing description:

From the huge, immaculate kitchen, which I had thoroughly inspected, came

meat, potatoes, home-made bread, butter, real milk and cream, and at least three fresh vegetables for the supper. The desert was fruit. Meals are planned carefully to provide a balanced ration for the girls, because their activities require much food fuel, and it is the desire of the farm to improve the physical condition of the inmates with the proper food. The fresh vegetables that form so important a part of the diet in summer are put up in thousands of cans for winter consumption. In one morning while I was at the farm a group of girls gathered more than five hundred ears of sweet corn for canning, and I saw rows and rows of large jars of canned tomatoes in the kitchen.

Two women who had been "brought to the farm to die" were pointed out to me. Far removed from death or even from ill-health are these two women now. One was a buxom colored woman who had been an emaciated dope-fiend a few months before, and another was a healthy Mexican woman who had been thought to be in the last stages of decline when she came to the farm about three months ago.

I watched with interest the baseball game the girls entered into with much pep after supper. For the game they wore white bloomer suits trimmed with blue. Two picked teams took part while other girls sat on the grass "bleachers" and cheered the players lustily. They immediately fell into line when the big bell rang, and marched back from the baseball field down the road to the administration building, where Mrs. Perry stood waiting for them. I wondered what she would say to them. Standing in two long lines before her, flushed and laughing from their fun and exercise, and inclined to be boisterous, I was sure they were not in a mood for sermons or hymn-singing.

"One-two—" began the superintendent. In a flash all joined loudly in yelling:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven;
Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve,
All bad children go to —
Rickety, rickety, russ.
We're not allowed to cuss.
But nevertheless you must confess
There's nothing the matter with us.

They seemed to compete with each other to see who could put the most spirit into the yelling, and, watching closely, I noted that practically every face was laughing when the yell was finished. I wondered again what would come next.

"How many of you cussed this evening?" was the superintendent's question, much to my surprize, for in nine cases out of ten the head of the institution would take advantage of such an occasion for a sermon.

"I did," one girl said, apologetically, "just a little."

"I did," said another, "but just because I got pretty mad."

"I did, too," a third confessed, "but it's the first time in a long time."

"How many have honestly tried hard to-day?" Mrs. Perry asked them, and practically every one raised her hand.

"Good night, girls," the superintendent said. And they all bade her good night and filed quietly into their various dormitories. A small group of girls was allowed to come into the administration building for a half-hour before going to bed that evening, for they were the choir of the farm church, held every Sunday in the big dining-room, and had to practise anthems for the service the next morning. They possess excellent voices and seemed to enjoy singing the sacred music.

One of the chief singers was a young woman—a maid in the administration building—whose unfortunate past involved the murder of her two children and attempted suicide, inspired by her husband's mistreatment. When she came to the farm she had melancholia, but her health has improved and she has become more cheerful during her stay. After the girls had finished practising their hymns the writer heard the piano being played very softly, and, slipping into the room unobserved, saw "Mary" playing over some hymns. Later she was found poring over the Sunday-school lesson they were to study the next morning. "Mary" has become one of the most efficient girls at the farm, and, in addition to general household work, in which she excels, she has become proficient in nursing through constant assistance in the farm hospital, and, if she receives a parole, will accept the offer of an excellent position she has received.

Religious service at the farm is not a farce, the observer was convinced; and she found the superintendent to be a woman of understanding and sympathy. The writer asked Mrs. Perry to say something about her methods in dealing with the "girls":

"I try to emphasize this important truth," she replied, "that no matter how humble, no matter how insignificant, no matter how retiring, our effort is to make the girl feel that she is worth something and may be worth much. Every life has a definite value. We must get hold of the individual who purposely and persistently follows a purposeless existence."

"So often we speak of our industrial farm as the place where the ones who come to us may have the second chance, or the beginning again, where all their mistakes and all their heartaches and all their poor selfish griefs can be dropt like a shabby old coat at the door and never be put on again," she continued.

"We don't expect every one under the farm's influence to lay aside the old life and cling to the new, but we get the satisfaction of knowing that some of the seed sown will, perchance, fall on good ground. We know that many go back to their old life. But Kansas has decided to try and save these women rather than let them drift to destruction."

I remembered what Dr. S. J. Crumbine, secretary of the State Board of Health, had said to me regarding Mrs. Perry.

"The success of that farm is due to Mrs. Perry's understanding of the psychology of those women," he told me before I visited the farm. That fact must be the explanation of the success of a plan which keeps more than a hundred women prisoners under the State's thumb without even a barb-wire fence.

There are now one hundred and eight women on the farm.

"We place the women in the detention home until we are sure they are physically strong in mind and body," Mrs. Perry told me. "Our second step is to arrange for them duties that will occupy their minds and bodies. About this time their mistakes are of the head, and not of the heart. They improve slowly but surely as we place stress on the value of improvement of self. When their will-power has strengthened we begin fitting them for citizenship."



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

"Diseased women are given the best of scientific treatment for their ailment, and no work they are given to do at the farm interferes with the treatment," she told me.

Industries taught the girls at the farm are of practical nature. Farming, sewing, laundering, cooking, home nursing, and various household duties are on the daily program, with girls assigned to departments to which they are most adapted. I was surprised to learn that a group of seven or eight girls have done practically all the crop-raising this season at the farm. They did most of the plowing and everything else, with the exception of a little mowing done by a man from the State prison.

Twenty acres of field corn in prime condition is the work of the girls, as also are three acres of Kafir-corn, two acres of maize, ten acres of potatoes, nearly ten acres of truck-gardening, which includes onions, tomatoes, cabbage, beans, peas, radishes, cucumbers, sweet corn, turnips, beets, pumpkins, cantaloupes, watermelons, peppers, carrots, and potatoes. The girls have raked and stacked twenty tons of red clover hay. The crops are rotated in order to get the most return from the soil, with such a successful result that the food yield has reduced the per-capita food estimate for the farm to twenty-five cents, the lowest per-capita rate in any State institution.

In the home-making department, general principles of home cooking, sewing, and laundering are simply taught. The girls study food values, canning, preserving, jelly-making, sick diet, and home sanitation and furnishing. After learning the simplest stitches they are allowed to make a garment of their own choosing. One girl who came to the farm before she had learned to sew a stitch wore away from the farm a black poplin dress she had made for herself.

I visited the home-making department and found the busy girls wearing white aprons and caps that they kept spotlessly laundered. I could not help but notice the neatness of their work and their interest in it. That morning they made more than four hundred cookies.

Recently it was intimated that the State of Kansas was buying tobacco for the inmates of the farm and that practically all the women there smoke cigarets. I asked Mrs. Perry concerning the matter, and she said:

"Not one cent of State money is spent for tobacco. Six women here at the farm have the tobacco habit. I know that they have smoked tobacco; they have brought it with them or have bought it with their own money. The prevailing habit of women all over the country to smoke is evidence that the smoking of cigarets is not confined to State charges. We are sorry to say we get our full share of them.

"Many of our women are addicted to the 'dope habit,'" she said. "It is very hard for these women to get away from their 'dope' and it is not without danger. The addict finds her system calling for the narcotic—whatever it may be. We take the tobacco away from the patient as soon as we believe it a safe thing to do.

"It is a matter of principle with us to make all tobacco-users know and see the harm that comes from its use. We have marvelous success in getting girls to abstain from the habit," Mrs. Perry concluded.

As I rode away from the farm that afternoon, I waved to a group of the farm girls by the side of the road. They had been singing. As we went on down the hill to the station I could catch the words of their song: "Let the rest of the world go by." If there is any doubt of the service the Kansas State Industrial Farm is rendering to the State and to the inmates, I think the doubt can not hold in the face of the fact that the institution's principle is strong enough to hold the most hardened of women criminals on their honor, willing to "Let the rest of the world go by" until they are fit to join the world again.

POLITICS AND MEN POLITICIANS, AS SIZED UP BY MRS. HOGAN

WHEN they have solved the superficial perplexities of politics and discovered that it is really easier to choose an upstanding candidate than it is to draw a good hand in poker, Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Cassidy may not be satisfied with a copy of *The Congressional Record* and a package of cabbage-seed. Charles Johnson Post in *Good Housekeeping* affords us a fictional illustration, somewhat in the style made famous by Mr. Dooley, of how Mrs. Hogan may use her own judgment instead of leaning on her husband's wit in marking the ballot. Mrs. Cassidy is still sputtering in a sea of doubt, but Mrs. Hogan, who perhaps has wielded a heavy flatiron, has opinions of her own on woman labor, babies, sweat-shops, and expensive automobiles. Mrs. Hogan pours the tea, crumbles her biscuit, and announces an opinion, whereupon the dialog is launched:

"It's a wundherful thing t'undershtand pollytics," said Mrs. Cassidy admiringly. "'Tis a gift ye have!"

"'Tis no gift. I know nothin' av pollytics," replied Mrs. Hogan firmly, "an th' less wimmin know av pollytics, th' more intilligint will be their votes. I don't care how many political par-rties th' min have av they'd only leave pollytics alone. Dinny's th' pollytician av th' fam'ly—there's nivr a time that he doesn't know th' best av reasons f'r votin' f'r th' worst av men. Along about illection time he goes as mad as th' ilphane—scared av a mouse that like's not is only th' ghost av a mouse annyhow—an' thraekin' mud inty th' house so's he can throw th' lukkin'-glass out av th' windy an' carry th' mattress downshairs in th' belief that th' counthry's afre. I'd no more thrust Dinny in pollytics than I wud a monkey in a candy facthry."

Mrs. Hogan laughed at her own whimsy, while Mrs. Cassidy smiled vaguely.

"Me own Jawn said as how he wud show me how t'vote, come illection-day," remarked Mrs. Cassidy. "'Tis a grateful feelin' t' be able t' lean on th' ar-rm av a shstrong man."

"Th' min—oh, th' min—they're all alike!" announced Mrs. Hogan. "Me Dinny said th' same t' me. An' well do I rimimber Dinny comin' home with a sample vote. 'I'll show ye how t' mar-rk it right,' says he. 'Pit a crass in th' circle here,' he says. 'What'll that do?' says I. 'Ye'll be votin' a shstraight ticket an' savin' yer counthry!' says he. 'Ye must be,' says he, 'either a Dimmyer-rat or a Raypoblican. An' praise be,' he says, 'that ye married an intilligent ma-an, so's ye'll be savin' yer counthry from th' dis-

asthers av the Raypoblicans.' 'Well,' says I, 'Mrs. Hicks, down be th' droog-store, says th' counthry's rooned entirely if th' Dimmyerats has a chanst at it?' 'Tut,' says he, 'her husbin' is a dayloaded Raypoblican malefacthor av no intilligence!' 'Well,' I says, 'shud she not vote th' way her husbin' tells her to th' same as me?' 'Well,' says Dinny, takin' a long an' comfortable pull on his pipe, 'I nivr thought annyhow that th' wimmin votin' wud do annythin' more than make twice as much countin' for th' illection clerks t' do.' 'Oh, ye didn't, did ye?' says I. 'No,' says he, takin' another puff on th' pipe. An' I was shtuck!"

"What did ye do?" asked Mrs. Cassidy anxiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Hogan frankly, "it was me fir-rst attmpt. So I put th' crass in th' circle an' voted shstraight like Dinny tould me. Thin I put th' names I'd voted for in me pocket. An' I watched thim. I felt that I hired thim t' do a job for me. Wanst in a while I'd write thim a letther."

"Sure," interrupted Mrs. Cassidy, "they do be too busy with th' gran' affairs av th' counthry to pay attintion t' us!"

"Ye'd be surprized—but they're not," replied Mrs. Hogan. "I get th' longest letthers from me Congrissman an' me hired man in th' Legislachoor. 'Tis that way I got acquainted with min's pollytics. I'll read ye wan."

She fished around in the cupboard drawer and drew one forth. "'Tis from me Congrissman. It says:

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Washington, D. C.

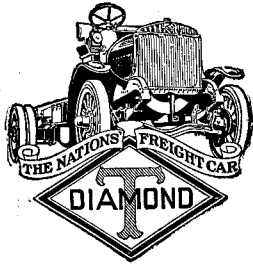
"Me dear Madam: Thank ye for yer valyoooble letther. I'm always glad t' hear from wan av me valyood constityents an' hope ye'll not fail t' write me anny time with suggistions, tho 'tis thrue that I always throw th' letturs in me scrap-basket—unless it's from wan av th' heavy contributors to me campaign expinses. But th' writin' av thim plases you, an' this with a handshake an' a little jollyin' at illection time will give me yer vote th' next time.

"When I can't agree with ye, I'll frankly differ, even if I prove me lack av intilligence be so doin'; therefore I expie' ye to respie' me conscientiousness—an' don't forget to vote f'r me.

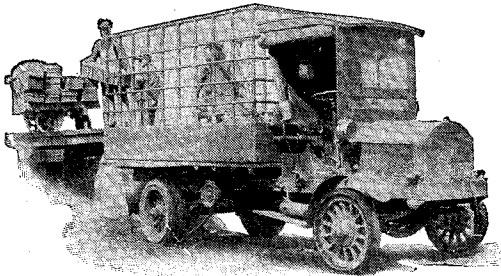
"Ye'll be glad t' know av th' splendid condition av th' nation's affairs undher me an' our gran' par-ty. Dan Costigan's got th' contrhac' for haulin' th' ashes from th' old schoolhouse. Three av our noble pattriots is now runnin' ilivators in th' governmint buildin's here as th' result av me shtatesmanlike efforts. I have now at me dishposal f'r th' benefit av me constityents more than six thousand pounds av Government printed litherachoor for me constityents—free. I thraded them from th' Southern Congrissmin from districts where illiteracy an' th' shotgun gives thim a shtranglehold on Congrissional mileage. I gave thim thirty pounds av chewin' tobacco—at me own expinse—an' a mail-sack of seeds th' Department av Agriculchoor give me free.

"We're ma-akin' th' gr-ran' showin' for our par-ty. Ivry time th' other par-ty tries t' do annything, whether it's good or not, we choke it t' death. What th' counthry needs is increased pr-reduction av all kinds, so we're puttin' all th' taxes on thim that projoooes annythin'. Thus th' more they projoooe, th' easier will it be for thim t' pay their taxes. It will result in th'

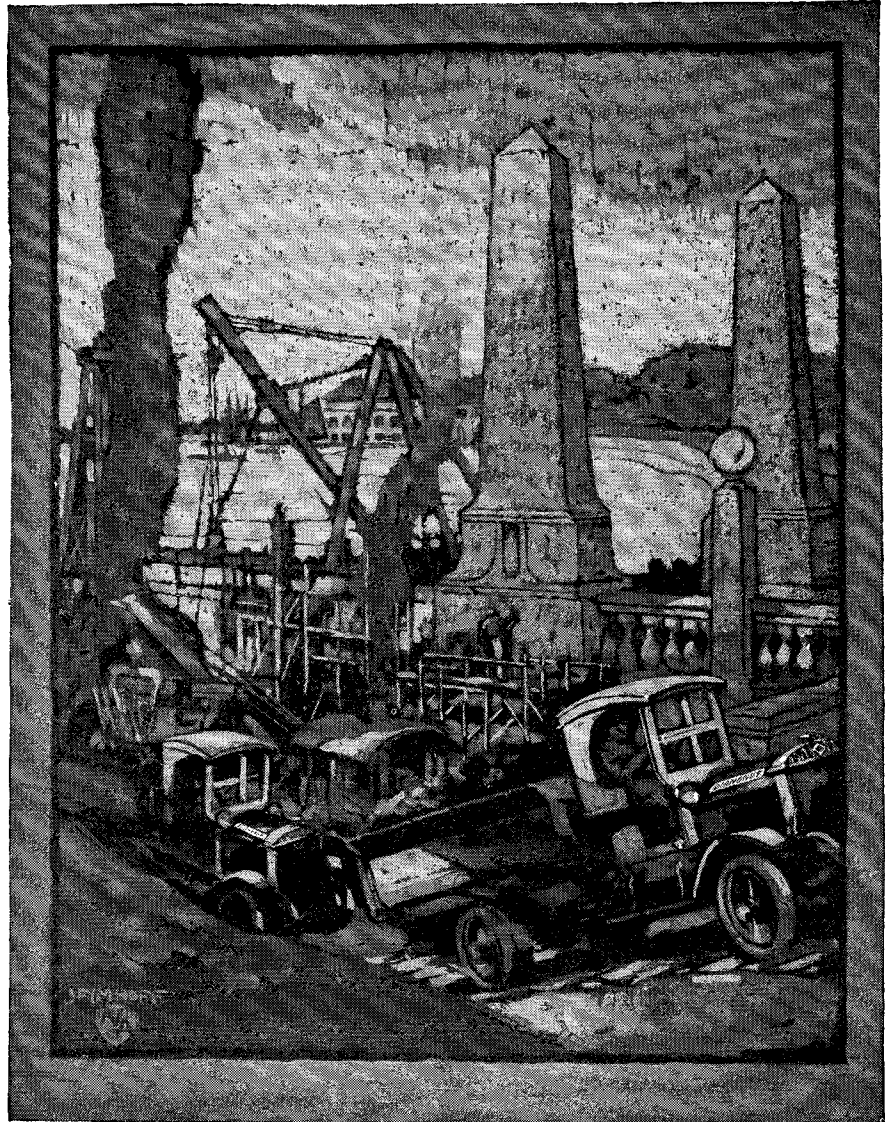
"The Nation's" Freight Car



1½—2—3½—5 Tons



A Monument to Motor Truck Transportation. This Diamond T is still efficiently performing its duties after 8 years of hard service.



"Running on Velvet"

RUNNING ON VELVET" means getting the kind of service out of *your* Diamond T truck that the Heppes-Nelson Roofing Company, of Chicago, makers of Flex-a-Tile House Tops, got out of theirs. "Our first Diamond T, a 4-tonner, was bought 8 years ago, and is still giving good service 10 hours a day. We have three more that are 7, 5 and 3 years old, of 1½, 3 and 5 tons capacity." Notice what Mr. C. E. Fogle, their Traffic Manager, has to say about Diamond T's general usefulness, and the question of the value that still remains after long service:

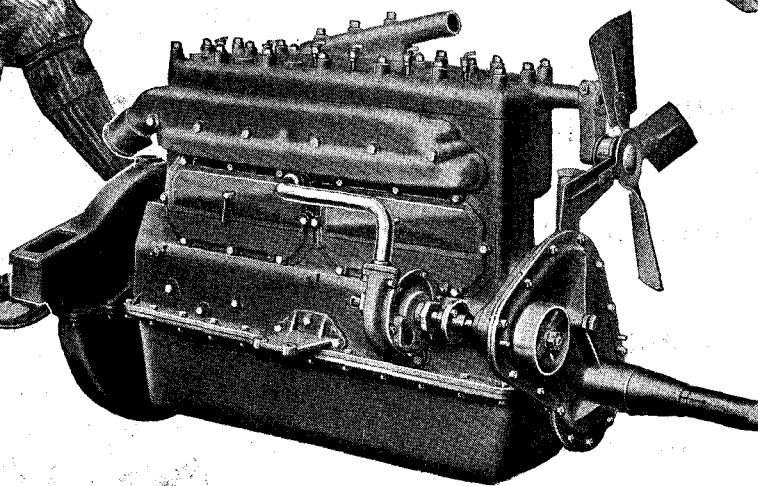
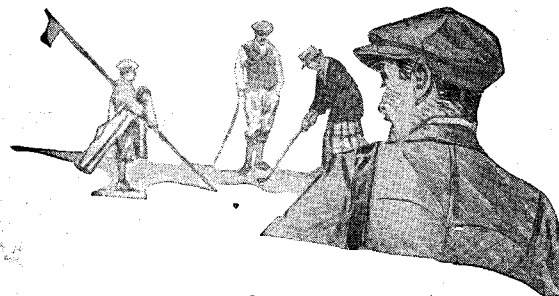
"Depreciation couldn't very well be any less than we have found it, for after charging off 20% a year for the first five years, we have three of our trucks 'running on velvet.' The appraisers recently set a value of well over \$1,000 apiece on these same trucks, and they were put back on the books. They are good for several years' more service. Our drivers like these Diamond T trucks and because of this take unusually good care of them, keeping the trucks well oiled and greased. All of our drivers have been with us over three years."

All the information you want, and local dealer's name, on request.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY
4505 WEST 26TH STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



*"The Motor's
the Thing"*



Herschell - Spillman Motors

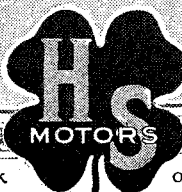
AN afternoon at golf or tennis with its health invigorating activity counts much in your out-door life.

Equaling even the enjoyment of the old time "19th" hole is the assurance that your ride to the club will be swift and sure — and the Herschell-Spillman "Motor's the Thing" that gives you this assurance.

This is the logical result of Herschell-Spillman scientifically correct design, mechanically fine construction, and scrupulously rigid supervision of production in all its phases.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

Four
3½" x 5"



Six
3¼" x 5"

"The Pick

of the Field"

The HERSCHELL - SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

gr-randest increase av pr-roductiun th' wur-ruld has iver seen. I expiet th' increase av pr-roductiun will be so enormous that it will be a source av great embarrassment to th' Raypoblicans to know how t' privint it. Th' Raypoblicans have seen this an' with all their united an' div'lish ingenuity ar-re thrying to put more taxes on pr-roductiun so's to claim th' credit for what happens.

"Congriss expie's t' put more taxes on th' farmer so's he'll raise more; more taxes on th' business ma-an so's he'll do more business; more taxes on tools an' machinery so's they'll cost more and be used betther. Congriss will make th' postage higher so's you'll use th' mails more. We're goin' to help th' man that wur-ruks for a salary be taxin' his salary more so's th' boss will have t' give him a raise. Whin he gets th' raise, his taxes'll be higher, so thin th' boss'll have t' give him another raise. We're goin' t' shpread prosperity ivrywhere. Th' Raypoblicans have th' same idea too—but we beat him to it. Thanks t' this gr-reat dishcovery th' goolden age av enor-rmious production is li'ble t' be here before it's your splindid pr-rivilege t' vote for me agin. We Dimmyer-rats are dethermined that th' Raypoblicans shall not shteel from us th' honor av this momintous dishcovery—tho they're thryin' har-rd.

"I hope ye'll not listen t' th' mischief-makers that's pointin' out 'hat Pa'm Beach an' Nooport an' sim'lar fash'nable cinters, that pr-rojooecs nothin', is not taxed much. They're taxed somethin' hidjus under th' laws. Manny a fam'ly's no longer able t' afford more than six or eight autymobiles where formerly a dozen or more was naw-thin' to them. Frequent a proud fam'ly's been compilled t' sacrifice all but twinty or thirty av their servants an' put on their own shtockin's f'r th' first time. If we have to put a tax on sugar, let me emphasize th' fact that it will cost th' rich five cints a pound more for their sugar just th' same as it does th' poor. Dimmocr-racy means equality f'r all, praise Gar-rd.

"'Tis a wondherful thing that wimmin's got th' vote at last—even tho I did oppose it, for I thought it couldn't get by—if so be she votes right. I hope ye'll vote right so that I can continue me splindid record for ripsintin' wumman, lovely wumman.

"Let me again assure ye that I'm honored whin ye write t' me—even if I do throw yer lether in th' waste-basket. I'm sendin' ye a splendid speech I nivir shpoke, but th' Governmint prints it free. Please let me hear from ye again,

"Most cordially yours,
"SIMEON BULGIN."

"Did ye answer it?" inquired Mrs. Cassidy.

"I'm waitin' till iliction day," said Mrs. Hogan.

"It sounds like a rale ginteel letther t' me," observed Mrs. Cassidy. "Th' Congrissmin an' th' Legislachours have a dale on their minds."

"They do indade—a dale av junk!" replied Mrs. Hogan indignantly. "Do they think th' wimmin'll ta-ake th' same kind av phlanderin' as th' min? D'ye think wimmin's only inth'rested in school-houses for to know who's got th' conthrac' for haulin' away th' ashes? Th' trouble with th' min in pollytics an' ivrywhere else is that they don't know nothin' but how to pick each other's pockets.

"I've nivir believed that pollytics shud enter th' home, but I've always believed that th' home shud enter pollytics with a broom an' a mop an' a few shtrong disinfectants an' do a bit of tidyin' up. I want no babies wurukin' in cannin' faethries an' cotton-mills before they're old enough for th' kindergarten. An' I want to commit contimpt av coort whin a judge says that th' liberthies av childhood must not be infringed be privintin' them from wurukin'. I want no childher wurukin' in th' glass faethries an' foundhries because they'll do it cheaper—an' th' boss needs a more ixpensive autymobile. I want no gur-ruls 'r wimmin workin' like a donkey-engine in a shtone-quarry whin they ought to be sewin' baby-clothes an' practisin' lullabys. So ye see, Mrs. Cassidy, I know nothin' av pollytics—for there isn't wan av these things that's pollytics. There's no doubt that wimmin's votin' is goin' to ma-ake a mess out av pollytics—at anny rate, I hope so."

"I'm glad t' hear ye say ye believe wimmin's throe pla-ace is in th' home," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Th' home is th' cor-rner-shtone av th' country."

"Sure," rejoined Mrs. Hogan, "sure wimmin's place is in th' home—an' th' whole country is her home. I want it t' be as nate an' dacent an' rispictable as a home shud be. Ye don't run a home t' ma-ake a profit, but for th' comfort an' silt-rispict an' childher an' gran'childher in it. Ye run a home so that th' childher in it shall have a better chanst than what ye had f'r yersilf. 'Twas wimmin that invinted th' home, an' min that invinted poker an' pollytics an' business an' thin wrapt up what was left av their souls in a dollar bill."

"I don't see what poker an' pollytics an' business has t' do with each other?" remarked Mrs. Cassidy mildly.

"They're all alike," retorted Mrs. Hogan, lifting the tea-cosy from the brown pot, "excep' that undher th' law no ma'an is allowed t' cheat in poker."

PILSUDSKI, PLOTTER AND SOLDIER.
OF THE NEW POLAND

WHEN Pilsudski led his Polish legions into the Ukraine and drove the Russian "Reds" into helter-skelter flight; when, again, after the Soviet hordes had turned the tables on him, he sent them, routed and panic-stricken, into the Pripet marshes, the world woke up to the fact that, possibly, here was another military genius whose name would head a chapter in history. Be that as it may, Josef Pilsudski, whose early life was spent in plotting, prison, and exile, is to-day one of Poland's national heroes. His life story is typical of that of his country. He has endured personal suffering and privation, waiting patiently for his day. When the torch was lit in Serajevo and Europe burst in flame, Pilsudski's hour struck. As the Grand Rapids (Iowa) News relates and comments:

He was born on the family estate at Zulow, Lithuania, in November, 1867, his family being one of the oldest and most famous in Poland. His mother was a Billewicz. Four years before he was born there was a Polish revolt against Russian domination, and one of his uncles on his father's side was killed in that uprising. His mother taught him the history of Poland, and at fourteen she sent him to the

high school at Vilna. At eighteen he entered the University of Krakow to study medicine, but after one year he was expelled because he was too active in politics. He went back to Vilna, where he continued his political activities. There came to Vilna a delegate of the all-Russian universities, who proposed to Pilsudski and his followers that they join in an attempt on the life of the Czar. It is recorded the young Pole refused the proposal in these words:

"We are not interested in a change in the government of Russia. We are interested only in the freedom of Poland."

But the attempt on the life of the Czar was made. The Russian secret police had a record of the meeting at Vilna. They arrested one by one the young Poles who had attended it and sent them to Siberia. Josef Pilsudski thus became one of the numerous political exiles to that bleak and barren land. There he remained five years, before he was pardoned in a general amnesty proclamation. He returned to Vilna.

Upon reaching his native country he made a public statement which to-day has considerable significance. He said he had spent his five years in Siberia studying Russian psychology. He summed up his studies thus:

"All Russians, even the most radical, are born imperialists. The basic character of the Russian is an elemental centralistic tendency. They have an oriental mind which can not stand a diversity in civilization. They are too easily tired and are trying to obtain a uniformity in life that will make them free of complications. I have never yet met a Russian who was a republican."

There followed years of plotting for Poland's freedom. Pilsudski formed the Polish socialistic party, the basic creed of which was freedom for Poland. He became the editor of its organ, *Robotnik*. For his activities he was arrested and incarcerated at Petrograd. After some months behind the bars a friend was appointed a member of the prison medical staff, and Pilsudski, seeing his opportunity, feigned insanity. Finally, one day both he and the medical friend disappeared.

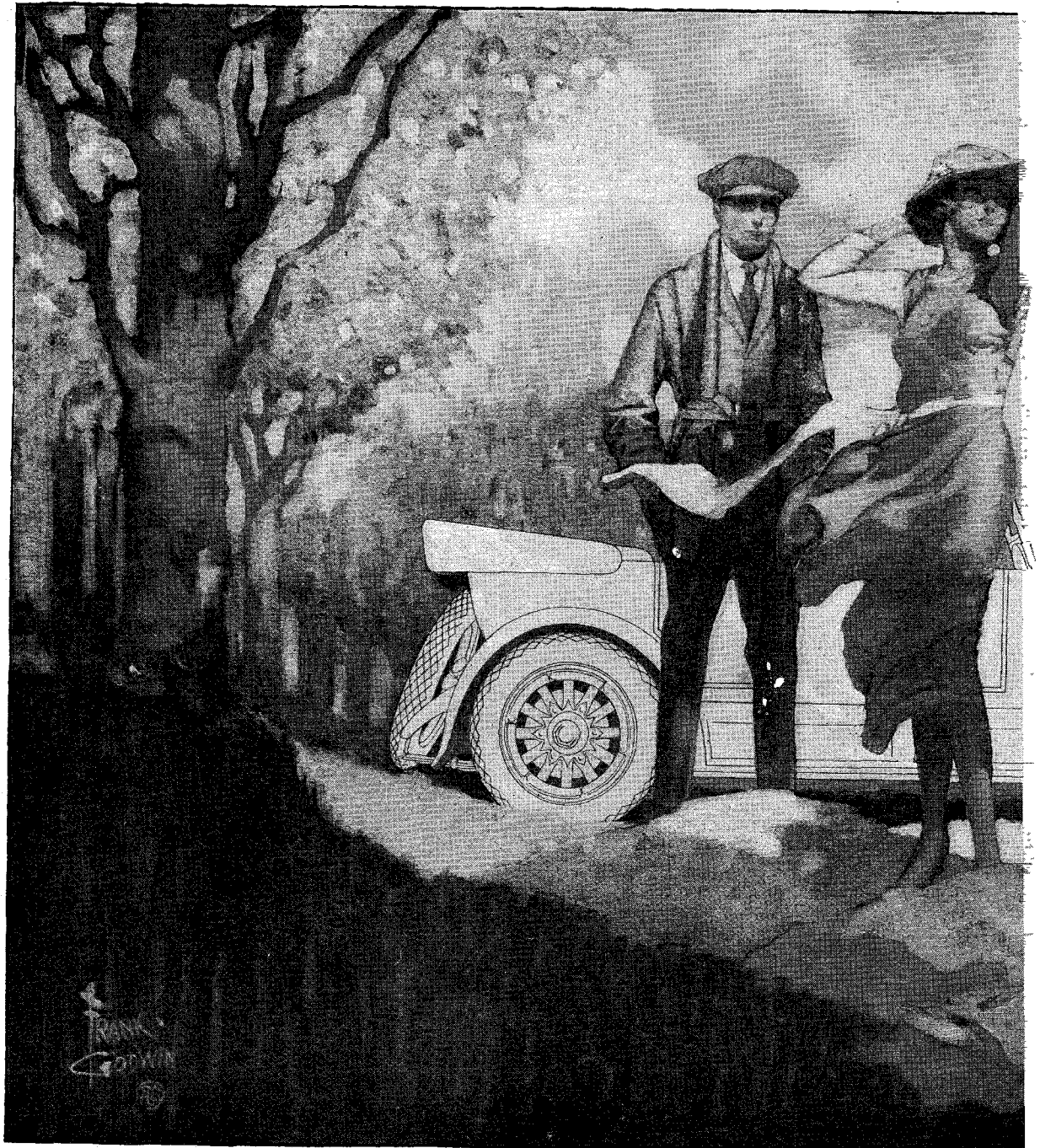
About this time the war between Russia and Japan broke out. Ever hopeful, Pilsudski went to Japan to seek aid for his country, but could not get it. In 1905 the social revolution in Russia broke out. But Pilsudski took no part in it. He organized instead, in scattered units of ten men each, a total of 2,000 men, sworn to implicit obedience to him. Under his directions these small groups began raiding police-stations, railroad-depots and cars, liquor-stores, etc. It is said that to stop the fouthbreaks of the Pilsudski bands, Russia at one time had as many as 250,000 soldiers in Poland.

When the world-war broke out in 1914 all but 1,000 of the trained soldiers of Poland were mobilized in either the German, Austrian, or Russian armies. Pilsudski collected the 1,000 at Krakow, where he raised the Polish flag. He sent his 1,000 into Russian Poland and proclaimed the independence of Poland.

At that time he made another significant utterance. "We start fighting Russia," he said. "We shall probably finish fighting other nations."

The Polish *légionnaires* were sent into the worst fighting spots by the Central Powers. In 1915 the Germans entered Warsaw, and Pilsudski gave orders that there should be no more recruiting for his legions. "Russia is beaten now," he said.

A MILLION M



The JORI

Somewhere on the top of the world,
there is a peak which dull care has
never climbed.

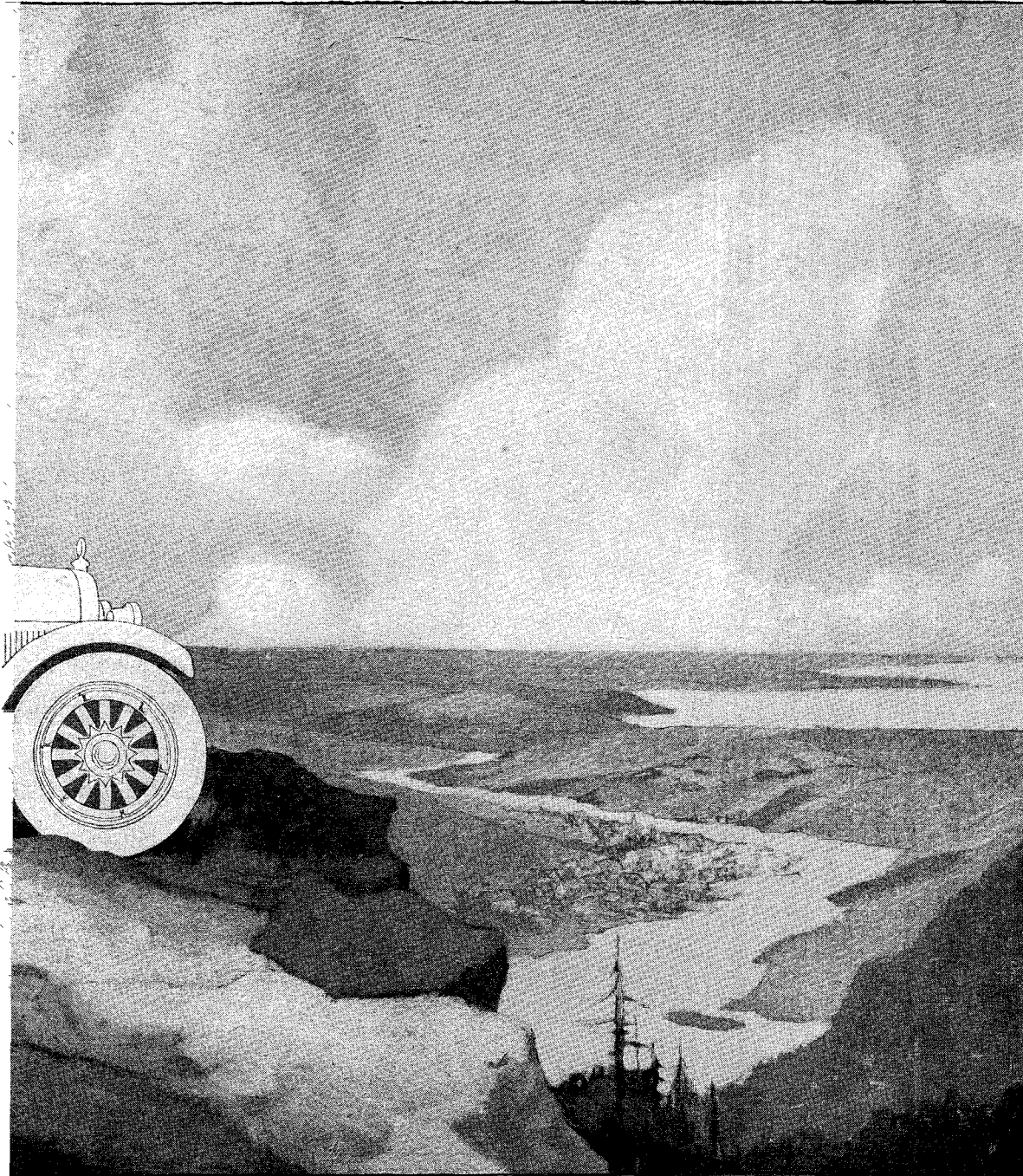
You can go there light-hearted in
a Jordan, for it's always happy in
the hills.

Lighter than any on the road for
its wheelbase, rare in beauty and
supremely balanced, it weighs only
2800 pounds—1400 forward and
1400 astern.

Smooth in power and cushioned
in every steel tendon to the point

JORDAN MOTOR CAR

DULL CARE



N Silhouette

of silence, it sneaks through the busy traffic press of cities, and leaps forward to the throttle in the hills.

Reliable and strong in economical service, finished and appointed in exquisite care, here is a motor car

which inspires a certain dignified respect which even owners cannot quite explain.

The secret lies in three words:

Reliability—economy—distinction
—lift the Jordan far above the mass.

Y, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio



But One Cent Serves that dish of Quaker Oats

When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

Quaker Oats, whatever they cost, would be the proper breakfast. It is wise for everyone to start the day on oats. But the cost is a trifle. It means not only better feeding but a vastly lower food cost.

Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	 6 1/2c
Average Meats	 45c
Average Fish	 50c
Hen's Eggs	 60c
Vegetables	 11c to 75c

Saves 35c a meal

Note the cost per calory of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calory is the energy unit used to measure food value.

Quaker Oats

Just the Cream of the Oats



1810 Calories
Per Pound
Round Steak
Yields 890
Eggs, 635

Serve the finest oat dish you can get. It costs no extra price. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. So this brand is famed the world over for delightful flavor.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

"Next we must fight the Germans." And he at once began organizing a secret military force, destined to rise against Germany. It is history how the Poles, asked to take the oath of allegiance to the German Kaiser, refused to a man, for which many were arrested, among them Pilsudski, who was sent to the prison at Magdeburg. He was released when the revolution upset the Kaiser's Government, and, of course, he went back to Poland, where he found that a conservative Government had already been organized. He was offered the post of Secretary of War, which he accepted. When the regency Government resigned he was named a virtual dictator. He invited Ignace Paderewski to form a cabinet. Still later Pilsudski became the President of the Polish Republic and the one big man in the state.

THE HELPLESSNESS OF ADULTS BEFORE THE INEXORABLE BABY

WHEN young son wakes at midnight and screams for the gray flannel elephant that he left in the sand-pile, what happens? Behind this simple and not uncommon domestic occurrence lurks much food for meditation, and all the vast tribe of parents will be grateful that one thoughtful mother has put into bold words their most secret thoughts on the "tyrannical, uncompromising, unfeeling, and all-demanding race of babies." In an article entitled "The Helplessness of Adults" in *Harper's Bazar* (New York), Aline Kilmer considers the situation, wholly without malice, and with evident desire to do justice to both sides. "Who was the happy idiot who first conceived it—that wide-spread fallacy that teaches us that children are helpless?" she asks, and suggests darkly that probably it was some one whose offspring had "driven him to imbecility (blest man!) and who found, in this blissful state that the stings and arrows of outrageous children could touch him not and trouble not again." At any rate, it is a most provoking thing, she says, for—

The truth of the matter is, of course, that children are not helpless at all. We are. We are so completely helpless that in many cases we can only marvel at the magnanimity of children in allowing us to live at all. When their advantage is so great, what but magnanimity prevents their pressing it to the extent of their enormous power? Indeed, children are not given credit for their generous impulses. Still, this does not strike me as one of those wrongs that cry aloud to be adjusted. The balance is already so heavily in their favor that they can afford to wait for redress until greater evils have been remedied.

This is the nefarious method employed by children. In some underhand way, yet to be accounted for, they get a firm grip on our affections. We never notice what is happening until it is too late. Then they go recklessly ahead. Their tyranny is awful. Sometimes, besotted creatures that we are, we like it. When

your young son stands swaying on the very edge of the top step and says, in his imperious way, "Now, you may carry me down-stairs," you are pleased to the core. But when he wakes at midnight and screams for the gray flannel elephant that he left in the sand-pile, are you pleased? You get it. Undoubtedly you get it. If you say that you do not, there is no one so credulous as to believe you. You go in trailing bath-robe and flapping Japanese slippers and doggedly fetch that elephant—in your teeth, as it were. Is it for love of your young son that you do this? It is not. It is because, if you should not get it, he would continue to make night hideous and there would be no sleep for you. And what is worse, the neighbors would be disturbed. But what does he care for that? What are the broken slumbers of the whole world to him?

I speak who know. I am not an outsider or casual observer of children. I happen to have children of my own—according to the standard of these times, many children—and to have been thrown, perforce, into more or less close contact with them. And I have discovered that their only weakness, and consequently the sole hope of the world, lies in the fact that, like the down-trodden middle class (with which, in the words of Clarence Day, "I proudly and reverently take my stand") they know nothing of the value of concerted action. They are totally unorganized. This is the great work that the future holds for us—to prevent the organization of children. I am not, I think, strikingly weak-minded, nor are my children abnormally powerful. But I know well that if they should mutiny all at once I should be obliged to walk the plank. With this contingency in mind, I shall, in accordance with the best tradition of mystery stories, place a copy of this paper in the hands of my lawyer, or the friend in whom I have most confidence. In case of my sudden disappearance it is to be opened and the world can know approximately what has become of me. But it will be too late then to help me.

To take up the argument. A child is helpless in inverse ratio to his age. He is at the zenith of his power while he is an infant in arms. What on earth is more powerful than a very young baby? "Babies," said a small boy of my acquaintance, gazing reflectively at a new and screaming infant of my own, "babies," he said, "are the worst race in the world." Now he has a little brother and he does not say such things aloud. It is sometimes dangerous to put an unpleasant truth into words. It gives it substance. And it was a truth that he stated, for babies are the worst race (shall we say?) in the world. They are the worst in that they are the most irresponsible. And irresponsibility is always a menace. As they become older they grow less and less powerful. They assume responsibilities until finally they are completely enmeshed and absolutely helpless. It is true that in rare cases this does not happen. There are people of whom you remark, sadly, or perhaps a trifle wistfully, "as irresponsible as a baby!" And you have always an underlying fear of such people. A perfectly just and reasonable fear. But, of course, it is only a figure of speech. No adult is really quite so irresponsible as a baby.

The extent to which children control our destinies is dreadful to think upon, says Mrs. Kilmer. They can decide our entire



In homes of good taste

Tea time. Fragrant Oolong, crisp wafers, and, as the finishing touch, rich dark-meat California Ripe Olives. Your charming hostess knows that their unusual flavor gives character to the most casual afternoon luncheon.

It is a flavor not to be defined—a tantalizing blend as of ripe fruit and salted almonds. And it makes an instant appeal.

The rich content of olive oil in California Ripe Olives, developed to the full by tree-ripening in California's sunshine, accounts largely for both their distinctive flavor and high food value—makes them known as "the food of the ages."

They come to you ready to be served at a moment's notice—for luncheon or dinner, for picnics or lunch-boxes. With pits removed they are delicious in sandwiches and salads.

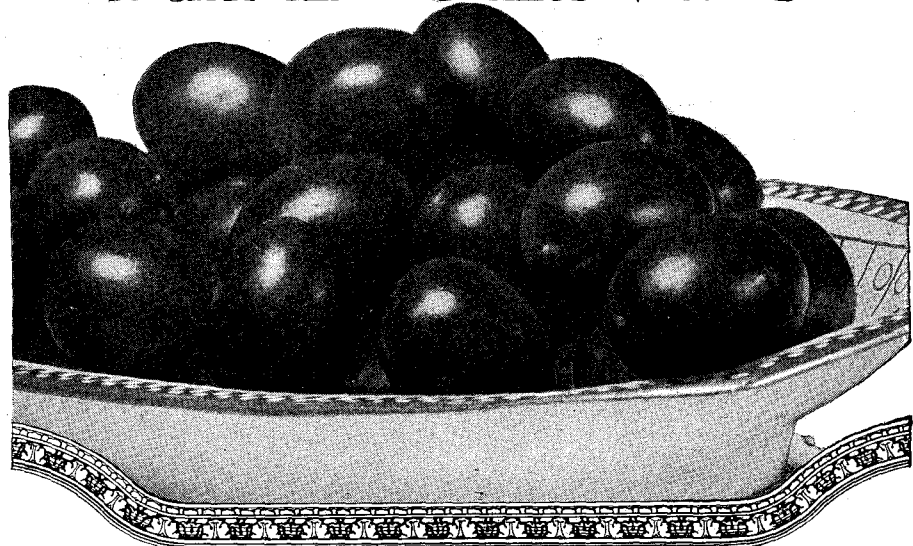
The California Olive Association is an organization of growers and packers united to insure the scientific growing, sterilizing and packing of California Ripe Olives, and to make the purity and wholesomeness of this distinctive California fruit more widely known and appreciated.

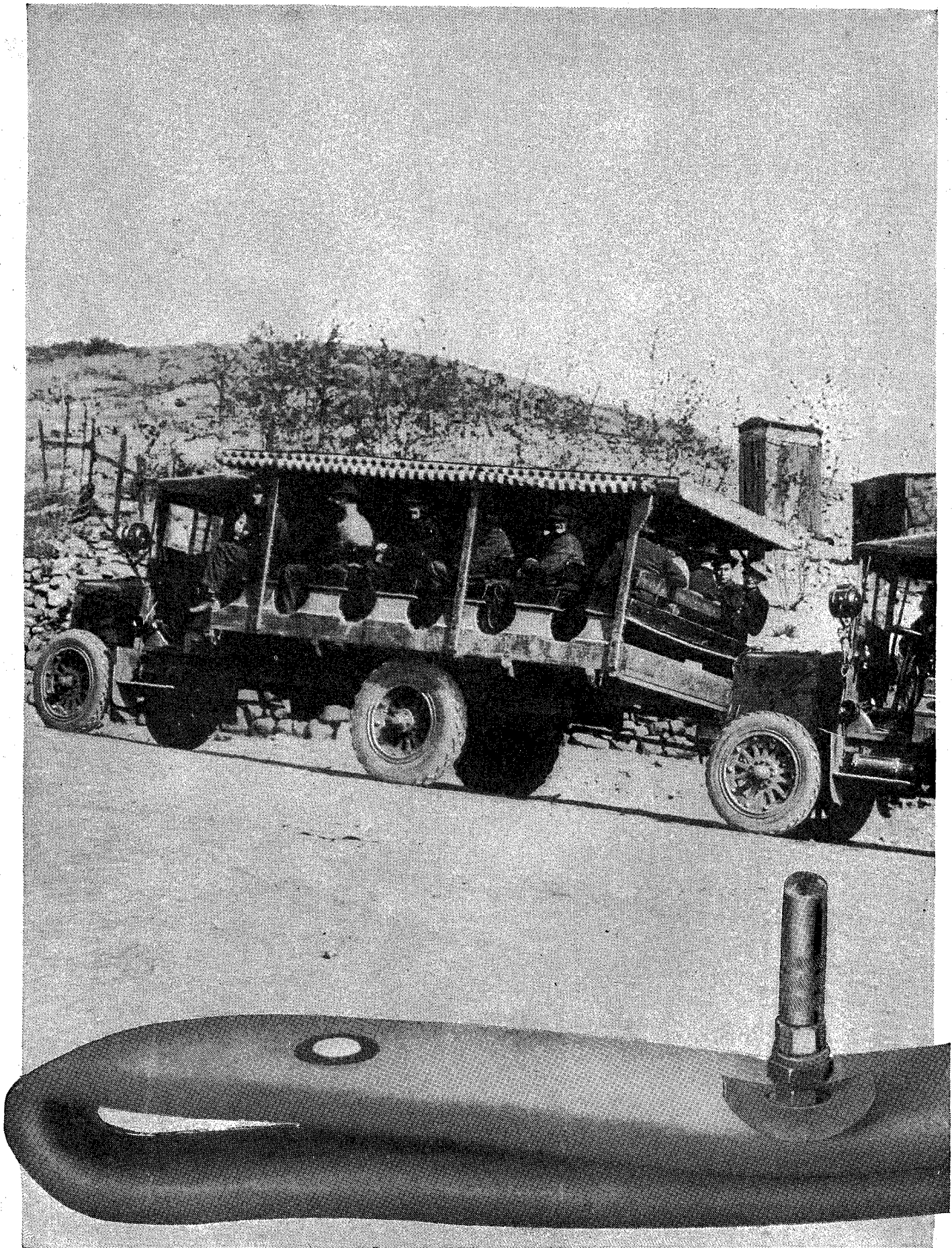
To be certain of reliable California Ripe Olives, make sure that you buy a brand packed by one of the Association Members listed below.

CALIFORNIA
OLIVE ASSOCIATION
McCann Bldg., San Francisco
Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles

PACKER MEMBERS:
A. Adams, Jr.
California Growers Ass'n, Inc.
California Packing Corp'n.
Golden State Canneries
Libby, McNeill & Libby
Los Angeles Olive Growers
Ass'n. (Sylmar Ranch)
Maywood Packing Company
McNally Ranch
Mt. Ida Packing Company
Roeding Fig & Olive Co.

California RIPE OLIVES





*Photograph of giant busses operating
between Globe, Arizona, and the mines*

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

They Make Such Records Possible

Two large Goodyear Pneumatic-shod busses, operated by the Miners' Transportation Company, shuttle the miners of Globe, Arizona, to and from their work.

With a fixed schedule of three round trips daily, since they went into service November last, these carry-alls have not once been late nor missed a single trip.

The busses *must* arrive on time. Even a slight delay would mean considerable loss to the operators of the mines.

The dependability of the Goodyear Cords on all wheels is therefore of unusual value here. All four front wheel tires are original equipment, still in service.

One of the rears has gone over 10,000 miles and is still in use, while two others yielded 8,900 and 7,000 miles, respectively.

This, of course, is fine tribute to Goodyear Tires, but, when you think of it, isn't it even greater endorsement for Goodyear Tubes? *Their staunch performance made such mileage possible.*

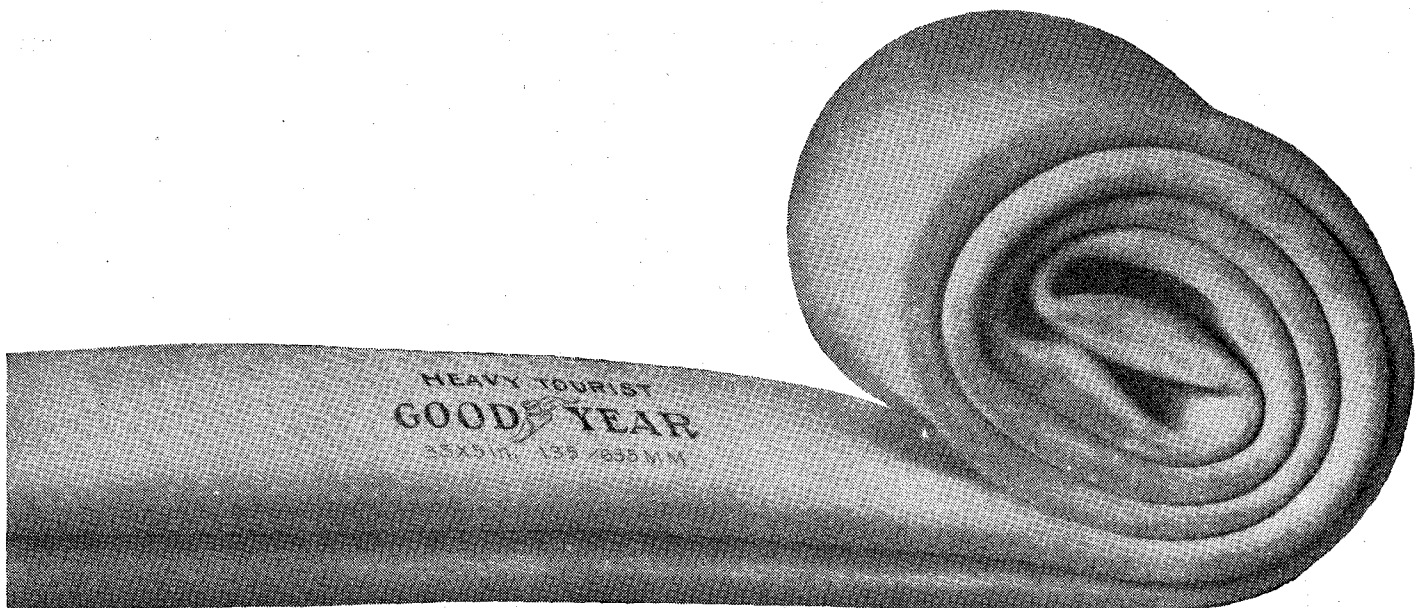
Concealed within the casing wall, they must hold air unfailingly no matter what the punishment inflicted by temperature and road.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes for passenger cars, like these heavy truck tire tubes, are thick and strong and their valve-patch is firmly vulcanized in.

Built up *layer-upon-layer* to protect our good name, their initial cost is not greater than the price of tubes of less merit. Why, then, risk costly casings when such protection is available?

All Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are sold in heavy waterproof bags. More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World



HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

Continued

manner of life. She grows sympathetically reminiscent for parental sufferers:

You may recollect how, when you tried apartment-house life with your young family, including a baby who burned the midnight oil, you were driven from pillar to post by public opinion. Anonymous letters even were brought to bear. Also there was the ever-present danger of windows. Of course, windows can be barred, but a clever child can always manage to get his head, or other valuable parts of his anatomy, wedged between them. Finally, in despair, you moved to the country. But life was not much simpler there. You could, without too much misgiving, allow your baby to live in spite of his habits, but other complications arose. Your young daughter, radiant with the joy of life, sought expression of this joy in a casual moment by lifting herself buoyantly over the stair-rail in the upper hall and falling with a dull thud into the hall below. You poured out a *liqueur*-glassful of brandy to revive her, but she was unable to drink it. While you sat on the floor and keened, with her unconscious form clasped to your bosom, your even younger son drank the brandy and in the ensuing fit of drunkenness wrenched a large button from his garments and thrust it up his microscopic nose. When the excitement had died down you waited, limp and dejected, for the verdict of the *x-ray*. You were completely exhausted by the emotional strain. For by this time such slaves are we that the final evil for us is that anything should befall them.

If children knew, oh, if they only knew their power! It is something absolutely glorious in its immensity. But they do not even see it dimly until it is gone forever. Sometimes, it is true, to the child who is growing a little older, a little less irresponsible, a little more articulate, comes a fleeting glimpse of the splendor that is slipping away from him. (When I say "a little more articulate" I do not wish to be interpreted as pitying the child who is too young to express himself in words. Far from it. He does not need speech in order to get everything he wants, and what can man do more?) But, indeed, as shades of the prison-house begin to darken, swift gleams of the departing glory flash across. When my four-year-old daughter explained to me that she tore up and ate one of my best loved books because she was playing that she was the baby and "the baby doesn't care what he tears up and eats," I was, in spite of my baffled fury, smitten with a sentimental sorrow for her. I felt like exclaiming "Ichabod!" In fact, I did say "Ichabod!" rather sheepishly. But she only laughed. It had not quite departed.

When I had reached this point in writing down the burning thoughts that sear my brain whenever I hear people make such idiotic remarks as: "How can any one be harsh to them? Poor little helpless things!" I thought with pride that I would show it to Evadne. She, of all my friends, would realize the great truth of it. She is a little older than I and has even more children.

Evadne read it. But when she had read it she did not look pleased. She lifted a white, stricken face to mine. "Great Heavens!" she gasped, or words to that effect, for Evadne has been a mother so

long that she has learned to use strong language, "Great Heavens! You have destroyed the work of centuries. Do you suppose it was for nothing that that belief was started? Do you, in your conceit, imagine that you are the only one who knows it is a fallacy? Why, the children themselves are the only ones it has ever deceived. Now, you fool, you utter fool, you've told them!"

HOUSEBOAT LIFE AS ENJOYED BY A LARGE "FLOATING POPULATION"

THERE are two kinds of "floating population." One is so called because of its lowly and temporary habitat. The other derives its name from the ultra-comfortable position it possesses. One is to be found chiefly on the park benches. But the "floating population" of the United States that is brought to our attention now is that which floats wherever water is fresh or salt, but quiet. Martin Quinn writes entertainingly of a part of this immense, nation-wide "floating population," the part that frequents the coasts of New York, New Jersey, and the New England States during the late summer months. To quote from his account in the *New York Tribune*:

In floating homes, all entwined with honeysuckle, roses, and other fragrant flowers of the American summer, hundreds of men and women are spending their summer, now that peace has come and more money may be spent for pleasure and comfort. Little bungalows on boats dot Manhasset Bay, chiefly at the harbor of Port Washington, out in the great landlocked bay before the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, within easy railroad distance from New York, close beside the great yacht-club house itself, right in the midst of the finest fishing to be desired.

For many seasons there have been houseboats, so called. But never until this year has there been such an array of little gardens and estates lying out there in the water at Port Washington. As one drives past the yacht club and the drive overlooking the bay he sees out there on the smooth surface of the bay a row of tiny cottages that are real homes, with front and back porches, and windows in which pink and blue draperies fly to the breeze, and where all the appointments necessary to a first-class home in Huntington or Great Neck or Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson may be seen. They lie there, light-blue roofs glistening under the July sun, like expensive toy-houses floating in a great tub of water. But they're real.

There are main floors, with bedrooms, kitchen, living-room, dining-room, porches, as has been said, steps leading down into the water, and, best of all, decks up-stairs, with sliding canvas of blue or green, or pink or white, that may be drawn back, if one chooses, so the sun may strike down directly and bring forth a full-fledged tan, or drawn over so that one sits in the comfortable wicker chairs in the shade and feels the ocean breeze.

It is well worth while to see them. Better still, go down to a boathouse region, charter a boat, row out, and give these little homes on the water an inspection. If you think the owners will be disturbed at your curiosity or your desire to know more about their summer homes you are mistaken. Because they're proud of them. And the probability is that you will be invited to "come in and visit a little while."

That was my experience. And when Mrs. Howard Douglas, who, with her husband and their servant, occupies the most beautiful of them all, *Sevilla*, led the way in through the porch filled with plants and red roses, through the glistening dining-room and the long, narrow hall to the living-room, we remembered stories we had read when very young about the fairy cottages away out on the deep-blue sea where fairy mermaids lived. It was wonderful. For there was a scorching, blistering sun beating down on shore, and there had been no breeze throughout the day. It was one of those days when one walks on the sidewalks of New York with dry throat and soaked hatband, and with all the visions of the innermost expanses of the Sahara floating before his eyes.

Inside the *Sevilla*, and still farther inside the living-room, which faces the north and which has for its entire north wall windows that are thrown open to every ounce of breeze that blows in from the sea, one sits down in a deep rocking-chair, his hair blown frantically into his face, his wilted collar suddenly seems to rise and stiffen, his moist waistcoat assumes its natural position, his face no longer stings, and—the Victrola plays "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

The front porch is wide enough for several persons to stand abreast. And an ornamental railing leads down lattice steps into the very edge of the water. This is so that boats coming up to the front door from shore may slide alongside and the occupants may step easily to the porch without danger of rocking the smaller craft.

There is not a bathtub in the house. But this is not so strange:

"We go overboard at least three times a day throughout the summer," Mrs. Douglas said. "We just slip into our bathing-suits and drop out of a window or over the railing of our back porch or walk down into the water from the front porch, swim around a little while, and come in again. It's great fun to go swimming right off your own front porch. We have friends and relatives here with us often, and we all swim most of the day."

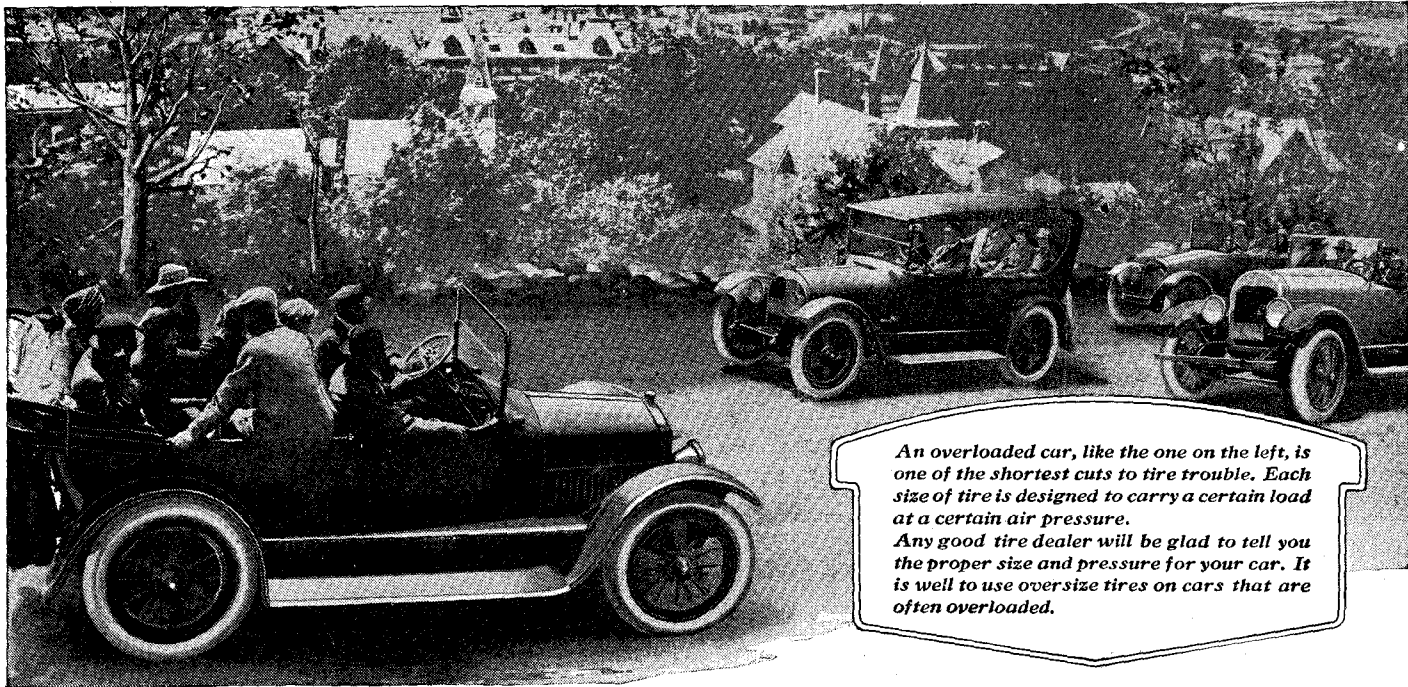
She showed a large automobile inner tube which they use as a life-preserver, and in which they swim when they become too tired to hold themselves up longer.

The houseboat owners all own small power-craft also. A few of them commute to New York each morning in these little gasoline launches. Some of them go in by yacht.

There is the *Beauty* and the *Lark* and the *Castle* lying not more than three blocks apart around the bay in front of the yacht-club house also, and each of these houses has its own motor-driven launch with the name of the mother-house written on its prow.

As evening came, when we were visiting on these little ocean homes, the question arose as to how they felt, those who lived there through the summer—when storms came at night and wind howled and water was cast up and the little homes rocked.

"But they do not rock," said Mrs. Douglas. "And, do you know, I find that one of my chief pleasures here is in watching a storm at night. We are awakened many times in the dead of night, when all is still about us, by the roaring of the ocean just over there. So I get up, light my little lamp, and slip out upon my front porch. After a while the water gets rough. I can see it in the reflection. Then there comes a weird moaning of wind and a creaking of our anchors and the easy, swaying motion of the house, which is nat-



An overloaded car, like the one on the left, is one of the shortest cuts to tire trouble. Each size of tire is designed to carry a certain load at a certain air pressure. Any good tire dealer will be glad to tell you the proper size and pressure for your car. It is well to use over-size tires on cars that are often overloaded.

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NOTHING is surer than this—that the man who bets against the informed opinion of the tire users of this country is going to *lose*.

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But always you will find him going right in the end.

* * *

The trouble with the irresponsible type of tire dealer is that he allows his ideas of his customers to be bred in an atmosphere of distrust

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Not every motorist of whom he takes advantage always finds it out immediately.

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* * *

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Doing everything it

could to encourage them to greater *care in tire selection*. Firm in the belief that the more they know about tires, the *quicker* they will come to *quality*.

* * *

Back of the *legitimate dealer* who sells *legitimate tires* stand all the weight and influence and responsibility of the United States Rubber Company—the *largest and most experienced* organization of its kind in the world.

Go to him when you want a tire. For that way—and that way only—lies *economy*.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company



Fifty-three
Factories

The oldest and largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

ural, becomes a little more noticeable, and then everything I can see becomes gray. There is no more beautiful sight to me than that of a night storm on the ocean, and here I get a sight of it every once in a while when no one else thinks I am out of my bedroom.

"The air becomes heavy and foggy, and everything I can see begins bobbing up and down and the water lashes against the sides of our house, and presently great bucketfuls of it come foaming through the air and pound on the upper sides of the house, and then in a moment tons of it, it seems, are picked out of the bay and dropt on top, and it runs off as if we were in the midst of a cloudburst. The boats around us and the large yachts and the houseboats you can see there, which are painted green and blue, turn to gray, and it seems there's nothing but gray objects in the world. The boats appear to rock and toss and there are all kinds of colors in the angry water, and I think sometimes that the whole ocean is going to come rushing in upon us."

"And doesn't it frighten you?" she was asked.

"Frighten? It surely does not. It is the prettiest sight I ever saw. I have no wonder at the charm the ocean has for so many people. There is something entrancing in the roar of the sea and the splash of the waves against our home in the middle of the night. I suppose some persons would be uneasy, but I'm not."

Mrs. Unitt, whose home sits perhaps three blocks from the *Sevilla*, is particularly proud of the facilities offered there for fishing. Of course, there is rivalry among the tenants of Manhasset Bay with regard to the best fish caught and as to which family has the best fishing ground. Not that they go in for fishing as a regular pastime, but that they often sit out on the front porch at evening and draw in flounder and other fish that have no names, as well as any number of eel and the like, which Blasco Ibáñez probably could identify, but which neither we nor they can. It is no uncommon sight to behold these fortunate sea dwellers sitting alongside a string of fish large enough to satisfy any fair-sized family for several days. That, you will see immediately, is another good reason why living on the bounding waves is so desirable. Meat costs drop almost to nothing. That is, if one wishes to spend enough time fishing.

"I had taken out my yacht every summer for years," Mr. Douglas said, "and we had a very pleasant summer each year on it, but I wanted to find some way in which I could live right on the waters, the place I love most. So I just went to work and had my men build this house for me."

He winked and walked through the door and to the small back porch and pointed downward. No; it was not at the cellar. It was at the bottom of the boat. A hole had been cut in the house porch and one peered through it, through four feet of darkness, to the real bottom of the boat, itself, which rested in the water. There was about a half-inch of water in the bottom of the outside hull which rested in the water.

"That," he said, "is the answer to the old argument against living in a houseboat because the floor will soon become damp and your carpets will get wet and you will be uncomfortable. I got away from that

by building my house on a foundation, as it were. I built the boat part first, with high sides, so that four feet of the boat would rest beneath the surface of the water, and so that the floor of the house would be four feet above the bottom of the boat itself."

PRIZES GIVEN AWAY WITH WIVES IN LITHUANIA.

GETTING a wife in Lithuania is lots of fun. It is also worth while from a business point of view, for the bride's father must give up a fistful of rubles with the apple of his eye, and the husband may lay his hand on anything he sees and likes when he takes the girl to his own home. Yes, as a woman writing in the *London Times* agrees, it's lots of fun for everybody—except the old man. He, it seems, has to fork up everything in sight and smile as he does it. When this Englishwoman in Kovno was asked by her husband's soldier-servant, Charles (born in America, and proud of it), if she would like to attend the wedding, she said she would. It was suggested that she borrow a motor-car for the trip, and quite casually she was told that the ceremony and festivities would last five days. She gasped, but caught her breath again. And Charles said:

"Surely. On Saturday night is the first dance. My brother and his friends dance all night at my father's house. His girl and her friends dance at her father's. Then after the wedding we all go to the bride's father's house and dance and sing, eat and drink until Tuesday; then they come to our house and dance, etc., until Thursday, and then they go to their home."

I thought it was about time.

We started off at the appointed time for Ezno. With me I took a sackful of white bread, which Charles informed me was the best offering I could give. During the journey Charles instructed me on what I should do and what I should not do. Also he told me about the betrothal ceremony.

I asked if the young man spoke first to the father. Charles was horrified. "The man must not speak one word to the father until the money is fixt." "Money?" "Of course. The girl's father has to pay my brother money."

"The young man who falls in love and wishes to be married," continued Charles, "chooses an old married man [every man who is married is old; they usually marry when about twenty] to go with him to see the girl's father. Damé (Jonas's girl) lives close to our house. Well, at about ten o'clock one night Jonas and his friend went to Damé's house and walked straight in. We never knock at doors in Lithuania. They had taken two bottles of *vodka* with them. They went to the table in the center of the room and sat down at it. Then Jonas's friend said to the father, 'Have you any hens to sell?' and the old man said, 'No.' The friend said, 'Soon your hen will be too old and no one will want to buy her.' When the father saw the *vodka* he said 'Yes.'

"Still Jonas must not speak, altho he saw Damé peeping from behind the stove; and he and she had an understanding all by themselves. The friend then asked how much money the father would give, and the father said 'None.' And so they talked for some time. Then Damé's father said, 'I will give five thousand rubles.' [Charles

said this with much pride, as the sum, it appears, was large.] The friend bowed, and then Jonas could speak." (Which he did fast enough, I'm sure!)

"Damé's mother came with a saucepan and broke eggs into it and cooked them and set them with bread upon the table. To the friend she said (not to Jonas, who had paid for the *vodka*), 'My eggs and bread and your *vodka*.' The friend called all the family round, and they ate. Damé's mother brought two towels and two handkerchiefs and gave one of each to Jonas and his friend. They tied the towels round their necks and went home. Next day, Jonas went to see his girl and they arranged all about the wedding."

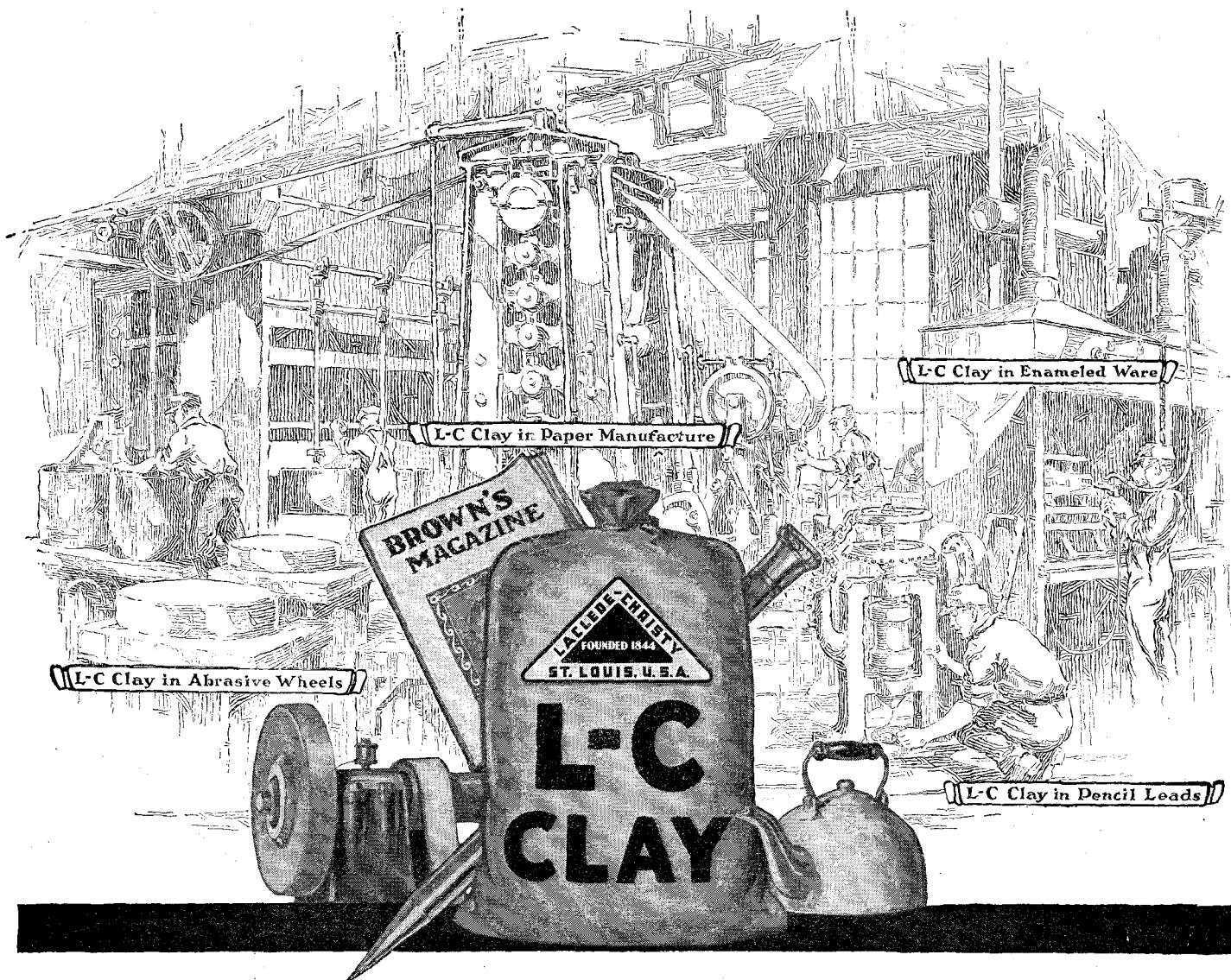
We soon arrived at Ezno. A large hill stood at the back of Charles's father's farm. I climbed it during my visit and saw the Polish frontier in the distance. Our car stopt in front of a small house, that of Eva, Charles's sister. Soon we had a crowd round us. Many of them had never seen an Englishwoman in their lives, and I was much amused at hearing myself and clothing fully discusst.

Soon it was time for us to go to old Mr. G——'s (Charles's father's) house. I was anxious to call at the bride's house, but this was not allowed, as I was a friend of the bridegroom's family. The houses stood near each other, and from each could be heard the singing, shouting, and music in the other. Mr. G—— received me with great ceremony; he was delighted with the white bread I had brought. I was led to the table and made to eat and drink, and then I hid myself in a corner by the stove, and watched them dancing the old country dances and playing country games until one o'clock, when I slipped away to Eva's house and went to bed.

This was the program on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, also during the days, with frequent intervals for refreshments. When any one felt tired he just sat down by a table, leaned his head on it, and slept, or even lay on the floor, quite unconscious of the din about him. I was bitterly disappointed next morning to find I was not allowed to go to the church. The bridegroom chooses one old man (*i.e.*, married; in Jonas's case an uncle aged twenty-five) and seven young men. Jonas rode with these to Damé's. I was allowed to go with them, so I saw all the show.

We found the bride seated by a table looking very solemn and sad. She was dressed in white, with a long veil and a wreath of myrtle; round her were grouped seven young girls and one old lady (a mischievous-looking girl not much older than herself). Her father and mother sat near Damé, and all their friends (looking none the worse for their strenuous nights' enjoyment) were gathered round. Jonas and his followers (Charles was among them) entered and walked up to Damé.

"Come," he said. She flung herself weeping at her father's feet, in such a passion of tears that I thought her heart would break. "Poor girl," I said to myself; "they are forcing her into this marriage." I felt bitterly sorry for her and also for Jonas, but when I glanced at him he seemed quite unmoved. The weeping is part of the ceremony. Damé, and indeed every Lithuanian bride, would earn a fortune on the stage. The "elderly" lady friend and the seven young ones then led the bride to the waiting droshkies outside, and they and Jonas, his one "old" and seven young friends, all drove off to the church. As they were leaving the father handed five thousand rubles to Jonas's old man, the sum agreed upon at the betrothal.



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There are L-C Clays for giving body to paper, oil cloth and window shades. Other special clays, of great bonding strength, and proper analysis, are extensively used in the manufacture of abrasive wheels. Still others play an important part in the manufacture of graphite crucibles for melting steel, brass, babbitt metal, etc., and the manufacture of corroding pots for producing white lead. L-C Clays go into the

enamel on your kitchen range and cooking utensils, and are even used to plug up the ends of fire-crackers!

In schools and kindergartens, the children love to work with L-C Modeling Clay; and L-C Clays are also used in their colored crayons. One of our finest clays is L-C Lead Pencil Clay, which, mixed with graphite, gives the necessary strength and grades of hardness to pencil leads.

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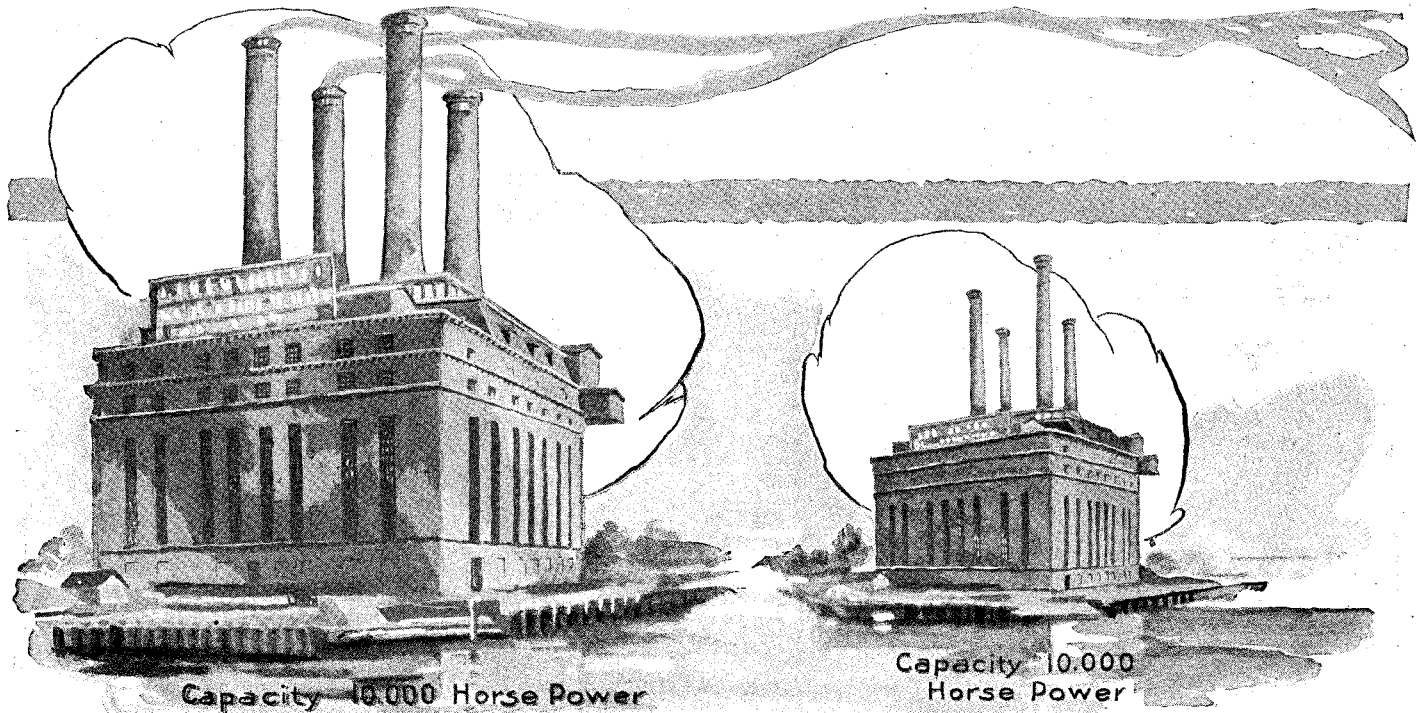
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The Drama of Big and Little

"Look here, Crissey," said Ralph Kent, assistant superintendent at the Willow Valley Mills, pointing to the sketch he had just completed, as Harv Crissey, the operating engineer, entered the office.

"I'm looking."

"See these two power plants? One is just twice the size of the other."

"A blind man could see that."

"But now watch," and the young assistant superintendent wrote, 'Capacity 10,000 horsepower' across each plant, then looked up at Crissey. "What's the answer?"

Crissey scratched his head. "Well, the little one's probably got better boilers, and better coal to put under 'em—"

"Guess again, Crissey," laughed Ralph. "These two plants have the same size and make of boilers, except that the little one has ten and the big one twenty. Same kind of coal, too—no, beg your pardon, the big one is burning *better* coal. And wait! There's another difference! The big plant has *ten* men in the boiler room; the little plant has just *two*. Yet the actual capacity of the two plants is the same!"

SOME TAYLOR

FORD MOTOR CO.
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
PROCTER & GAMBLE

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AMERICAN BRASS CO.
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"I guess," puzzled Harv, "it's—"

"Stokers!" caught up Ralph. "The boilers of the big plant are fired by hand, like our boilers here at the mills—about the most wasteful system under God's sun. The boilers of the little plant are fired by Taylor Stokers."

"Stokers, sure," Harv muttered. "I ought to have thought of that. Stokers are pretty fine, I guess. Cost money, though."

"Of course they do," cried Ralph. "But I'll tell you something that costs more money, and that's these confounded, everlasting hold-ups of the whole mill because your gang of firemen down there in the boiler room happens to quit on you, or because the water in the river drops so low there's too much load on your boilers, or because you can't get good enough coal to keep up steam, all the time orders are piling up in the front office!"

"We certainly get the hold-ups," agreed Crissey.

"Say," Ralph continued, "do you know that if we had Taylor Stokers under your boilers out there, you could slash your boiler room gang from eight men down to one single man, you could burn practically any coal that came along, your stacks would stop smoking, and, Mr. Engineer, most vital of all, we'd increase the capacity of those boilers so much that we wouldn't have to consider building a new power house."

At this minute old John Carpenter, the superintendent, came in.

"Stokers again, eh?" old John commented.

"Yes, I thought if I made it graphic like this," Ralph suggested, "showing that Taylor Stokers multiply a plant's capacity by two, without enlarging the power house or buying any new boilers, why, we might take the sketch in to President Treadwell, and maybe swing him round on this stoker question."

Old John smiled. "Never in the world, boy. We'll never swing Treadwell round while that old foggy, J. T. Granger, our honorable vice-president and treasurer, can still snort his intolerant incredulous snort! Never!"

Ralph jumped. "I tell you, John," he exclaimed, "the day will come—"

The day did come, sooner than any of the three dreamed of. The dramatic events that led to a revolution in the power plant at the Willow Valley Mills, and the adoption of a system which solved the labor and fuel problem and obviated the need for a new power house, are told completely in the handsomely illustrated and bound book entitled "What of It, J. T.?"

This book is not only a fascinating story, but an illuminating suggestion for the executive with an eye keen to the increase of output and reducing of costs.

A copy of "What of It, J. T.?" will be gladly sent *free* to any engineer or business executive. Please send your request promptly. The edition is limited.

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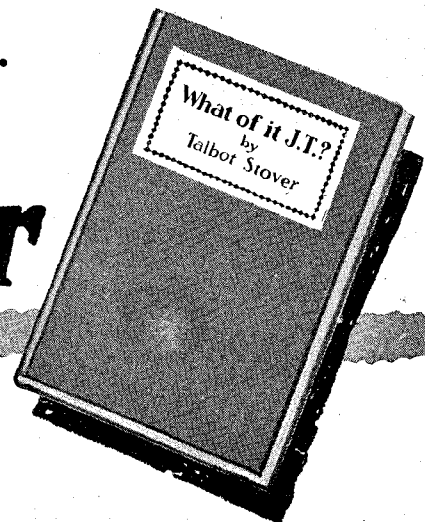
The Taylor Stoker Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

The Taylor Stoker

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BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

ON THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE RHINOCEROS

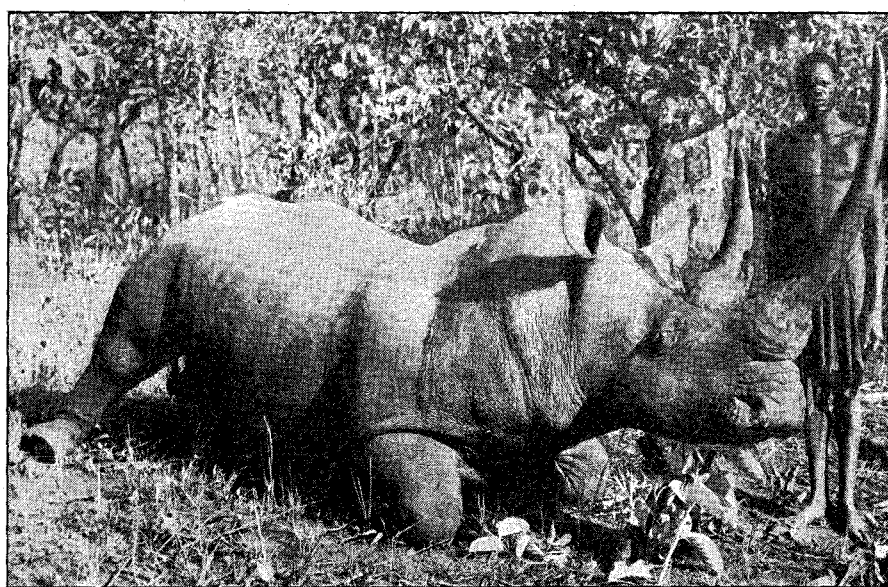
SUDDENLY A NATIVE jumped to his feet with a warning cry. The ground trembled and the jungle sighed, and then six great rhinoceroses swept past the party of hunters like a living tornado. The men were taken completely unaware, for the sandy ground near the great swamp had muffled the approach of the frightened monsters. If their path had been a few yards to one side, what would have remained of the party is a matter for uncomfortable conjecture. But not all of the animals vanished into space—a calf began to squeal frantically near by. Balla, the native who had given warning, had transfixt it with his spear as the herd dashed by. Would the mother heed the squeals and turn back upon the party? The noise of the beasts as they crashed through the jungle grew less distinct and finally died away. There was no time to speculate on what had started the rhinoceroses on their mad course, for the unexpected prize had to be cared for. Little did he dream, that ponderous youngster, that his form was destined one day to grace a habitat group of the rare white rhinoceroses in the Natural History Museum in far-away New York!

His family is not a large one—a few individuals in a reserve in Zululand and greater numbers in the Nile-Kongo district. In the history of the present expedition to the Belgian Kongo, which is written by Herbert Lang, assistant curator of mammalogy of the museum, and published in *The Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York), we read that the beasts are not really white—they have a gray hide. But they are fond of mud baths, followed by rubbing most of the dirt off on trees and bushes or the ground; the rest of the mire dries out and the animal takes on a white, red, blue, black, or other color, according to the mud selected for the bath. It is supposed that the original race in South Africa were named when they were self-painted with whitish mire. Creatures of the night, they merely rest in the heat of the day, wherever they happen to be, indifferent to shade or scorching sun, and the writer says:

In the early morning they may continue to wallow, or, like nomads, take delight in roving, or they may be seen while standing still to doze off the effects of late hours. When violently disturbed in their light slumbers they, like most other gigantic creatures, rush either to safety or attack. The huge bulk of the white rhinoceros, standing erect and alert, with its unwieldy head and cocked ears turned in the direction of danger, presents an impressive sight. The menacing horns suggest painful possibilities, and they would be formidable weapons of aggression were it not that the peaceful grazing habits of their owner have relegated them to an eminently practical use. In these regions of high grass, except during a few months after the annual

grass fires, progress through the tangled mass of vegetation demands intense muscular exertion. The fending action of the horns, carried close to the ground, clears the way for the short, pillar-like front legs and barrel-shaped body as the animal slowly passes across country, or grazes with constantly nodding head. Imagine nearly forty pounds of horns on top of a long, wedge-like nose, swung about with astonishing ease while tearing through the jungle.

There are always two horns, except in young calves, where the posterior one is merely a slight hump. Far from being set directly upon the skull, they rest upon the heavy hide, which runs beneath them without interruption.



Copyrighted by H. Lang.

A RECORD BULL FROM THE BELGIAN KONGO.

He looks ugly, but he is dead—or the native would not be so calm about it. The bull measures: horn, 42 inches; snout to tip of tail, 15 feet 5 inches; standing height at shoulder, 5 feet 8 inches.

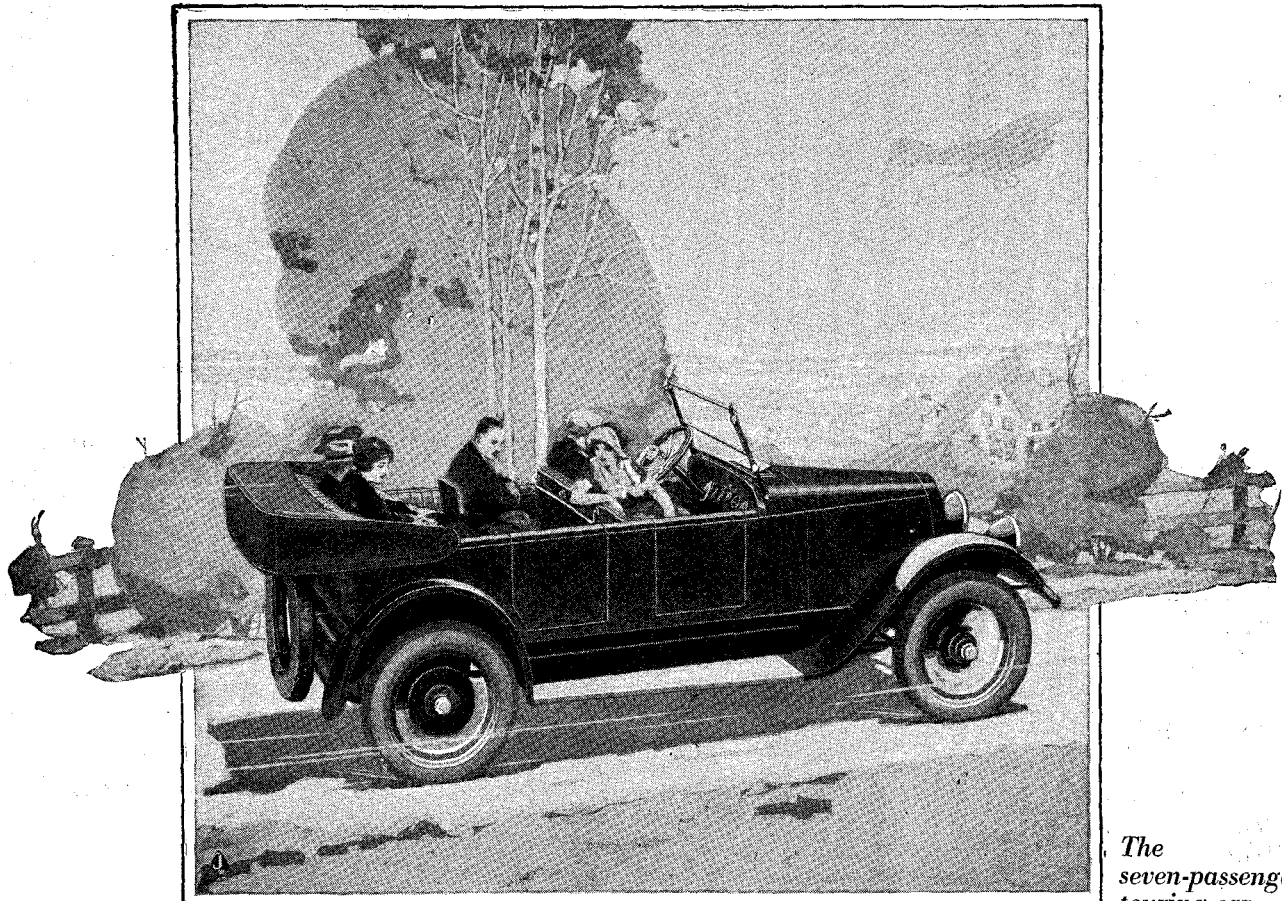
On another occasion, three members of the party passed within a few yards of a good-sized bull. The tip of his horn, as it rubbed against a clump of trees, was just visible, but the high grass and occasional bushes had cut off their prospects of taking a photograph. One of the men, Judge Smets, thought he could head off the quarry, and advanced cautiously. The others waited. It had not been his intention to shoot, but a sudden detonation of his rifle drowned out every

other noise. The rhinoceros had turned upon him, he fired over its back, and then—

With the beast thundering through the brush it raised the wrath and courage of our native hunter. Balla acted as if the firing-pin had nerved his heart anew and given strength to every muscle. A few leaps, and the thud of his spear brought forth a squeal from the maddened brute. Yet the famous Azande lay prostrate in the track of his victim, unharmed, to be sure, but how could he withstand the force that hurled his six-foot lance? Cutting through the middle of one of the animal's ribs and penetrating half a foot beyond, the spear caused a stream of blood to gush forth from its nostrils. In the mad rush through the jungle the shaft splintered, the blade bent, and the vital organs were still more lacerated.

Balla was now deaf to all questions, his mind set on murder as he thought of the meat that would nourish his family and the deed that would stamp him a hero even in this land of many hazards. Crawling forward on his hands and knees, he found a branch torn down and trampled upon in the wild stampede and covered with clots of blood. This aroused him to fresh exertions. Presently, he recovered the shaft of his lance and smeared it with the gore of his victim to insure future good luck. Twice he slapped his hands against his thighs, meaning twenty, then with the left hand counted five and raised four fingers. This was the twenty-ninth rhinoceros to fall to his spear!

Of our many attempts to take photographs from life, the following episode is typical. Before daybreak Judge Smets, Matari, his faithful gun-bearer, and I, with Alimasi, my fearless Mangbetu, dived into the dark gray mists of the apparently unknown. Matari had been scouting for the last two days. His report held out a good chance for me to take photographs of live



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Owners have discovered that the Holmes will carry them in greater comfort, at a higher average rate of speed, at lower operating cost than any other full-sized car ever built.

The maximum speed of the Holmes is 50-55 miles an hour, but 35-40 mile an hour averages are maintained in comfort where other cars slow down to 18-20 miles.

Ordinary driving in this full-sized car of 126-inch wheelbase gives 18-20 miles to the gallon of fuel. Good drivers have no difficulty getting 25 miles and records run as high as 61.4 miles.

Tire averages are 10,000 miles to the set with 15,000 miles not uncommon.

Such service is due to Holmes Improved Air-Cooling, permitting continued motor operation at the most efficient heat for high fuel efficiency;

A spring action so readily accommodating itself to road shocks that the comfort and safety of driving are not endangered by hard riding;

A flexible chassis which does not restrict the action of the power developed to move the car.

Holmes performance is open to immediate proof. You can go to any Holmes salesroom, take any Holmes car over the road and see for yourself.

THE HOLMES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

Distributors in All Principal Cities

There is an appeal

in a tastefully decorated window which no other form of advertising possesses. Such a window puts the actual merchandise right before the prospect's eyes and says "buy." The maximum of display value is obtainable in

ZOURI SAFETY METAL STORE FRONTS

Their first mission is to sell goods. And while they are doing it they conserve plate glass. Zouri safety key-set construction has the approval of the

UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES

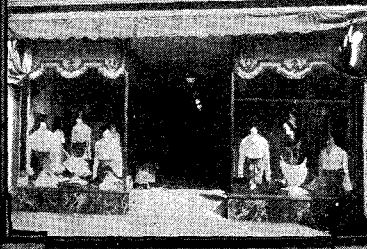
It guards windows against breakage due to faulty installation.

Write for complete descriptions and name of our nearest distributor.

Zouri

DRAWN METALS COMPANY

Factories and General Offices
Chicago Heights :: Illinois



BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

rhinoceroses. A heavy rain had fallen and ceased shortly after midnight, and this incident greatly favored our enterprise. Finding tracks that were perfectly fresh, we proceeded to follow them without delay. A glorious sunrise swept off the last vapors, and by ten o'clock the intense heat made it certain that the troop of rhinoceroses we were after must have settled down to rest.

We found that the great beasts had satisfied their thirst in a near-by swamp, and at the first wallowing-place the stirred-up mud revealed that they had been having the time of their lives. How many there were could not be determined. Footprints on the trail a little beyond showed three

noon we halted to take a bite and soon were loudly joking.

Twenty minutes passed, when, "What was that?" Matari dropt the food from his mouth and stared straight ahead; blank consternation seemed to have paralyzed him. At first no one dared to move. He and his master soon stood ready with their rifles. Our rhinoceroses had returned and we could now see their dark gray backs hardly ten yards away. Mr. Smets was happy and motioned me to take photographs. Certainly it seemed an admirable chance, but every blade of grass in front of the rhinoceroses enlarged itself to the size of a curtain on the mirror of my graflex camera. We all went back to the trail: the Judge alone would try to turn them, and if this were impossible, he decided to wound the bull.

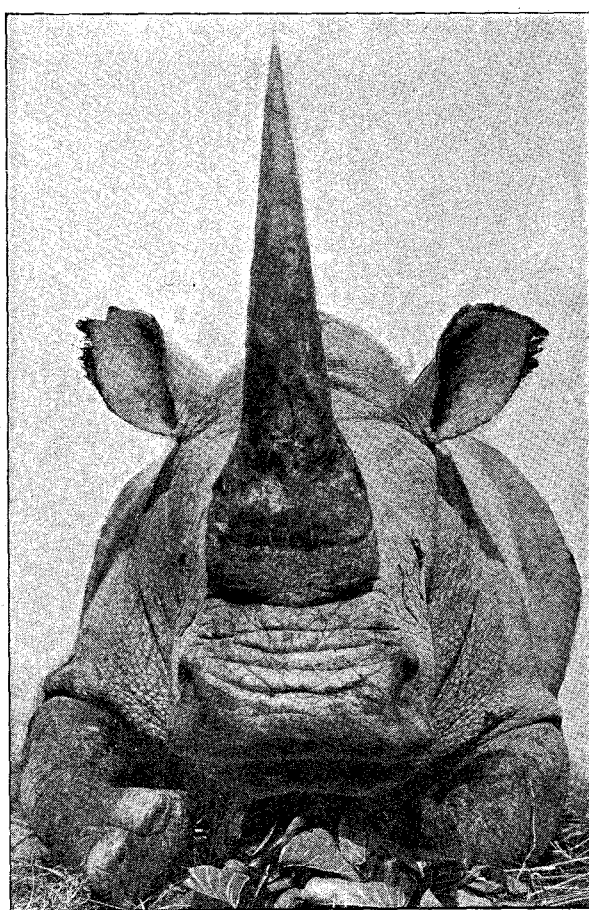
Anxious seconds, minutes, and a half hour passed. Finally a shot rang out, followed by the usual uproar of stampeding rhinoceroses. Just at that moment, as I started to rejoin my friend, the most terrific, awe-inspiring squeal and racket arose right ahead of me, and I rushed forward.

What luck! There was the big bull madly struggling but securely caught between two gnarled trees. Blind fury and blustering impetuosity had landed him in this dilemma. His terrific onward rush had jammed his head between the twin trunks, which held him fast. Rage, fright, and terror made matters still worse, and he had forced both forelimbs through until he was caught and held in living stocks, made by nature. The tree-stems shook, but they were slow-growing partners, not used to bending, and had braved many storms. The violent efforts of the rhino only increased his helplessness. His huge body slipt upward, and in no time the feet had dug out what ground they could still reach. Matari and I frantically worked to tear away a few bunches of grass and to cut some of the bushes, so I might focus. Dead silence ensued for a moment. Our

captive gathered his strength, sank back, and feeling firm ground, he reared up, and on coming down again he was free! The tree nearest to us had been weak at the base, and it simply had to give way. The Judge rushed up just in time to see our prize disappear with tail in the air.

The cause of all this was that after we had left Mr. Smets, he, with infinite patience, succeeded in sneaking up in the high grass, to the place where the cow and two younger animals were walking about. Altogether too late, he discovered that the bull was facing him, and he had to fire on short notice.

It was not yet noon, so they went on slowly, following an easy trail. The bull merely went from water-hole to water-hole, and from one wallowing-place to another, always heading away from the



Copyrighted by H. Lang.

NO. NOT A HEATHEN GOD,

Only a white rhino. front view.

had entered the jungle, but the old bull, by far the biggest animal, had passed on. Crossing the hill in a hurry we saw by the trail that the members of the herd had rejoined one another. After scanning the expanse of short grass of the lower-lying morass right in front of us, we decided to make a short cut to the next plateau, where we hoped to find the rhinoceroses sound asleep.

Only a few words were spoken, and then a sudden commotion, several hard snorts, and a wild rush were our punishment for having broken the silence. The bolting of our quarries, which had been standing in the high grass only twenty yards away, seemed to announce that surprises might be the rule of the day. Now that their vigilance was aroused we might have a long chase, and it would be far better for us to go slowly and give them a chance to allay their fears. Tho it was still an hour before

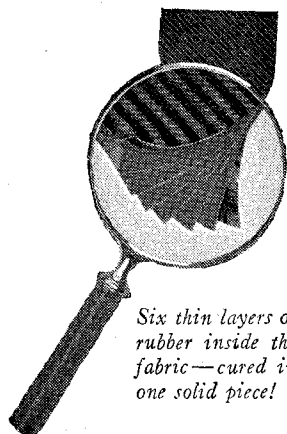
Light and smart as a sport-coat —sheds the hardest rain

*Six layers of rubber built
right into the fabric*

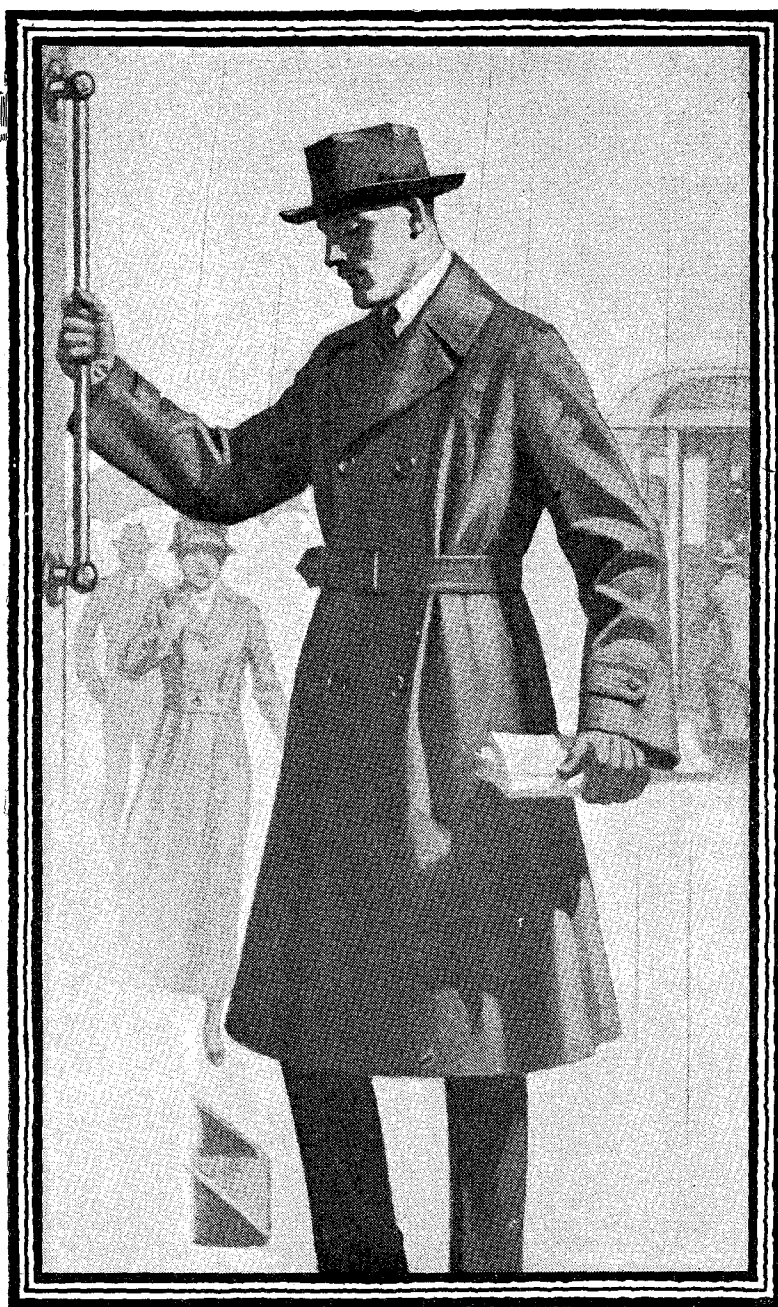
DISTINCTIVE in cut, material and design—correctly tailored in every detail—U. S. Raynsters protect you against the heaviest downpour. Built right into the fabric are at least six layers of rubber, so light and flexible that you'd never know they were there.

On city streets or out at the country club, walking or motoring—wherever smartly dressed men go in wet weather you will find U. S. Raynsters. They are made in the familiar raincoat fabrics, in woolsens, yarntex, and heathertones, in many styles and colors, for men, women and children.

Rubber Surface Raynsters—Raynsters are also made with smooth rubber surface for farmers, policemen, firemen, drivers, sportsmen and all who work or play outdoors. Back of their sturdy strength is all the painstaking care in manufacture that has made the Raynster famous.



*Six thin layers of
rubber inside the
fabric—cured in
one solid piece!*



Every coat that bears the Raynster label, no matter what the price—whether it's the lightest, smartest summer model or a teamster's heavy stormcoat—is backed by all the skill and experience of the oldest and largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you U. S. Raynsters—or write us at 1790 Broadway, New York, for booklet showing many different styles.

Look for the name *Raynster* on the label.

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

United States Rubber Company

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

camp. Twice they caught sight of him, going at a fair rate. It was no longer a question of photographing—they would not abandon an animal that might not recover from its wound. At last night was at hand, and they could not possibly reach camp until several hours after dark. Mr. Lang continues:

With no moon, it would be pitch-black, and if a storm broke loose we would be in for it. I was in favor of taking up the trail anew next morning, but the Judge wanted to continue for another half hour.

Ten minutes later Mr. Smets and Matari, with rifles shouldered, were a hundred yards ahead. This was the one day I did not carry mine, and now I even turned my camera over to Alimasi. In this short-grass country I felt sure a wounded rhinoceros would not lie down. But suddenly, hardly ten feet beyond me, the wounded beast arose like a ghost. He made straight for me. It was impossible to jump aside. Here indeed was the chance of my life, not to photograph—but to run, and to run fast. One glance back and I saw my camera dancing on the back of the oncoming brute. Alimasi had hoped to turn his course by hurling my photographic outfit at him, but on he came faster still.

Just one cluster of gnarled trees about sixty yards off was my only chance for safety. Both the rhinoceros and I went at top speed, and both landed at the same spot. When I dared look again there was not an inch between me and the source of furies. In fact, the sharp tip of his front horn reached beyond my ankles. But he was in front of the trees and I behind, as safe as if an iron wall had sprung from the ground.

With the terrific rush he had rammed his horns between the trunks, in that one stroke concentrating all his revenge. For the second time that day he was caught, now held fast by the horns. Try as he might he could only groan and rage. Finally, with a mighty effort he broke free. Mr. Smets, rushing up, aimed, shot, and brought him down in a flash. My friend took no further interest in the noisy brute, and, turning to me, started to joke, but I was still absorbed in its struggles.

And then, heavens! It rose again, shook itself, and started to run. The Judge would not fire a second time. He knew he had hit his mark. With every step the rhinoceros gained greater vigor—and suddenly turning, disappeared in the jungle.

"What did you look for in your left pocket when you were playing hide-and-seek with the rhinoceros?" Mr. Smets asked. "Your pistol was at your right." I answered, "It was of no use for me to shoot with a pistol. I wanted my spare glasses, not to lose one precious moment of a spectacle one can not see twice." This was the *finale* of our day's work—it had all the settings of a movie story, and with not even a line of pictures to show.

The night was cool and we hurried, too tired to walk slow or to stop. At ten we reached camp. Next morning at daybreak I saw the Judge's swollen foot protruding from the blankets; he had run against an iron-hard root in the dark and would have to rest for days. Matari and Alimasi Mulai, six of the skinners, and ten porters left with me. By eleven our bull was dis-

covered, totally unable to give further surprises. After leaving us he had run at a good pace for a few hundred yards, then slowed down, and his last three miles included many stops. Mr. Smet's first shot had hit exactly in the middle of the fleshy hump. His second, after the bull's charge, had torn through just above the vertebrae, stunning him for a moment, but not preventing his last dash. Two days afterward, horns, hide, and skeleton were on their way to Faradje.

As an example illustrating their more peaceful disposition, the following incident is instructive. I was camping for a few days in the veldt north of Faradje, not far from a trail near the Aka River, where rhinoceroses often crossed eastward to the savanna. The grass shelters of my thirty natives formed a wide semicircle which was closed with our workshop. My A-tent, just large enough to hold a sleeping-bag, occupied the center. Toward dusk it rained quite hard and tho in these regions one keeps no night fires burning, it had been cool and some of the natives warmed themselves before a few smoldering brands, which were later extinguished by another shower. The stillness after the storm had lulled us all to sleep. In the dead of night I was suddenly roused. Instinctively I grabbed my pistol and felt for my rifle. What was prodding me from the rear of the tent? Matari's warning click meant danger. "Rhinos are in camp," he whispered, "be careful." Faithful as ever, he was lying alongside, rifle in hand.

Here I was in a real trap. The tent was securely closed and mosquito-proof as well. With rhinoceroses in front I could not open it, and even the noise of ripping the back might make things worse. Carefully unhooking one corner, I peered out. There in the darkness, fifteen yards away, four monsters were sniffing at the ashes in front of one of the shelters, from which the natives had long since fled. For ten minutes Matari and I anxiously watched our uninvited guests wander about. Finally one of them ran into a pole supporting a crate upon which a skeleton was stored out of reach of hyenas and leopards. With a crash the platform came down, and then great was our relief and surprise to see the night-prowlers make off at a fair pace.

Hardly were they out of camp when the fires were burning again brightly. Native dances started and songs rang through the midnight air. Over and over echoed the monotonous refrain: "The rhinos' strength was bewitched, and like sheep they had to leave the white man's camp."

SEVERAL WAYS TO MAKE BOSSY SMILE—Did you ever see a cow smile? Maybe it never occurred to you before that a cow did smile. Yet she is a pleasant creature, generous, given to gentle meditation, and even possibly possessing a sense of humor. The truth of the matter is, or at least we are so informed by a writer who speaks as one having authority, that her smiles are internal. Lest he be taken for a nature-faker by the skeptical, he hastens to say that to one who knows cows intimately it is not difficult to realize that a cow smiles to herself when knee-deep in pasture, free from flies and hot weather; and he thinks it equally likely that a cow would have everything that goes to make a smile when comfortably housed in a well-

ventilated barn with an abundance of feed even if zero weather whistled outside. He even goes so far as to suggest that perhaps it is a cow's crude attempt at joking that causes her to wrap her wet tail around your neck, or put her foot in the milk-bucket. If she doesn't laugh at her own joke she misses a good chance, for it is an established certainty that the victim does not laugh, says J. B. Fitch, in *Capper's Farmer* (Topeka), and he continues:

Some cows smile more easily than others, as is the case with people. The beef cow should be more easily pleased, because she has less to worry about than the dairy cow. A dairy cow must furnish food for her own body, for milk production, and to develop a calf. The beef animal gives little concern to the production of milk, but concentrates on raising a calf.

By selection and mating there has been developed the dairy cow of the present from the original cow that produced just sufficient milk to nourish the calf until it could subsist on other feeds, and giving perhaps three hundred to four hundred pounds of milk each lactation. We now have one cow that has produced thirty-four thousand pounds of milk in a year, several that have produced more than thirty thousand pounds in a year. One cow has produced one thousand two hundred and five pounds of butter-fat in a year. Many cows now produce their own weight in butter-fat in a year, and more than double their own weight in milk in a month. The beef animal has been developed to a remarkable extent, but I believe that the dairy cow is by far the most artificial animal we have to-day.

In caring for dairy cattle our most successful dairymen have followed the rule that "Contentment is the essence of profits." That is in keeping with the present-day treatment of workmen. A satisfied and contented workman will do more and better work than a disgruntled man, and it is to the interests of employers to surround their workers with conditions that will bring this about. Likewise, if we are to get best results from a dairy cow she must go to work with a smile on her face.

To keep the cow smiling, it is a good plan to feed and house her so that the conditions will be similar to when the cow is in good, luxuriant pasture in the spring. In the absence of pasture, we use silage, and, when necessary to house the animals, we should have warm, well-ventilated barns. The dairy cow will take more protection from extreme weather than will the beef animal. It is no discredit to the dairy cow that this is true. She will pay big returns for this better feed and care. If you can not keep her warm, how can she keep smiling? In feeding the dairy cow, we are dealing with the chief cause of hilarity, whether it be man or beast. How can a person be happy and hungry? If your answer is correct, why should we expect a cow to do it? In feeding a dairy cow, we must supply her with a ration that meets five requirements: it must be palatable, balanced, abundant, succulent, and economical.

And let her have her calf in the fall when the farmer has more time, says this writer. She will produce more milk and butter-fat, and will thus bring in greater profits than when she calves in the spring or summer—and that will make the owner smile.

And Oh, how different are *Corn Flakes* with the *Three Good Spirits* in them!

DEAR Boys and Girls: Here are the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth, who have again come to you, as they used to come to the Indian boys and girls long ago. In the center is Chitani-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Strength. To his right, Ilau-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Courage, and to his left, Wula-wa-ganit, Good Spirit of Truth.

Just as the Indians used to call these Three Good Spirits, on summer nights when corn was ripening on the stalks, so we have called them for you—called them into a fairy box of a new kind of corn flakes named *Quaker Quakies*.

And Oh, how different are corn flakes with the Three Good Spirits in them!

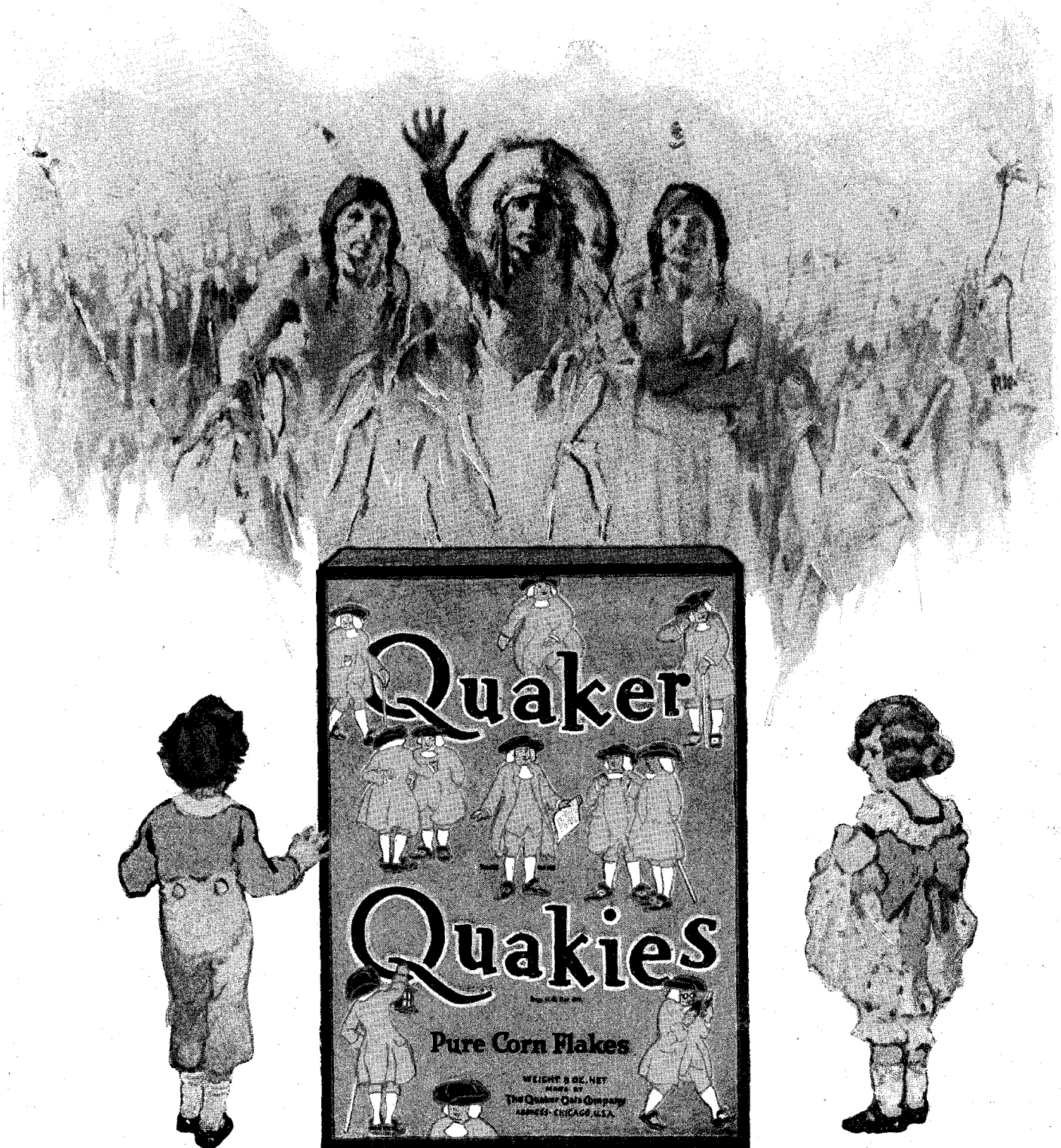
What strength for little bodies Chitani-wa-ganit has put into each crisp, firm flake!

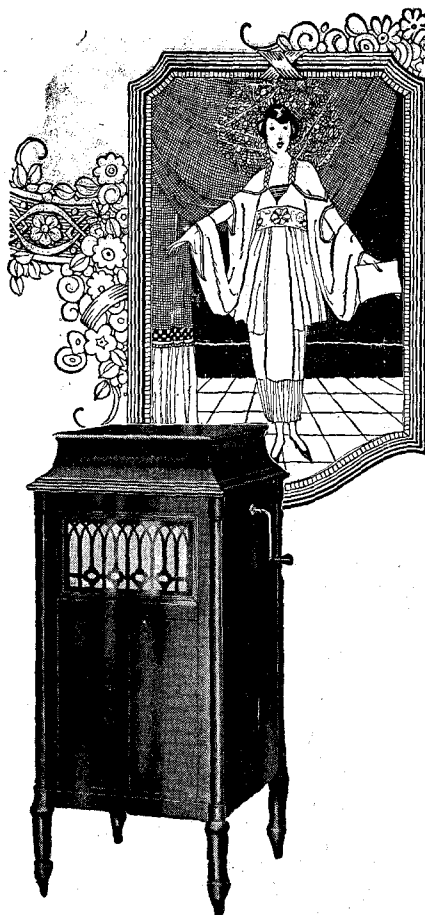
What a brave color for little cheeks Ilau-wa-ganit has put in the ruddy brown he has colored them!

'And what true thoughts for little hearts and minds Wula-wa-ganit has hidden in their sweet deliciousness!

Just ask your grocer for the fairy box of *Quaker Quakies* in which these Three Good Spirits dwell. And from it heap high your breakfast bowl with all their goodness. Then close your eyes and eat—and you, too, like the little Indian boys and girls of long ago will become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

A large, richly colored picture of the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth, ready for framing, sent for 10c and top of a *Quakies* package. Address The Quaker Oats Company, 1617K. Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.





STEGER

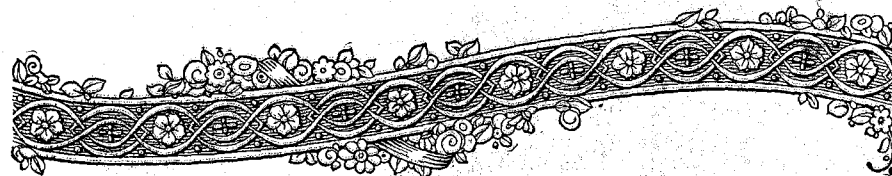
—the finest reproducing
Phonograph in the World

THE melodies of old sound sweeter and carry a truer heart appeal when played by the Steger because of its patented, almost human reproducer, its tone chamber of spruce and its adjustable tone-arm, which insures the proper pressure on all makes of records—three reasons why its faithfulness to original tone beauties has never been surpassed. *The Steger plays all records correctly—no parts to change.*

Its cabinet of artistic design is worthy of the reproducing art, which you will admit is an art apart—when you hear and see the Steger at your dealer's. Period, Cabinet and Portable models, \$90 to \$1250. Steger Phonograph style brochure free on request.

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Factories, Steger, Illinois, where the "Lincoln" and "Dixie" Highways meet.

"If it's a Steger—It's the most valuable Piano in the world."



*Delicious
nuts that
need no
cracking*

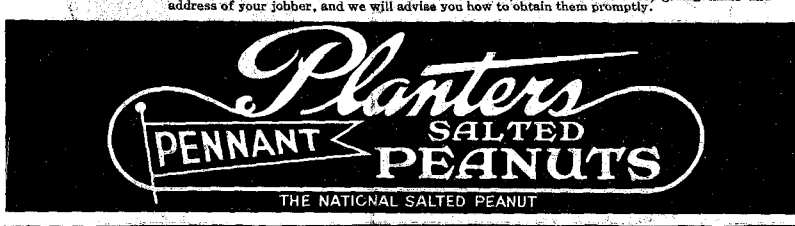


HERE is the best
nut of all—the
all-year round nut—ready to serve instantly and without trouble. There is
an irresistible flavor about the golden PLANTERS PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS that appeals to every appetite.
In the glass jar, they keep firm and crisp ALWAYS if the lid is on tight, regard-
less of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession.

10-oz. jar, 50c; 6-oz. jar, 35c; Glassine bag, 5c
(In the Eastern Section)

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Suffolk, Va.

To Dealers—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS, write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.



Planters
SALTED
PENNANT PEANUTS
THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

CRUELTY CHARGED IN TRAINING
TRICK ANIMALS FOR STAGE
AND MOVIE

"CRUELTY has blossomed into its perfect flower" in the trained-animal performance, says Jack London on the one hand; and, on the other, says Norman Dawn, who sometimes directs dog actors for the movies, "Persistence, patience, and kindness are the necessary qualities in a movie animal-trainer." G. Bernard Shaw, representing the extreme view, says that "a performing animal trained by kindness would be just as intolerable and unnatural a spectacle as one trained in the usual way," and John Galsworthy would like to see "the animal show" abolished. He says it is "too ironical altogether that our love of animals should make us tolerate, and even enjoy, what our common sense, when we let it loose, tells us must in the main spell misery for the creatures we profess to love." Just what are the specific charges brought against the animal trainer? The case of the plaintiff is set forth in *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston) in a page devoted to the Jack London Club. This club was started primarily, we are told, because of Jack London's disclosures in his book, "Michael, Brother of Jerry," of the cruelties behind trick-animal performances, and its object is to protest against this form of entertainment. Ernest Bell, an English humanitarian, writes:

The training of performing animals is a trade. No reputable tradesman has any objection to the general public knowing the methods which he employs. But, with a very few exceptions, in this particular business it is extremely hard to discover what really takes place.

In the majority of cases, and for very good reasons, this work is carried on behind the locked doors of a stable or a room of some sort or another.

As the man who trains animals to perform generally lets them out on hire as soon as they are "broken," it follows that his main desire is to train them as quickly as possible. Rapidity, therefore, and not humanity, is his chief aim.

Fear has necessarily to be used as an incentive.

Say a dog is to be taught to turn back somersaults. A slow method is to put harness on the dog with leads fastened to it, and practically to jerk the dog over backward time after time. This method, we are told, takes eight to twelve weeks.

On each occasion the dog becomes horribly giddy, as he has to learn to do from ten to twenty back somersaults in quick succession.

This method is too slow for some trainers, and the wretched dog is "assisted" by a blow under the jaw with a piece of wood or the butt-end of a whip, until he learns that if he turns of his own accord he escapes the blow.

An English manager, Milton Bode, who has supervision over seven theaters, will not permit animal acts in his theaters, and explains his stand thus:

The protection and defense of all our dumb friends is a cause which has always had my keenest sympathy, and I always refuse to book "Animal Turns" in any of the theaters under my control, however plausible may be the tale of how it is all done by kindness.

There is a certain section of the public (happily growing less, I think) not yet educated enough on this matter to prevent their enjoyment of clever feats and tricks by performing animals, but this does not move me from my position, for I am thoroughly convinced, by undeniable evidence, that not only during training, but often during actual work, there is considerable cruelty shown these poor creatures.

Even apart from the physical cruelty, which may be less than formerly, thanks to societies and public opinion, there is another aspect which appeals to me—the hurt to the sensibilities of these performing animals when they are taught and made to do tricks and feats which are so often quite contrary to their build and nature . . . and people ought to know that these animals are very often highly developed in the matter of nervous sensibility.

The Animals' Friend (London) brings forward another argument against these exhibitions—the effect upon the children who see them:

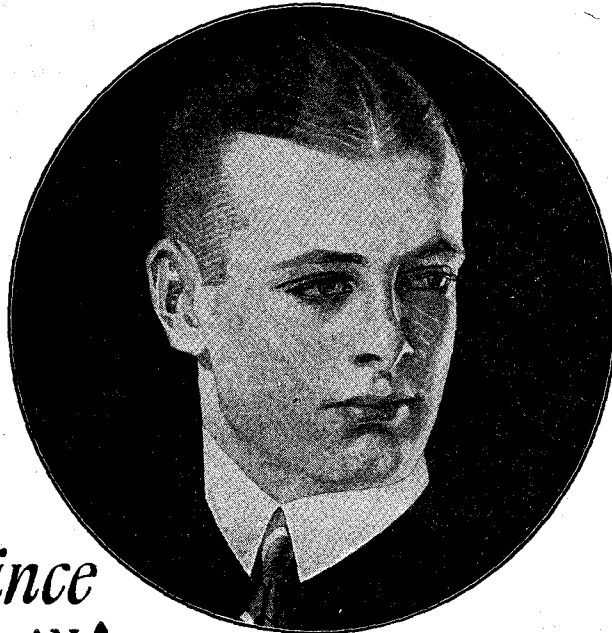
With the kindest of intentions—because "the children love animals so much"—they take them to a circus, pantomime, or entertainment where dogs, cats, monkeys, horses are the chief actors; an animal performance is supposed to be something that children especially can understand and appreciate. It may be "funny," or it may be "clever"; when the animal is funny it is generally dressed up in uncomfortable clothes, in order to look ugly or silly; so that the audience may laugh, and is then put into stupid or degrading attitudes to represent some human vice or failing which, if indulged in by a human, would often be considered wrong. In this there may be no suggestion of physical cruelty to the animal, but there is the suggestion to every child who sees it that he also has the right to make any creature in his power a plaything and a puppet, a slave to his caprice, without any regard for its own feelings or nature. Love of power by the strong over the weak needs no such encouragement, and when children exercise it over their own "pets," in imitation of what they have seen, tyranny may easily succeed where coaxing fails.

And the San José *Mercury-Herald* feels that—

As people learn what is behind the trained-animal act, they will find it impossible—just as Jack London found it impossible—to watch trick animals with any enjoyment. No one who learns the truth about this so-called amusement feature could thereafter find any entertainment value in it, but would rather feel a great compassion for the helpless performers as well as an accompanying abhorrence that this aftermath of the Roman arena should flourish to-day.

A phase of the general subject is involved in the use of animal actors in the movies, and on this point we quote Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., who writes:

No one familiar with the facts will question the skill of the expert moving-



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Ready to Serve
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Niagara plays an active part in the building of USL Batteries—the Batteries with Machine-Pasted Plates. Its energy drives the remarkable pasting machines that give these Plates their extra life. Its energy also “forms” and “develops” the Plates, giving them the greatest capacity for work.

This Power from Niagara is stored in the Machine-Pasted Plates and kept available for the motorist by the USL Dry-Charged method of shipping.

1700 Golden Rule Service Stations are ready to honestly repair your present battery or equip your car with the correct size of NIAGARA-POWERED USL Battery.

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation
NIAGARA FALLS NEW YORK

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NIAGARA FALLS
TYPE
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Made at
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Sales and
Service
Everywhere

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES*Continued*

picture photographer to make the camera do a lot of things that fool the spectator of the film. But when a man claiming to be a motion-picture director . . . writes that there is no cruelty practised in the preparation of films, that what seems like cruelty is only an illusion and a clever trick of the camera, his statement appears like trifling with the truth in the light of the facts.

Dr. Rowley states that he has before him as he writes the advertisement of a certain moving-picture producer which states that the “approximate valuation of animals actually slain during the production of the film was \$95,000,” and he continues:

In one of these pictures, which I saw, a leopard or a lioness, I think it was the latter, appears writhing in agony after being shot. It was the third bullet that finally ended the poor creature's suffering. What the effect of such scenes can be upon growing children in the way of deadening their finer sensibilities only those know who are familiar with the forces that shape the life of the average child; and yet in the advertisement above referred to, moving-picture houses are urged to “work up a school-children's matinee.”

Some time ago two or three men were convicted and fined in a New York State court for compelling a horse to make a leap over a precipice which resulted in his being severely injured, and, if I remember correctly, in his death. A few months ago two screens were shown in Portland, Maine, in one of which a span of horses are seen dragged by a log down a long chute on the mountainside, appearing at the bottom apparently, so I am told by my correspondent, fatally injured, if not dead. In the same city at another time a dog was portrayed as having had his tail drawn through a knot-hole in a board fence; then the board was knocked out, and the dog escaped with the board hanging to his tail. The terror and discomfort that were manifested by the dog were absolutely unmistakable.

In the light of such facts as these, how is it possible . . . to say that these things are “tricks of the camera”? And, furthermore, why has it been necessary for the National Board of Censors to issue warnings to people engaged in the staging of moving-picture films to the effect that no films where cruelty was involved would be passed. While I am perfectly willing to admit that the camera can produce many effects that are illusions, those that I have quoted certainly do not fall in this class. The cruelties that have evidently been practised by many people in the production of moving pictures are of a similar nature to those connected with the training of trick animals for the stage and the circus, and which ultimately in all civilized countries will be abolished.

But what have the trainers to say for themselves? We find the subject dealt with from an entirely different point of view in an article entitled “Training Animals for the Motion-Picture Screen,” in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, published under the pseudonym “Scenarior,” which reads in part as follows:

Animals have displayed such human



Your Brakes

consider how much depends upon them

Safety, property and life depend upon the brakes of any automobile. Thus, the careful motorist is particular about his brake lining. He takes no chances. He avoids ordinary lining and passes up unknown brands. He buys lining that he knows will meet any emergency.

Raybestos is the original asbestos brake lining. It is especially treated to withstand WEAR. It is guaranteed to WEAR one year. Complete control in traffic or on hills follows when your brakes are equipped with Raybestos. Avoid substitutes. Look for the Silver Edge.

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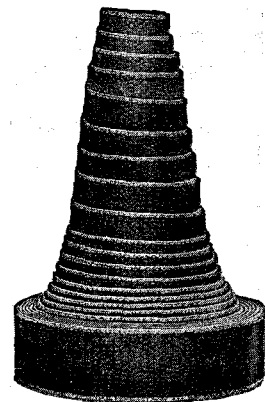
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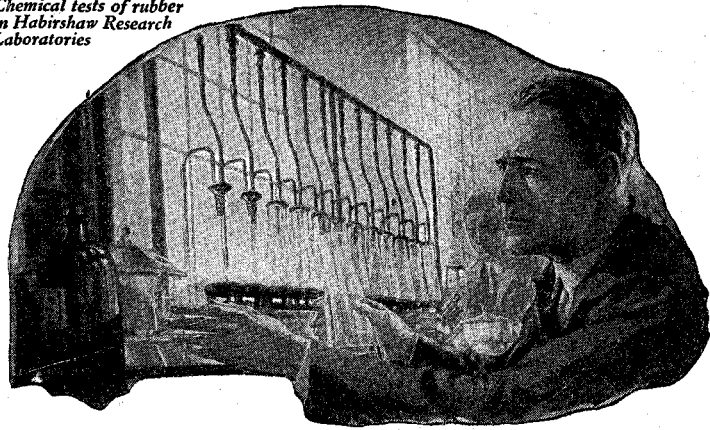
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Chemical tests of rubber
in Habirshaw Research
Laboratories



Proving the Stamina of a Guardian of Power

TO many minds, the development of the use of electrical power heralds the exit of steam power—the giant power which in a single century out-matched man's productive accomplishments throughout the span of written history.

But in reality the steam giant has fed and prospered upon the growth of electricity. Steam is still the great prime mover, and electricity is its messenger carrying its force to every place where power is needed.

Because electricity is a medium for *power transmission*, its utility has depended upon the efficiency and economy of means for bringing it from the point of generation to the point of use.

▽▽▽

Habirshaw has had an important part in making electrical transmission the dependable, efficient, economical work it is today.

Since the beginning of the electrical industry, Habirshaw laboratories and plants have been continuously occupied with the improvement of materials and methods of electrical insulation. Day by day detailed betterments have grown into a total of important progress.

As technic has advanced, laboratory and shop tests have checked its soundness. So that the stamina of every inch of insulation coming from the Habirshaw plants is proven as a guardian of electrical power. And Habirshaw is accepted everywhere as a standard of quality.

▽

In order to make good wire economically, a great volume of manufacturing must be attained. Habirshaw has reached this cost-

saving point of quantity production, and the huge output is in turn supported by national distribution through the Western Electric Company.

The warehousing and marketing organization of Western Electric Company reaches every active market of the United States and perfectly supplements the manufacturing and engineering organization of Habirshaw—rendering a comprehensive service to the public.

▽

First quality materials and equipment are the basis of electrical satisfaction. The Western Electric mark—placed only on products as standard as Habirshaw—is the guide to first quality. Good materials deserve good workmanship. Electrical installations should be entrusted only to your architect or qualified electrical engineers or contractors.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured
by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
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10 East 43rd Street, New York



Habirshaw Wire Distributed
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Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"
Insulated Wire & Cable
Plus Western Electric Company's Service

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES Continued

acumen and intelligence that directors are building plays in which the whole cast of actors is made up by animals. This suggests the query, "Is the brute better actor than the human being?"

William S. Campbell, noted animal director, thinks so, and, as one of his reasons, declares that the animal does not know so much as the one who is his master.

Comedy is not the result of trying to be funny—rather it is the essence of the ridiculous and the unusual. Human players strive for effect. They forget to be natural while in a scene. Animals unwittingly make fun of themselves, while a human actor can scarcely be persuaded to ridicule himself—perhaps he lacks the sense of humor.

There can be no comedy, asserts Campbell, where there are too much forethought and too much "intelligence." Comedy must be spontaneous.

Mr. Campbell has learned through long years of experience that animals can be rehearsed—if they are to be funny. For they will know then what is to come and will forever be looking at the camera—just like their human brethren. For instance, at a studio zoo there is an orangutan called Joe Martin. He is so human that he is funny, and therein lies the secret of getting comedy from the brute. Joe Martin's "control" is "Curley Stecher, an animal-trainer. No one envies him his job. For "Curley" he will do anything. Other eminent comedians in the zoo in the world's film capital are Cassa, the lion; Jean and Lucille, the leopards; Charley, the elephant; a nameless wild hog, and a flock of pigeons.

When comedies are made with these animals the sets are erected in or near the zoo, for there is too much danger in transporting the brutes any distance. Comedies of the two-reel type, with human players, usually consume eight or ten days in the making. Animal comedies of the same length require a month or even longer. They are expensive, too, but if the result is successful, as has been reflected in the Joe Martin monkey comedies, the expenditure of money and energy is well worth while for animal comedies, correctly done, are the funniest in the world.

Another instance of success was with Brownie, a dog, who has amused multitudes in a number of comedies, acted entirely by a dozen or more dogs.

"If a dog knows what you want him to do, he'll do his best to do it." That is the theory put into practice where a corps of trainers are employed under Stecher's supervision, to educate dogs for work before the camera.

"The dog," Stecher says, "has for generations been the friend and companion of man. It is his instinct to please, serve, and, if necessary, die for his master. Only by kindness can a dog be properly trained. The animal who works through fear is a pathetic spectacle and is useless before the camera."

Altho he has been responsible for the training of Joe Martin, the intelligent simian, and the herd of lions frequently seen in animal comedies and serials, Stecher still finds time personally to train the dogs. His favorites are a team of Alaskan "huskies." Among the Alaskans are two of the most famous and valuable movie-dogs in the world, Blue and Juno,

size-winners of the All-Alaskan sweepstakes.

Dogs at the zoo are truly in paradise. The kennels are cared for with the zeal that would be applied to a wealthy old edger with the gout in a fashionable sanitarium. Each day the sleeping-quarters of the animals are scrubbed, disinfected, and perfumed—they must have their perfume, of course, and they are just as temperamental as the human species.

Through the mild, sunny days of a California winter the dogs are tethered to a verdant pasture, where they are free to romp at the end of twenty-foot chains. While the ancient and honorable ceremony of the bath is sometimes limited to Saturday night among humans, the dogs at the movie-studio are cry-cleaned once a day, dipt for fleas once a week, and bathed at frequent intervals. The minute puppies are able to waddle away from their mother; they are dipt in a solution that renders the average flea utterly despondent. The man of the kennel is "Bob," the stately Bernard, that has been conspicuously cast in a score of pictures.

Norman Dawn, the director, loves to direct dog actors. "When I completed a recent picture," Dawn said, "in which animals play the principal parts I was asked if it is difficult to make dogs act. It is difficult, to be sure—anything worth while is difficult—but the result fully compensated the effort.

"A dog can be made to do anything, once he clearly understands what you want from him. In training animals I always use a bribe of food. For each effort that the animal makes to do the trick he is given a small morsel of the bait. If he gets too much food at each trick he will lose his appetite, and consequently his interest.

"A dog has a hearty good will toward his movie master and will exert every effort toward pleasing him. When the dog fails to do a trick it is because he does not understand what is required of him or because he has not learned to balance himself in the unfamiliar attitude.

"Persistence, patience, and kindness are the necessary qualities in a movie-animal trainer, whether his subjects be lions or dogs, elephants or chipmunks."

Recently a crowd of movie stars decided on a wedding for Joe Martin, the educated orang-utan, and Miss Topsy Tree, considered to be the season's most beautiful debutante among monkeys. She is a female impersonator and was known on the vaudeville stage as "Milton." She has recently been working in motion-picture comedies. In a beautiful alcove built for the purpose on one of the stages the impressive ceremony was performed. Bobby Mack, a widely known character-player, was commissioned as Justice of the Peace for the event and read the marriage service.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white satin and wore a flowing veil trimmed with orange-blossoms, which she ate immediately after the service. The groom was dressed in evening clothes.

In directing the comedy, "Lower Floor and Upper Three," for Joe Martin, Al Santell desired the orang-utan to enter a door and close it after him. Joe declined to close the door. Finally agreeing, he slammed it so hard that the pictures fell from the wall. Director Santell remonstrated with him. Catching Santell by the ankle, Joe Martin took him over and rolled him down the stairs.

Motion-picture directors find much enjoyment in training animals for screen-

GLIMPSE NO. 3 INTO THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA'S SECOND GREATEST INDUSTRY

"Labor with a Smile is the Measure of the 'Boss.'"



Surmounting difficulties—riding over accidental troubles—meeting emergencies "head on" and with a grin of triumph which does not relax the set lips of determination—these are the test of a man or of an Industry (which, of course, is merely a mass of men).

Talk about "troubles"! The lumber industry, every man-jack of it, knows a lot about that word. Look at the photograph above. It is a recurrent, and unavoidable, episode in the hardwood industry. A vital logging railroad, on whose steady and efficient operation depends the prompt and sure meeting of your demands for an humble kitchen chair or a refrigerator, a luxuriously carved mantel, a neat baluster for the stairway of your new home (or the floors thereof)—the thresholds—picture-mouldings—heaven knows what that you never even think of—well, that elemental necessity was completely *washed out* by floods which no industrial mastery could forefend.

You can see the job those lumber boys are up against to rebuild that railroad and get it working again in a hurry. (And they seem to be enjoying this test of their skill and their organized devotion to *your service*).

Let those of us who sit on *hardwood chairs*—in preference to metal or monoliths—and who delight in the varied arts of the cabinet-maker, study the photograph above and then enjoy our better understanding of the things that have to happen, and to be done by *somebody*, before we can relax in the comfort and security of home.

"Easy jobs" are hardly worth doing. Hardwood lumbering is no easy job. But it's worth doing. It must be done, and done well. You require it of us.

WRITE US—AND WATCH THIS PUBLICATION FOR GLIMPSE NO. 4

American Hardwood Manufacturers' Association

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

American Oak	Cottonwood	Elm	Sycamore	Willow
Red Gum	Chestnut	Beech	Tupelo	Lynn
American Walnut	Hickory	Basswood	Cherry	Magnolia
Poplar	Ash	Maple	Persimmon	et al.

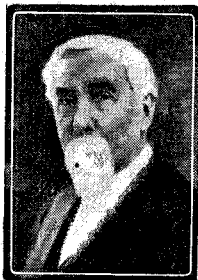
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(COPYRIGHT, 1920, CROSBY—CHICAGO)

Henry M. Leland's own Story of

After the armistice was signed and the Lincoln Motor Co. was completing its contracts with the government for the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors, we called a conference of our engineering force. The principal members of this force are the same men who have been among the leaders in the development of Leland-built cars during the past twenty years.



Henry M. Leland
President

We have always been strong advocates of the conference idea. Nothing of vital importance, particularly to car owners, is left to the judgment of one man, no matter how competent he may be.

"Boys," I said—I still call them boys because most of them were not much more than that when they first came with us some 20 years or more ago. "Boys, you have been telling us of your ideas and we are ready for you to go ahead with them.

"You know our ideas as to quality, ruggedness and stability. You have an opportunity now such as you have never had before, to make a thoroughly roadable car, a car that will not only go anywhere but that will go there with ease to the driver and with comfort to the passengers; a car with which it will not be so necessary to pick out only the good roads, a car that will enable people to travel unfrequented highways and to go places they have not been able comfortably to go heretofore.

"Do the job as you have always been accustomed to doing, only do it better. After

the experimental cars are finished, we want to figure on at least a year to prove them out, so as to leave no shortcoming for the car owner to discover."

In about six months they had designed several different types and had actually constructed two different types. They were both truly wonderful cars, but we adopted the better of the two. Four engines were built; three of them were installed in chasses and the fourth was assigned for testing on the dynamometer. That was about a year ago.

Then followed the refining process and ferreting out deficiencies. The cars have been subjected to the most severe and the most practical punishment we could prescribe and have successfully withstood endurance tests equal to about five years' service in the hands of the average user.

I believe motorists will agree that the ideal car should possess primarily, six important virtues—good appearance, trustworthiness, long-life, power, economy and comfort. The order of their importance is largely a matter of individual opinion.

Appearance and Stability

In appearance, the cars are substantial, well-proportioned and graceful. There is nothing extreme or overdone in any of the eight body types—just thoroughly dignified; they are cars such as the best citizens, persons of good judgment and refined taste will be proud to own. Their beauty is a type dictated, not by passing fancy, but by a desire for permanent attractiveness. The cars are replete with those many little conveniences which contribute so much to real pleasure and enjoyment.

Those who are familiar with the accom-

plishments of our engineers and designers—men who have supervised the building of more than 100,000 quality motor cars—know the unusual reputation of those cars for trustworthiness, stability and long life.

These engineers and designers are still working upon the same principles, but with the added advantages of greater resources than ever before, greater precision in manufacture and more suitable metal alloys than heretofore employed.

This in itself would make it reasonable to expect that the new car will possess elements of marked stability—elements which in themselves mean true economy over a period of years. And there is the added assurance that comes from the long proving-out period through which the car has been evolved.

The Engine

Our new engine, which embodies a number of unique and distinctive features, but which cannot well be treated in detail here, I regard as the most efficient piece of motor car mechanism I have ever seen.

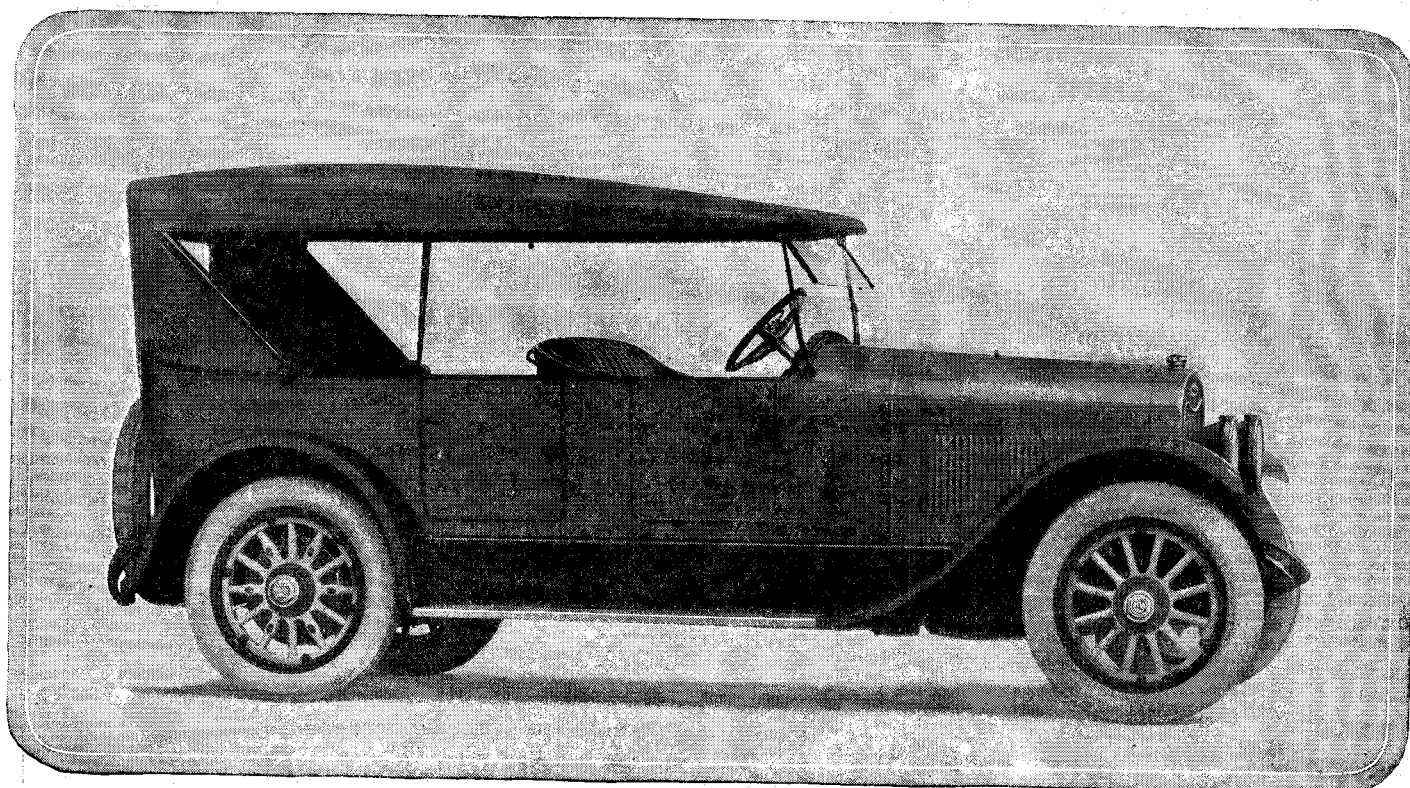
Its piston displacement is 357.8 cubic inches. Its power seems almost limitless; I can hardly conceive of any call to which this engine will not respond.

The wheelbase is 130" except of the Limousine and Town Cars of which it is 136". The tires are 33" x 5" cords.

Comfort and Performance

In this day of fine cars, it is not easy to imagine a more enchanting way of abridging distance, but let me cite my own experience:

Our engineers and experimental drivers had been telling us what an unusual car they had; but frankly, I was a little inclined to discount their enthusiasm.



The Seven-Passenger Touring Car

(Leland-built Lincoln Cars will

the new Leland-built Lincoln Car

However, I had occasion to go to Defiance, Ohio, some 125 miles from Detroit—according to the Blue Book. I thought here would be a good opportunity to see for myself just what the car was. There were five of us. The top was up.

We were on a fine stretch with no other vehicles or cross-roads in sight, bowling along serenely at about 40 miles per hour—so I judged.

I am constitutionally opposed to speeding, but my interest and curiosity, I suppose it was, got the better of me.

"Step on it and let's see what she can do," I said to Harry, the driver.

"She's doing her best now," he answered.

Doing her best at 40! I was keenly disappointed. My hopes were fast fading when Fred who sat beside the driver called back:—

"Why she's hitting 76, Mr. Leland," and laughingly, "You know this isn't an airplane with a Lincoln Liberty motor."

Perhaps I should have known better had I observed how swiftly the scenery was passing.

My hopes rose. There that car was running just as sweetly and with as little fuss and vibration and with as little apparent effort at 76 as it did at 30—and there was none you could notice at 30.

Periodic vibration, which is something that engineers have tried for years to overcome, was at last absolutely unapparent to me, at any speed. There seemed to be an unusual harmonizing of the various functions. And the car was so steady; it seemed to hold the road as if it were in a groove.

I might add in passing that this elimination of the vibration period was not an acci-

dental accomplishment. On the contrary, it was achieved only after much research, experimentation and money outlay.

Elimination of engine vibration, practically to the zero point, is without question a great stride toward prolonging the life not only of the engine itself but of the entire car.

As I said before, I am opposed to speeding; but when a car is made to possess the many other essentials to a real performer—power, acceleration, facile control, etc., speed is a natural consequence. You might call it a by-product, the use of which is entirely at the option of the driver.

A little further on the trip, we came to another stretch; it was pretty rough; several miles of what you might call de-macadamized road. It was a stretch that ordinarily you would not want to take faster than at about 15 miles per hour; but at 41 we were not uncomfortable. The sensation was more like sailing in a yacht as compared to a canoe on a choppy surface.

There was a most agreeable absence of side-sway and violent bouncing—no tendency to throw the passengers up and about.

From a standstill, the car seemed to get away with the grace and ease, but with the swiftness of a thrush, rather than with the flutter of a partridge.

I believe I have ridden in or on almost every kind of conveyance, from the ox-cart to the airplane, but even with all my fond hopes and anticipations, never did I expect to ride in anything which comes so near to what I imagine would be the sensation of flying through space without mechanical means.

The prices are based upon the highest class of materials and workmanship, and

upon scientific and economical manufacturing methods, made possible by tremendous preparation in labor-saving machinery, tools and devices—plus knowing how to use them.

While these involve a vast initial expenditure of time and capital, they lend themselves to minimum production cost in large volume. There will be a legitimate margin of profit—no more. There will be nothing added just because we anticipate that motordom will recognize a superior car, nor because we anticipate that the car will afford a degree of satisfaction and comfort heretofore unknown.

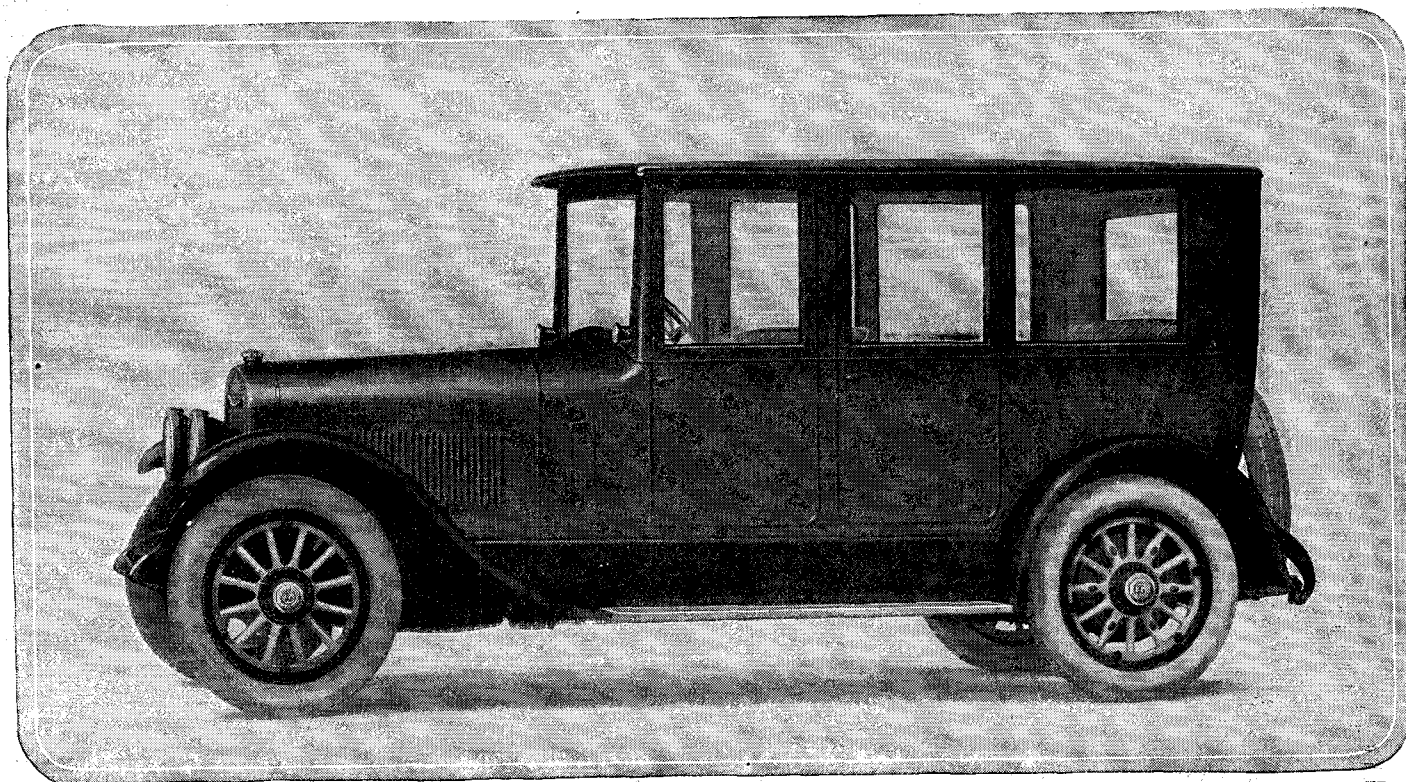
We are obliged to send this story to the publishers some weeks in advance of its appearance. It is expected that cars will be in the hands of Distributors by the date of this publication. Should something unavoidable occur, there may be a little delay in deliveries, but we can foresee nothing now.

I have tried not to be over-enthusiastic but the car *really is* such an innovation that it is not easy to exercise restraint, and I feel confident that your own observations of the car and its performance will abundantly confirm my own impressions.

Henry M. Leland
President Lincoln Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.



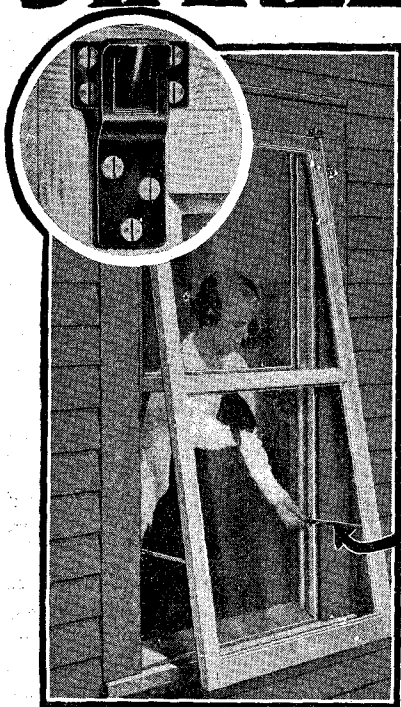
Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pr. & Gen. Mgr.



(be available in eight body types)

The Five-Passenger Sedan

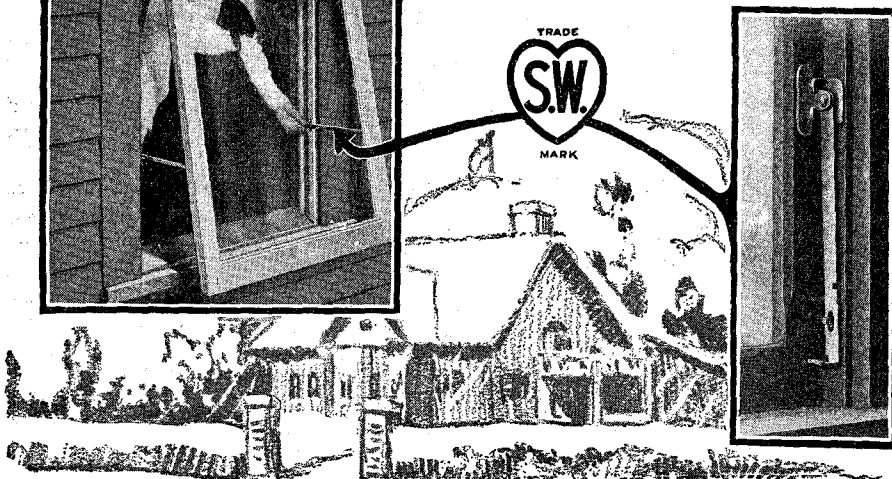
THE STANLEY WORKS



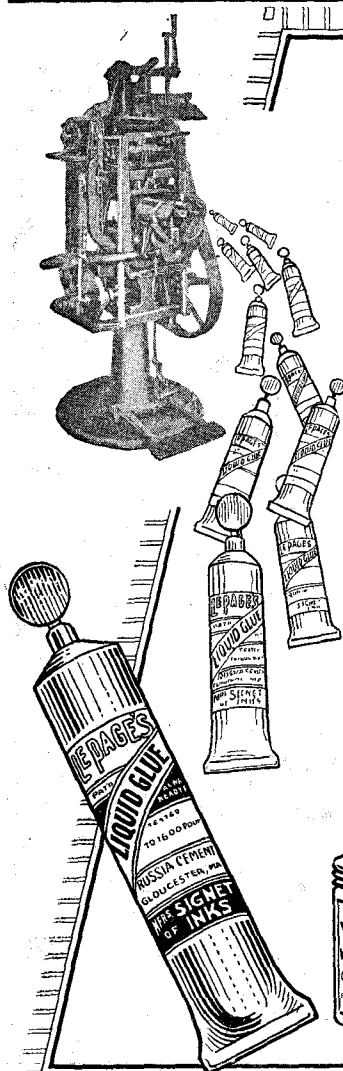
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Worcester, Massachusetts



BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES Continued

work, but find them nearly as temperamental, if not more so, than the actors and actresses themselves. Most of the stars to-day have pet animals of their own, and the animals are becoming to be as well known in pictures as some of the screen actors.

A "BROTHERHOOD OF VENERABLE TREES" PLANTED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

MOUNT VERNON, on the Potomac, once the home of Farmer Washington and now a cherished shrine, is a tranquil place belonging, we are told, to "a frame of mind almost vanished" and haunted by "the spirit of a beautiful past." Even more strongly than in the house itself, this spirit is revealed in the surroundings. The ancient barn, wrapt in ivy, the peaceful farmyards, the lazy, low-hung buildings, all these echo with steps that vanish just before you round each turn. And the work nearest to the heart of Washington is in these grounds. The noble view from the portico, with its matchless sweep of river and shore, is the dazzling setting for his plan. "It begins, this work, with the stately circle of the bowling green and ends down below the rolling deer run, where the willows weep ever into the Potomac," writes Cyril Arthur Player in the *Detroit News*. And, on all sides:

As Washington planted and planned, so, due to a reverent posterity, are the gardens and lawns to-day.

There are to-day two hundred important trees standing near the mansion, many of them planted during Washington's lifetime; others were added, but almost invariably in sympathy with his original plans for the estate, so far as these were known. Washington himself searched far and wide for the trees he wanted; he wrote his friends in various parts of America and abroad. Thus it is that the estate is a spot beloved of forester and horticulturist, and the less sophisticated visitor wonders at the spell, gazes up into the spreading trees, lets the eye linger on greensward and shelving shores, and gives over his spiritual burdens to the bosom of the Potomac.

Washington's diary informs us he was active in January of 1785 locating elm-trees for the grounds. The majestic American elm on the west lawn probably was one of the trees obtained at that time. It is partnered on the east lawn by a very fine white ash, also planted by Washington. Its height is eighty-nine feet.

He was fond of the American elm, and there are at least ten of these trees near the mansion, some of them, however, of later planting. Of the original elms, two flank the wall, fringing the bowling green on the east side, ninety and eighty feet tall, respectively. Two are picturesquely placed between the office and the gardener's house, altho this pair may be more recent. A fine elm, eighty feet tall, stands on the east lawn behind the white ash, and in the corresponding corner on the west lawn is a younger ash sixty-two feet tall.

The bowling green, between the two gardens, is an attractive study. At once attention is attracted to the twin beech-trees

planted by Washington in the corners of the narrow end near the mansion. Their height, eighty-nine and ninety feet, is accentuated by their tall, straight trunks, and they form impressive focusing columns for the opening sweep of lawn stretching between the two gardens. On the west side the next tree is an eighty-three-foot ash planted by Washington, and across from them two coffee-bean trees, one of them a Washington tree, and another Washington coffee-bean across the path by the flower-garden, the three forming an impressive group. The two older trees are eighty-seven feet tall. A fourth, of Washington's planting, is a little back, by the flower-garden gate.

A few yards farther is a pair of young white pines. These are comparatively recent. Washington speaks in his diary of planting pine-trees, but is supposed to have meant the common pine of that region.

The next important tree along the serpentine walk is the fine sugar-maple planted by Washington and now ninety-one feet tall with a diameter of trunk three feet eleven inches. He planted also, but on the other side and farther north a red maple, which is eighty-five feet tall and in fine condition. Across from the sugar-maple he planted a yellow poplar, the tallest of the three he planted, and now standing. It is a superb tree, one hundred and twenty feet tall; the other two are on opposite sides of the green, not far away.

At the foot of one of them is a box, one of the handsomest and most interesting trees at Mount Vernon. It is one of three planted by Washington, is twenty-one feet tall, with graceful, drooping branches.

Allusion has been made to coffee-beans planted by Washington. There is one of these Kentucky coffee-trees supposedly planted by Lafayette; it stands between the serpentine walk and the flower-garden, and has for neighbors on one side a hemlock, on the other a holly, and in front a buckeye, all of Washington's planting. Near by stands also a magnificent linden, eighty-four feet tall, with a splendid trunk four feet three inches in diameter. There are several beautiful lindens in the neighborhood of the bowling green, all of great height.

Of four notable honey-locusts, the one standing between the kitchen-garden and the serpentine walk is credited to Washington. This is a fast-growing and short-lived tree, and others probably disappeared. He makes note in his diary that on March 23, 1786, he planted "between seventeen thousand and eighteen thousand seeds of the honey-locust."

The seven buckeyes have a special interest, for instead of the normal yellow flowers, these have red, pink, and flesh-colored flowers, colors not found anywhere else. Moreover, the records show Washington gathered the seeds from which the trees were grown, near the mouth of Cheat River, in what is now West Virginia.

Washington's diary also mentions planting four horse-chestnuts, but it is considered doubtful if either of the three big trees there now were among them.

The three pecan-trees, all on the front lawns, are trees of history. They were given to Washington by Jefferson, who in 1784 first published a technical description of this tree, and apparently was the first distributor of living plants brought from the Mississippi Valley. They are the oldest of the trees planted by Washington.

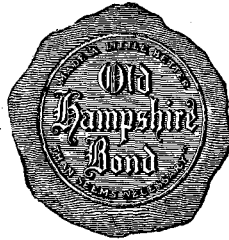
Washington appreciated the beauty of the native holly, and there still stand thirteen specimens planted by him. He also

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Old Hampshire Bond

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THE best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

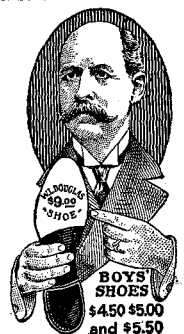
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W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas
President
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

mentions planting hemlocks, magnolias (which he says he received from South Carolina), dogwoods, redbuds, and sassafras, some of which remain and flourish.

Two curiosities may be noted. One is a cedar of Lebanon, near the summer-house, believed to have been planted in 1874. It is now fifty-nine feet tall and the only exotic tree on the grounds. The other is a solitary (and symbolic) cherry-tree on the east lawn. Apparently it sprang from a seed from one of Washington's garden cherry-trees, dropt by a bird.

Many trees which Washington mentions having planted are no longer to be found there; these include aspen, black haw, balsam-tree, black-gum, chestnut, crab-tree, fringe-tree, Gloucester hickory-nut, live-oak, mahogany-tree, Mediterranean pine, native pine, palmetto-tree, pawpaw, pistachio nut, pride of China, small-berried thorn, Spanish chestnut, shellback hickory, spruce-pine, swamp magnolia, water-oak, yew. But of what he did plant, a small forest remains, a remarkable tribute to the painstaking character of his attention to the estate; and the writer continues:

It is interesting, and not without a touch of sublimity, to behold these splendid trees, set forth by his own hand, now casting their long shadows over the lawns he trod, their life spanning the history of the nation.

The bowling green and its circle of trees bespeak intimacy. The east and west lawns are inspiration. The very shapes of the trees and their varied shades form ever-new vistas in which tranquillity ever is the key-note.

Scarcely in the world is there a shrine to equal this; scarcely could there be a finer, a more enduring monument than these symbols of eternity, these ever-living trees, preaching their everlasting lessons of birth, fruition, decay, and rebirth. It is all so simple, so artlessly perfect. Not an ornament is there, not an obelisk, not a pile of bronze.

Velvet lawns, quiet shrubs, low-hanging trees, perfumed gardens, and the gentle hum of the summer air, reposeful, purifying; and unwinding itself between the twin ranges of hills, the Potomac and the everlasting enigma of the waters.

It is what it is: the home of a gentleman who loved not only the world but the earth; in it he planted his inheritance. We share it.

A SWIMMING CONTEST BETWEEN A SEAL AND A HELL-DIVER

SEALS are quick of movement, and any one who has ever watched them feeding can not but marvel at the speed with which they dart about in the water and the apparent ease with which they are able to overtake their prey, says *The Bulletin of the American Game Protective Association* (New York), and likewise there are few duck-hunters who have not had the opportunity of witnessing the speed of the grebe, commonly known as the hell-diver. He can easily protect himself by diving and swimming under water, and "lightning is slow as compared with the

speed with which a hell-diver submerges when he sees the flash of a gun headed in his direction." Which of the two is quicker in the water becomes a nice question, to the discussion of which Arthur L. Penniman contributes the story of a contest he witnessed on the Maine coast, in the Penobscot Bay region, between a seal and a pied-billed grebe, when each contestant was apparently doing his best, "the seal looking for his supper and the hell-diver intent on seeing that he didn't make up the menu." Mr. Penniman relates:

While we were engaged in studying the habits of a fish-hawk, our attention was attracted by a great commotion in the water off shore. From our blind we could see that the splashing was caused by a seal performing the most curious antics in his attempts to catch a bird which we later identified as a pied-billed grebe.

The seal made rapid progress, porpoising in and out of the water in quick diving leaps and was fast overhauling the bird, which was swimming frantically to escape his pursuer, but, however, made no attempt to fly. After a straightaway race of some fifty yards or more, it seemed as if the chase was over, as both bird and seal disappeared in the same splash as the seal struck the water. When the splash subsided we saw that the grebe had cleverly dodged to one side and, after twisting and turning quickly around a very small circuit to elude the seal, he headed straight for shore. The bird now began to use its wings, and, skittering rapidly over the water, soon distanced the seal, which continued the chase until within thirty feet of the beach, where the water was no more than knee deep.

There he sat with his shoulders out of the water, watching the grebe as the latter ran along the edge of the shore. Then, as tho he hated to give up his meal, he slowly pursued the bird on a parallel course in the water, paying not the slightest attention to the men on the beach until he was frightened off by our intervention in the contest.

NATURE'S WIRELESS FOR INSECTS AND BIRDS

WE have all watched a flock of birds flashing in a pattern across the sky, falling, rising, turning, circling as if they were a single unit instead of many birds. How do they know what the varied measures of their dance are to be? And likewise we have most of us watched a school of tiny fish in shallow water, darting here and there in perfect unity of movement. Apparently these creatures have some means of communication that is unaccountable to the human mind, a sort of occult sense functioning in a way that corresponds vaguely to what we call telepathy among people. This is nature's wireless, says John Burroughs, and in *The North American Review* (Boston) the veteran naturalist cites some interesting examples of the workings of this curious power:

The spirit of the hive, which Maeterlinck makes so much of, seems to give us the key to the psychic life of all the lower orders. What one knows, all of that kind seem to know at the same instant. It seems as if they draw it in with the air they

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Cleanses and Beautifies
YOUR TEETH;
keeps **YOUR GUMS** firm,
pink and healthy



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WHEN we introduced Revelation Tooth Powder to dentists fourteen years ago, we told them how it DISSOLVES and REMOVES without grit the bacterial plaque or fermentative scum which causes tartar and decay; how it arrests at once fermentation around the sensitive necks of the teeth, thus overcoming the cause of spongy, inflamed, bleeding gums.

Dentists knew how to test Revelation Tooth Powder. They made this test. They advised their patients accordingly—with the result that last year we sold 1,000,000 cans of "Revelation" without spending a dollar for advertising.

The effects of the use of "Revelation" are seen everywhere—men, women and children have whiter and more beautiful teeth, protected from decay, and hard, pink, healthy gums freed from the dangers of pyorrhea.

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PLACE a small quantity of Drucker's Revelation Tooth Powder in your hand. Wrap a clean handkerchief or piece of sterile gauze about your finger. Dip this into water and then into the powder, and rub any stain on any tooth. See how easily the stain is removed. Or, brush all your teeth with



"Revelation" and see how quickly they are made pearly white.

Massage Your Gums

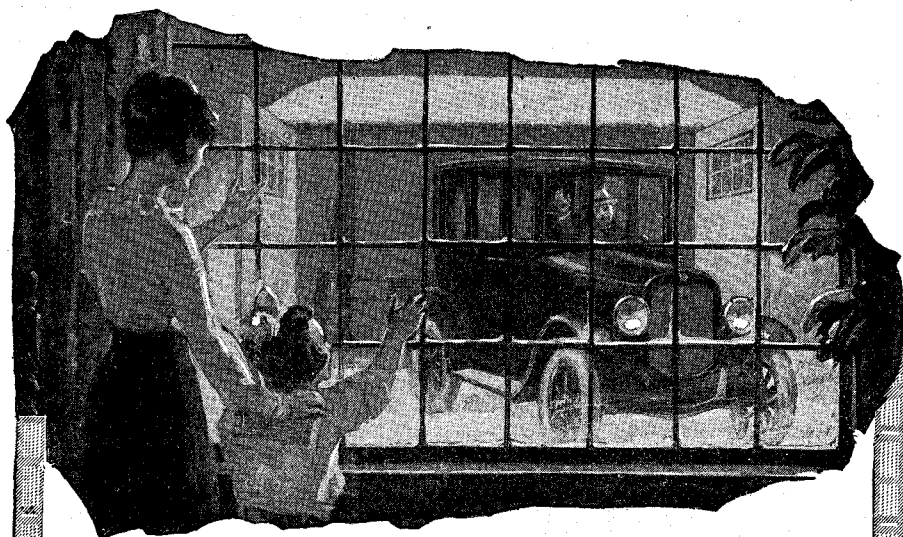
NOTE the velvety softness of "Revelation." It is made WITHOUT GRIT, for grit is dangerous, cutting the gums and opening the way to pyorrhea. If your gums are soft and irritated, massage them nightly with "Revelation." Do not rinse the powder off. Let it remain all night to combat fermentation while you sleep.

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The ice and snow melt off and the heat permeates all parts, softening the grease in the spring shackles, differential, transmission, and other parts, and keeping the oil in the engine from congealing and failing to splash and protect cylinders from scoring when starting.

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Any handy man can set it up—no expensive steamfitter necessary. Costs less than street car fare for coal.

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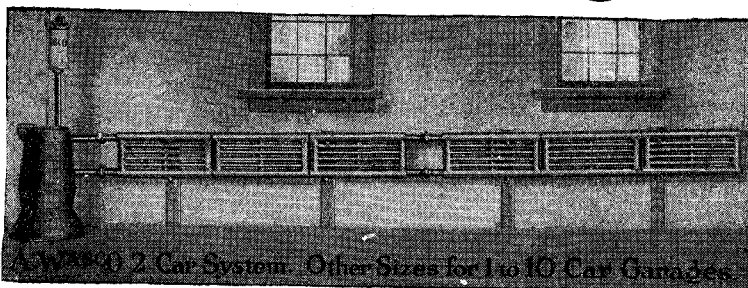
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A WASCO 2 Car System. Other Sizes for 1 to 10 Car Garages.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

breathe. It is something like community of mind or unity of mind. Of course it is not an intellectual process, but an emotional process; not a thought, as with us, but an impulse.

So far as we know there is nothing like a council or advisory board in the hive. There are no decrees or orders. The swarm is a unit. The members act in concert without direction or rule. If anything happens to the queen, if she is lost or killed, every bee in the hive seems to know it at the same instant, and the whole swarm becomes greatly agitated. The division of labor in the hive is spontaneous; the bees function and cooperate as do the organs in our own bodies, each playing its part without scheme or direction.

This community of mind is seen in such an instance as that of the migrating lemmings from the Scandinavian peninsula. Vast hordes of these little creatures are at times seized with an impulse to migrate or to commit suicide, for it amounts to that. They leave their habitat in Norway and, without being deflected by any obstacle, march straight toward the sea, swimming lakes and rivers that lie in their way. When the coast is reached they enter the water and continue on their course. Ship-captains report sailing for hours through waters literally alive with them. This suicidal act of the lemmings strikes one as a kind of insanity. It is one of the most puzzling phenomena I know of in animal life. But the migration of all animals on a large scale shows the same unity of purpose. The whole tribe shares in a single impulse. The animal migration of the caribou in the North is an illustration. In the flocking birds this unity of mind is especially noticeable. The vast armies of passenger-pigeons which we of an older generation saw in our youth moved like human armies under orders. They formed a unit. They came in countless hordes like an army of invasion, and they departed in the same way. Their orders were written upon the air; their leaders were as intangible as the shadows of their wings. The same is true of all our flocking birds; a flock of snow-buntings, or of starlings, or of blackbirds will act as one body, performing their evolutions in the air with astonishing precision.

In Florida, in the spring, when the mating instinct is strong, I have seen a flock of white curlews waltzing about the sky, going through various intricate movements with the precision of dancers in a ball-room quadrille. No sign, no signal, no guidance whatever. Let a body of men try it under the same conditions, and behold the confusion and the tumbling over one another! At one moment the birds would wheel so as to bring their backs in shadow and then would flash out the white of their breasts and under parts. It was like the opening and shutting of a giant hand or the alternate rapid darkening and brightening of the sail of a tacking ice-boat. This is the spirit of the flock. When a hawk pursues a bird, the birds tack and turn as if linked together. When one robin dashes off in hot pursuit of another, behold how their movements exactly coincide! The hawk-hunted bird often escapes by reaching the cover of a tree or a bush, but not by dodging its pursuer, as a rabbit or a squirrel will dodge a dog. Schools of fish act with the same machine-like unity.

In the South I have seen a large area of water, acres in extent, uniformly agitated by a school of mullets apparently feeding upon some infusoria on the surface, and then instantly, as if upon a given signal, the fish would dive and the rippling cease. It showed a unity of action as of ten thousand spindles controlled by electricity.

How quickly the emotion of fear is communicated among the wild animals! How wild and alarmed the deer become after the opening of the first day of the shooting season! Those who have not seen or heard a hunter seem to feel the impending danger.

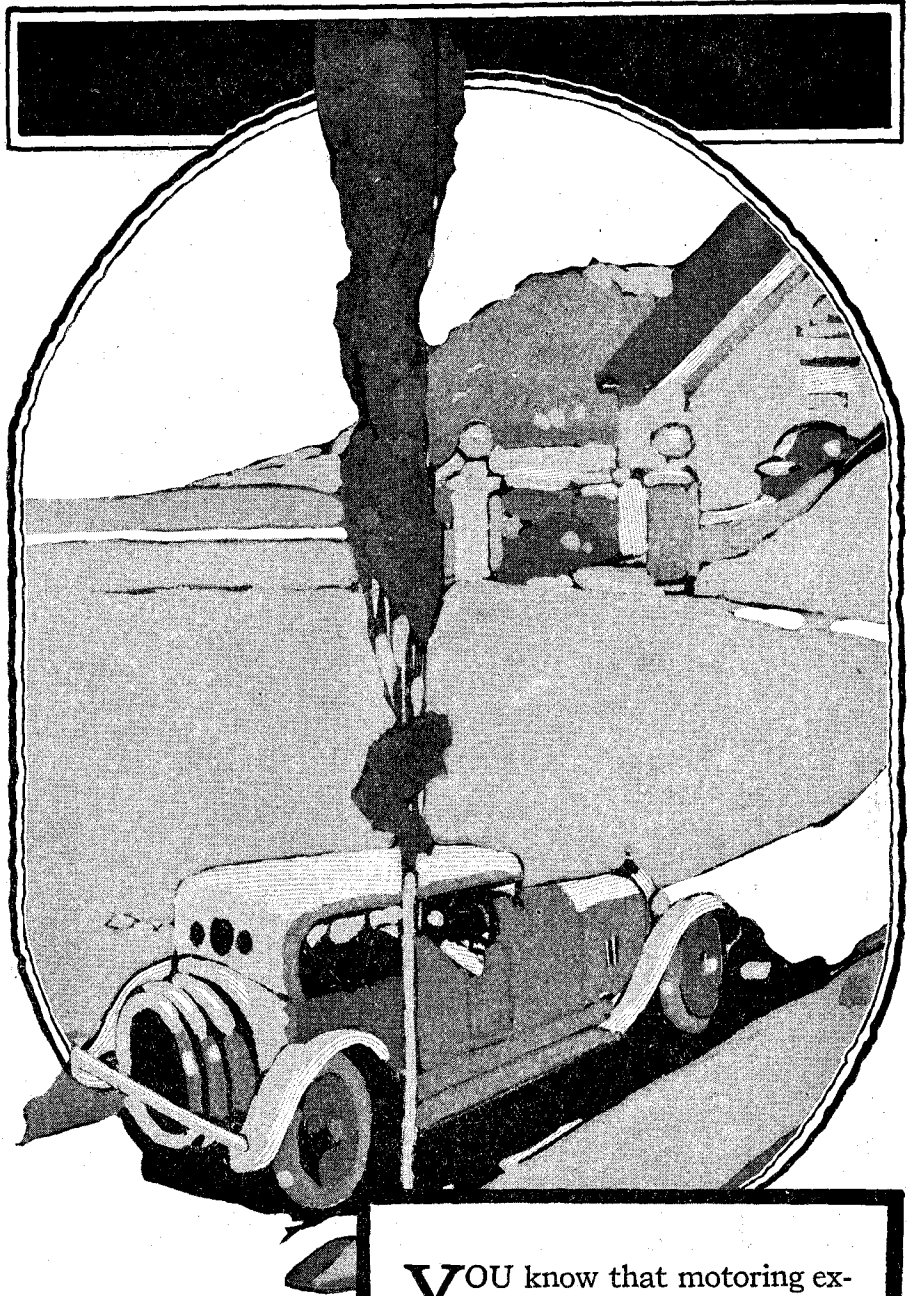
The great flocks of migrating butterflies (the monarch) illustrate the same law. In the fall they are all seized with this impulse to go South, and thousands of them travel in one body. At night they roost in the trees. I have seen photographs of them in which they appeared like a new kind of colored foliage covering the trees. In the return flight in the spring, the same massing again occurs. Recently the Imperial Valley in California was invaded by a vast army of worms moving from east to west. In countries that have been cursed with a plague of grasshoppers witnesses of the spectacle describe them as moving in the same way. They stopt or delayed railway-trains and automobiles, their crushed bodies making the rails and highways as slippery as grease would have made them—ten million or ten billion behaving as one.

This community of mind stands the lower orders in great stead. It makes up to them in a measure for the want of reason and judgment. In what we call telepathy we get hints of the same thing among ourselves. Telepathy is probably a survival from our earlier animal state.

GOSSIP FROM A BIRDS' BOARDING-HOUSE

IT'S a very gay, chatty place, is Virginia Pope's Bird Club, said to be the most populous boarding-house in New York City. Just how many guests there are nobody seems to know. It is said that the hostesses counted up to seven hundred not long ago, and then because it took so much time to serve bird-seed, meal-worms, boiled eggs, and baked apples to the little guests, they were obliged to stop counting. The club occupies three floors and a basement, says a writer in the *New York Times*, who called on the birds recently. When he dropt in, a cheerful voice said "Hello!" and began to sing "Yankee Doodle." This nonchalant reception was in keeping with the character of the singer, who is one of the aristocrats of the club, and indeed of the country, says the writer, introducing the celebrity:

He is a Mexican yellow-head parrot, a wonderful bird, one in ten thousand, worth many thousands of dollars; there have never been a dozen so valuable in the country, and his mistress would not take any price for him. Polly is patriotic in his musical selections; he sings "Marching Through Georgia" and shouts "Vive la France!" and if you knew his mistress you would know where he learned the sentiments, for he speaks exactly in her voice. Polly also knows his primer, and if he happens to be in a showing-off mood he will ask: "Can you spell cat? I can spell



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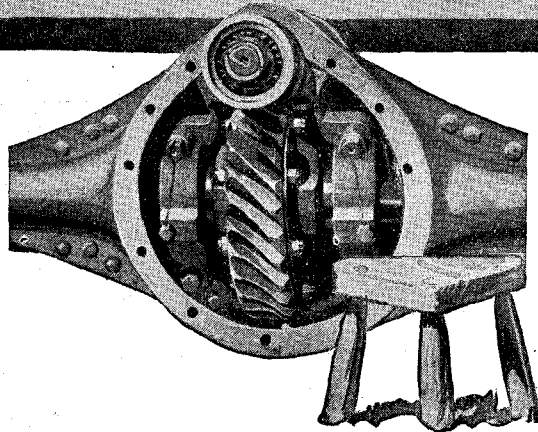
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That's why the Atlas Worm-Drive has three points—three fixed points that make it fool-proof. It can't get out of adjustment. It won't allow friction to burn up a lot of power. It renders the rear axle always efficient.

This is only one of the many features that make the Atlas "Merchants' Dispatch" as sturdy as it is light. Ask your dealer to explain the three major links in the Atlas chain of excellence, or write direct to us.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

cat—c-a-t, cat." He will do the same with the word dog and wind up with:

"What does the canary do?" and with twitter and trills he will show how the canary sings.

But the talented Mexican is not the greatest bird socially in the club if he is worth in cold cash at least five thousand dollars. There is a big white Malacca cockatoo, "Coco," with a rose-tinted crest, who is in the one-thousand-dollar class and who trots around the floor, does a side-tracking dance when in a frisky mood, and nips at visitors' feet, and really does the honors of the place. If a visitor puts an inviting hand down to him he is likely to take a bite in earnest, tho' he rubs his head gently against Miss Pope when she appears, nips her ears and fingers, but ever so gently. He is a conceited creature and poses for admiration openly. He does gymnastic stunts from a chair to attract attention and sees that he does it by calling "Hello" now and again in a voice that is astonishingly human. He can converse fluently in both French and Spanish.

While the club has its greatest number of visitors in summer, it is an all-the-year-round affair and takes in not only boarders, but hospital patients, birds that have bad manners, and others, for one reason or another. Miss Virginia Pope was the first woman to put the bird club and hospital on the map. She has a wonderful fondness for the little creatures, birds having been her favorite pets from the time she was a little girl, and she has remarkable control over them and they seem to have absolute confidence in her. When she has taken in a sick bird that needs constant care and warmth she has been known to take it to bed with her and with it lying up close to her throat she has cared for it all night, ready to attend to its slightest need.

When a bird arrives at the club it is carefully examined to see whether it is sick or well, and then its cage is duly marked with its and its owner's name, and it is given a place according to its needs in the hospital, the club proper, or, if it is very ill, in an isolation ward. The birds like each other's company, and Miss Pope says that birds in private homes that are alone or receive no attention from the family sometimes droop and become ill from loneliness. The writer quotes her further:

"Give the birds something to amuse them," says Miss Pope, "especially the parrots; clothes-pins, a buckle with a strap, a key on a ring, or a little bell, and one parrot has been known to go to sleep with a little china doll in its claw, like a child. Toys keep them from pulling out their plumage.

"Birds are very temperamental. I had one canary that I could not persuade to take a bath. It fluttered its wings and appeared very angry and unhappy every time the bath was brought, until one day by chance I brought the water in a very gay colored little dish. I was surprised to see it hop down to it quickly, and there was never again trouble with that little bird's baths. The little tramp, as I had called it, became a clean little gentleman."



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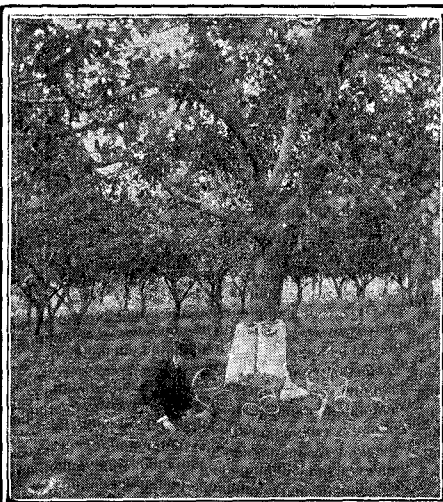


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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

Birds go to the club sometimes to learn good table manners. Some of them are very naughty about scattering seed out of the dishes onto the floor. It is a bad habit, which can be broken. Parrots sometimes have not the bath habit because in their native climates there are heavy dews and they are not accustomed to the baths taken by smaller birds. A spray bath with an atomizer or plant-sprayer twice a week keeps them clean and happy.

Birds are subject to all sorts of ills which affect human beings. They have indigestion if they have poor seed; they are sure to get rheumatism if their perches are left damp; they have a variety of typhoid fever, and it is bad for any of them to hang in drafts or out-of-doors, and they may have different affections of the lungs. Very ill birds are sometimes given a Turkish bath by being fastened to a hot-water bag and a cloth placed over them to induce perspiration.

Canaries, of course, predominate in numbers in the club-house, but there are birds of all kinds, including the various talented parrots. Aside from those already mentioned, Polly Shapard talks and also sings "Yankee Doodle." There is a Panama parrot whose accomplishment is singing "Tipperary"; one parrot crows like a cock, and of two others, mates, Polly and Abé, one whistles the "Merry Widow Waltz" and the other dances the waltz on his perch.

There is a big black crow who used to speak German, but can not now be induced to say a word in the language. Little white love-birds with red bills have big, round, empty coconut-shells for nests, and very cunning they look in them when they go to sleep at night with little heads out at the round opening. Miss Pope has reason to love cockatoos, for one of them, Bob, saved her life at one time, pecking her cheek early one morning, awakening her to the smell of smoke and a fire.

Among the valuable birds now at the club are some brilliant black and yellow troopials that can learn to imitate the sound of musical instruments and to give bugle-calls. One of these birds in a big roomy cage was being prepared for a trip to England, and, the reporter of *The Times* says:

Part of his food was being sent with him, seed and meal-worms, and there were full directions for a further diet of egg, chicken, apples, etc., that could be served to him from the ship's table. He went off with a messenger, his future owner being a little English girl. An unusual bird of distinguished appearance which is a permanent guest is a corolla which once belonged to Margaret Anglin, the actress. If you are selecting parrots they will tell you at the club that the South-African is the best imitator and the Mexican and South-American have the biggest repertoires.

The club hospital has had its own ambulance, a pretty thing that a child would like for a plaything, a little covered affair similar to a regular ambulance and drawn by a tiny horse. It was a feature in some of the Animal League parades. It is out of commission now, but it is to be rehabilitated before long. There is a surgical department to the hospital and birds' wings and legs when broken can often be set satisfactorily. There is also a

little bird burying-ground out in Buffalo, Miss Pope's home city. Many people love their birds very dearly, and they are placed after death in appropriate little boxes and sent to Buffalo, where they are sure of an undisturbed resting-place. Two little love-birds shared one of these little coffins. The first had been ill and died and was brought to the club to be prepared for burial, and in the meantime its mate died of grief and loneliness and they were buried together.

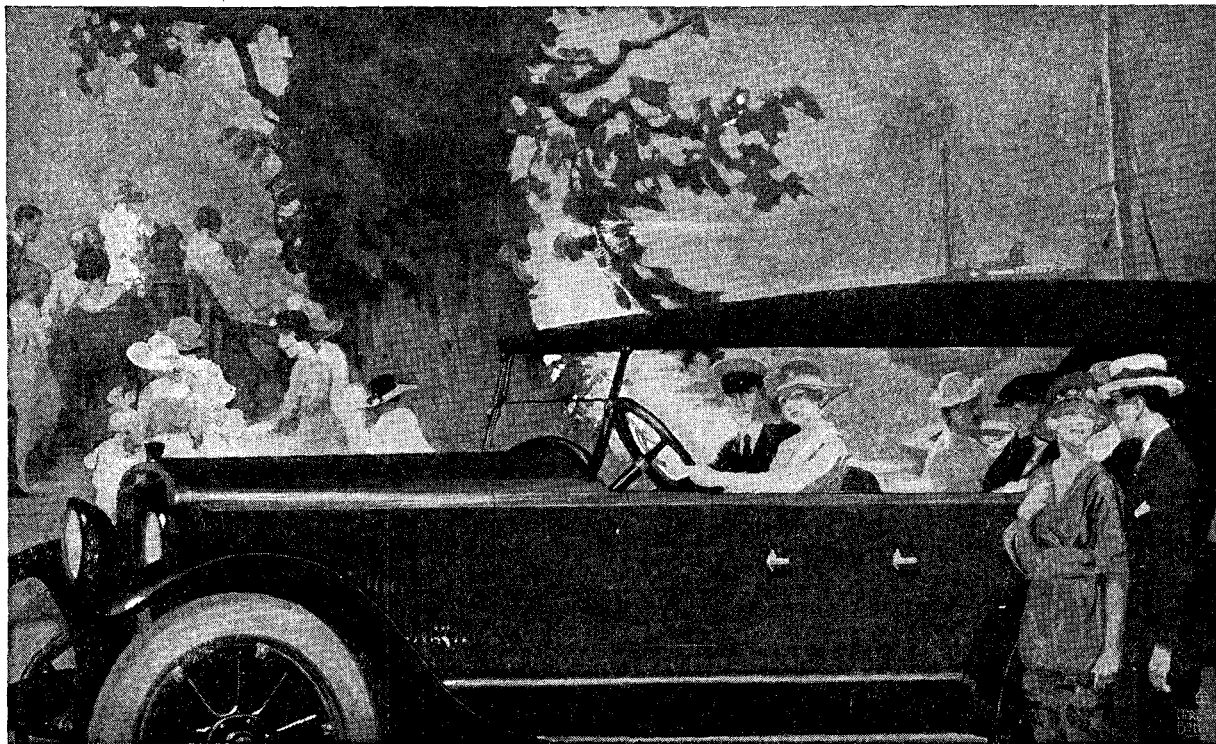
New York does not stand first in the cities of the country in its love and care for birds, Miss Pope says. Boston has that honor, Philadelphia is second, and this city third.

"IF YOU DON'T SEE HIS HORNS, SHE'S A DOE"

IN States having deer that legitimately may be hunted, a "buck law" is designed to limit the killing of wild deer to bucks having horns that rise at least three inches above the hair of the crown. Necessarily it follows that in the observance of this law a hunter may not kill or wound a female deer or a fawn, and, therefore, must not fire at any deer until he actually sees horns upon it, three (or four) inches high. The whole matter is summed up succinctly in the warning slogan of the New Mexico Game Protective Association, quoted in the title above. The ethical and economic reasons for a buck law and a law against doe-killing, says W. H. Hornaday in a bulletin setting forth the recent experiment of New York State in deer-killing laws, are categorically as follows: the preservation of the deer species from extinction, the preservation of legitimate deer-hunting sport, the preservation of human life, of State honor, and of the rights of the American boy. That this sort of conservation pays is witnessed by the conditions in Pennsylvania, which has a buck law with the bag restricted to one buck a season, and we read in *The Bulletin of the American Game Protective Association* (New York) that "twenty-five years ago Pennsylvania was shot out. To-day the gunners of that State are furnished with a brand of sport that can be equaled in few States in the Union. This was accomplished by sensible conservation." It is not hard to see how the buck law operates to save human life—if the hunter must wait until he sees the horns of the buck, he will not shoot his comrade by mistake, and the source of one of the most heart-breaking of annual tragedies will be abolished. It is told of Daniel Carter Beard, veteran scout, well-beloved of American boys, that he was once sighted by a hunter in the open season as "a moose." But the hunter thought he was a cow moose, and inasmuch as it was not lawful to shoot cow moose, Mr. Beard was spared to his youthful friends and his service to the world. The experiment of New York State mentioned was the repeal of the buck law by giving permission to kill "one deer" per license, either male or female. They tried it for one year, and

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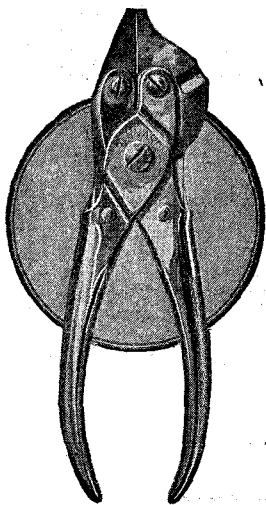
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES *Continued*

that was enough for them. Nine men were killed and seven wounded by being mistaken for deer, and, says George D. Pratt, of the New York State Conservation Commission, in stating his general conclusions, "First, that the number of bucks killed has exceeded the number of bucks taken in a buck-law year, and that the new law has thus not operated to protect the bucks; secondly, that the number of does taken has been very much in excess of the number of bucks." New York State has gone back to the buck law. The status of the various States in this regard is given in Dr. Hornaday's bulletin as follows:

THE SIXTEEN STATES THAT HAVE BUCK LAWS

(Showing Bag Limits Per Season)

Alabama	1	New Jersey . . .	1
Alaska	3	New Mexico . . .	1
Arizona	1	New York	1
Arkansas	2	Oregon	2
California	2	Pennsylvania . .	1
Colorado	1	Texas	3
Mississippi	5	Utah	1
Missouri	1	Wyoming	1

THE NINETEEN STATES THAT PERMIT DOE-KILLING

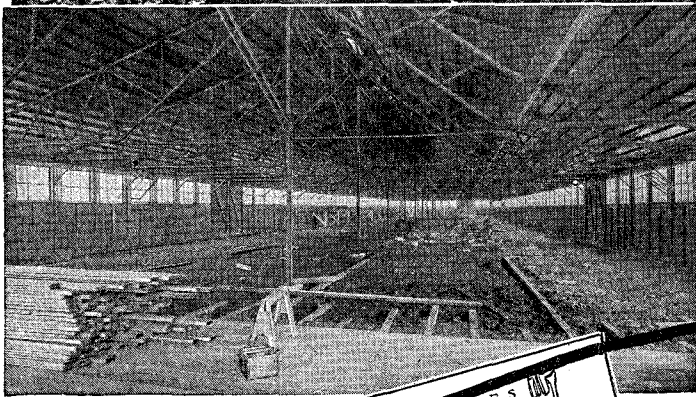
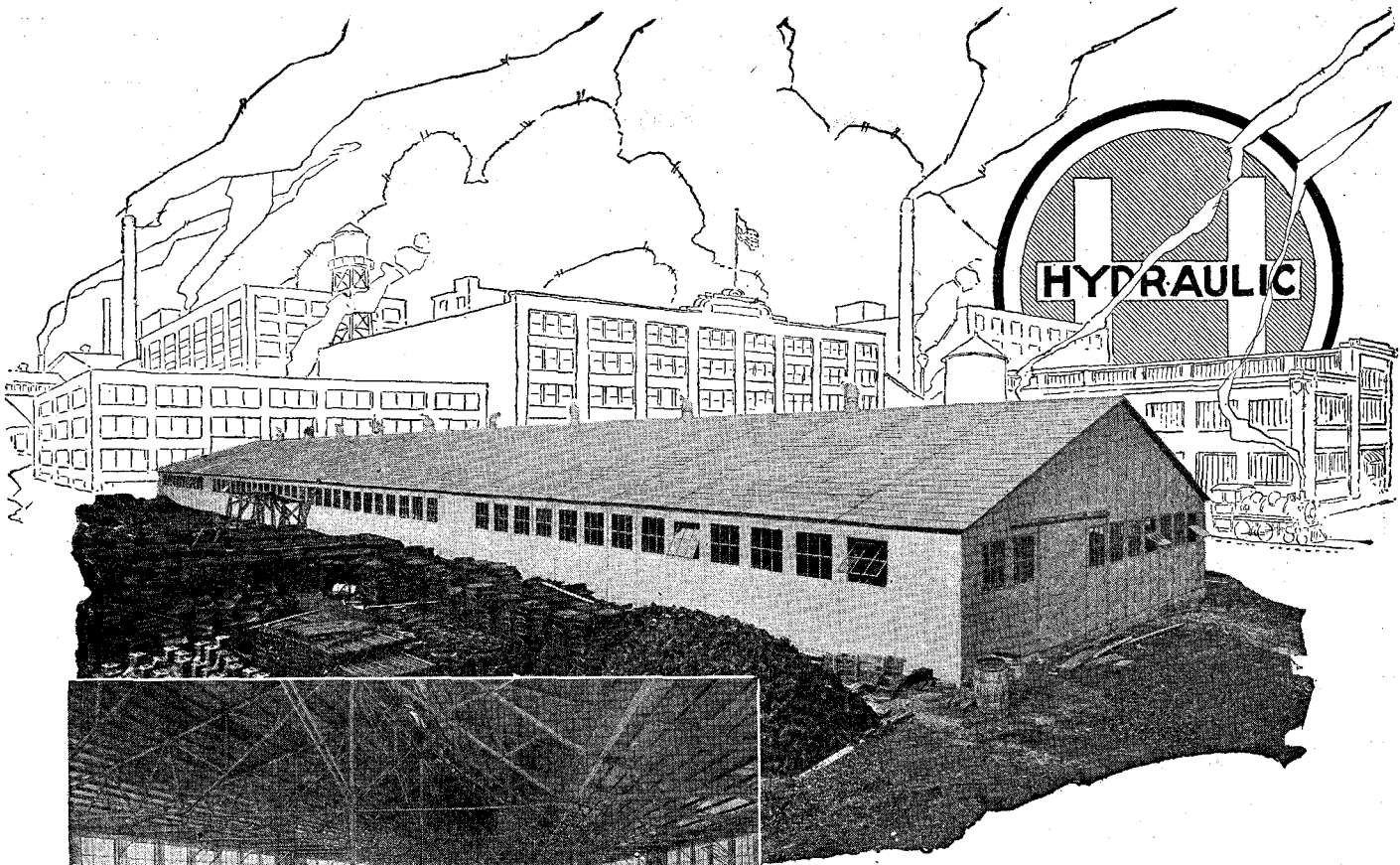
(Showing Bag Limits Per Year)

Connecticut	Unlimited
Florida	3
Georgia	2
Idaho	1
Louisiana	5
Maine	2
Massachusetts	1
Michigan	1
Minnesota	1
Montana	1
Nevada	1
New Hampshire	2
North Carolina	County laws vary
South Carolina	5
South Dakota	1
Vermont	1
Virginia	County laws vary
Washington:	
East of Cascades	1
West of Cascades	2
Wisconsin	1

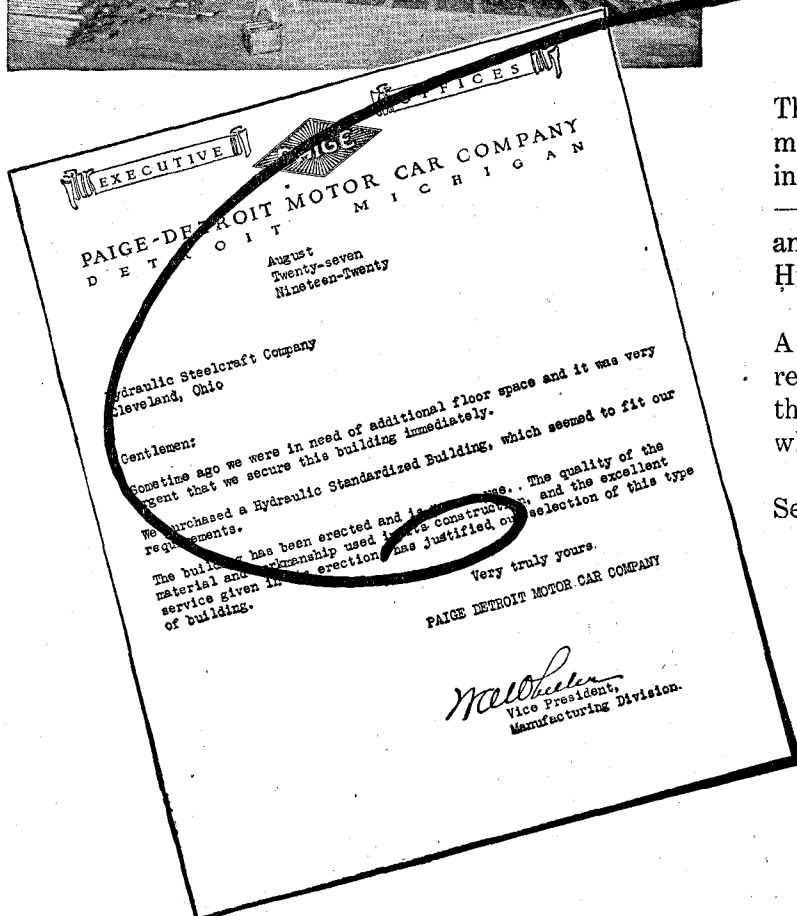
DEER-HUNTING IS AN EXTINCT SPORT IN THESE FOURTEEN STATES

In some of the States listed below, wild deer are totally extinct. In the remainder they are so nearly extinct that the sport of deer-hunting has been completely suspended by law at least for the present.

Delaware.
Illinois (close season, 1925).
Indiana.
Iowa.
Kansas.
Kentucky.
Maryland (close season, 1922).
Nebraska.
North Dakota (close season, 1920).
Ohio.
Oklahoma (close season, 1922).
Rhode Island (predatory deer killable).
Tennessee (close season, in 1919).
West Virginia (close season, 1922).



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The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company—manufacturers of “The Most Beautiful Car in America”—needed a warehouse *in a hurry*—made a careful investigation of buildings and building construction, *then* selected a Hydraulic Steel Building.

A complete building shipped, erected and ready for use in less time and at less cost than any other permanent construction is what Hydraulic *delivered*.

Several types in stock—quick shipment.

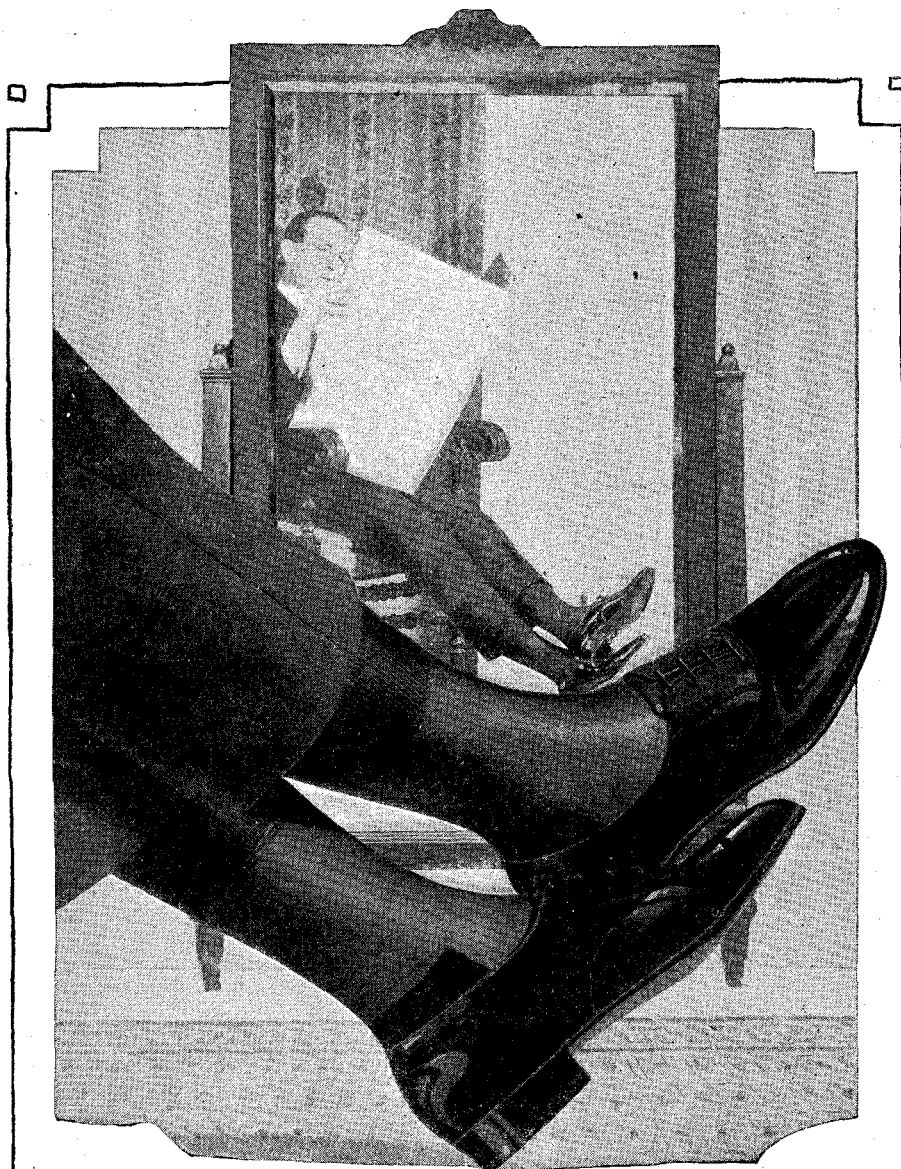
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ARE you one of the thousands of men who know the comfort, economy, and style of *TRUE SHAPE* Socks?

And here is the explanation of *TRUE SHAPE* popularity:

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- (2) Double duty toe, heel and sole knit full size for long wear and lasting comfort.
- (3) Ankle sturdily built and shapely too.

TRUE SHAPE Socks are made for the man who cares about appearance as well as for the man who must think about cost.

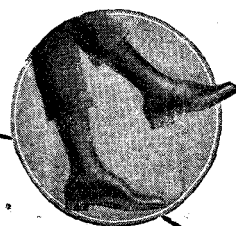
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PHILADELPHIA



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

HOW A GNATCATCHER FAMILY SOLVED THE HOUSING PROBLEM

THEY were extraordinarily proud of their nest. They hung around it, jealous of the approach of other birds, and took an amazing amount of comfort in it. It had taken several days to build it, with both of them working hard. Perhaps Mrs. Gnatcatcher had been the busier of the two. As she arrived with each new bit of leaf or fiber, or bark she would settle down into the nest and turn about to see that it was snug-fitting and yet comfortable. Then she would tuck in the new particle and fly away for more. So much of the material used was from the oak-trees about that the finished nest was precisely the same color as the tree, and it was a beautiful piece of bird architecture, as they knew very well. But in spite of that, the sharp eyes of some boys spied it out, and the next day there was no nest at all. Only a few torn fragments hanging desolate from the crotch of the young oak-tree. Off in the grove the tiny little voices of the gnatcatchers could be heard, and Dr. R. D. Book tells in *Bird Lore* (New York) that he sought to search them out to try to console them in some way for the outrage, and he says:

The little birds needed no consolation from me, however. They were so busy that they scarcely deigned to notice me—or else they were acquainted with me and knew they would not be harmed. I stood near them a long time and watched them building another home. Already it was well under way. It, too, was built next to the trunk of a small oak sapling, in a crotch where a small limb joined the trunk, about eight feet from the ground and two hundred feet from the former location. The nest was not at all inconspicuous and was easier to reach than the first one.

This time both birds were equally busy. The male sang his squeaky little song and hurried back and forth with material, each time getting down into the nest, depositing his small leaf or bit of fiber, reaching over the sides of the nest and meticulously tucking it in with his needlelike bill. If one bird reached the tree before the other was quite through he would wait patiently on a limb while the other completed his work hurriedly and flew swiftly away for more material. There was no jealousy or impatience on the part of the female such as is often seen. They worked in complete harmony and were apparently as happy as birds can be—seemingly having forgotten their misfortune in the new task that confronted them.

The nest was half built when a wood pewee, flitting about, as is his wont, in search of small winged insects, innocently alighted on a branch of the young oak about five feet from the nest. He was merely taking a rest, but the gnatcatcher flew at him furiously. There was no argument, no quarrel, no declaration of war, no warning. The little bird seemed to take it for granted that the pewee could see that they had preempted the tree. It was their property; they were building a home upon it, and any bird that had the audacity to perch

so near was unacquainted with the commonest woods manners. Back and forth the little thing flew, buffetting the pewee in the roughest manner. Often his little bill seemed to catch the pewee on the head or back or side. Still the larger bird obstinately retained his perch, seeming to say, 'I am not doing you any harm. This tree is as much mine as yours, and I am not going to leave it.'

"Squeak, squeak," the little blue-gray gnatcatcher would say. "Get off of here; get away from my property."

Sometimes the little bird would cut a figure eight. He would strike the pewee on one side, pass over him, then quickly whirl and catch him on the other side before he could regain his equilibrium. Several times the pewee was knocked from the limb, but he would instantly return to precisely the same spot.

And so the second nest was finished. The next day the boys had been there with their slingshots, and the home was knocked from its site and hung in shreds on a twig below. Dr. Book secured the nest and tried to see precisely what its component parts were. But it seemed impossible—there were thousands of separate pieces, many of them very tiny. Many very small fibers intricately woven and entwined about innumerable scales of oak bark and apparently many reddish oak buds, made a texture like a bit of closely woven, compact, yet incredibly soft felt. Adversity brought greater wisdom to the little homemakers, however, and the story has a happy ending:

Several days afterward I located the third nest under construction farther up the hill. This time there was very little squeaking song. They meant business and they had learned a lesson. They were building high in a beech-tree, far out on a limb, at least thirty-five or forty feet above ground. Oak trees still seemed to furnish a large part of the material. The nest was visible from practically one spot only. The beech in full leaf hides it completely in all other directions, and it took considerable effort to find the proper view-point. There is very little chance that the nest will ever be desecrated by any one else, and the birds are quite safe.

In a few days this nest was completed. I watched it several minutes to-day through a field-glass, but there was no sign of a gnatcatcher in the neighborhood or on the nest. I had begun to wonder if something might have happened to the birds when suddenly a tiny bill was thrust above the rim of the nest and, tho I could not see it, I have no doubt that an inquisitive little eye was taking in the situation and a diminutive brain was wondering whether some new calamity was about to follow. Then the little bill withdrew and there was nothing more to be seen but the waiving beech-leaves closely overhanging the nest, screening it from inquisitive eyes, shading from the summer sun and gently fanning to rest a very unfortunate and tired little bird.

A friendly titmouse that followed me for something to eat inadvertently perched in a tree quite near the beech. Instantly an angry little male gnatcatcher appeared upon the scene and dashed furiously at the intruder. The titmouse lost no time in withdrawing, assuming a humble and apologetic manner, and the dauntless tho sorely tried gnatcatcher again vanished. Tho hidden from view and hushed in song he was evidently guarding with an ever-watchful eye his beloved mate.

Many A Man Who Discriminates In His Reading

is careless in his selection of food. Sometimes loss of nourishment and sometimes disappointment in taste results.

There are degrees of satisfaction in eating as well as in reading.

In the creation of those superior corn flakes —

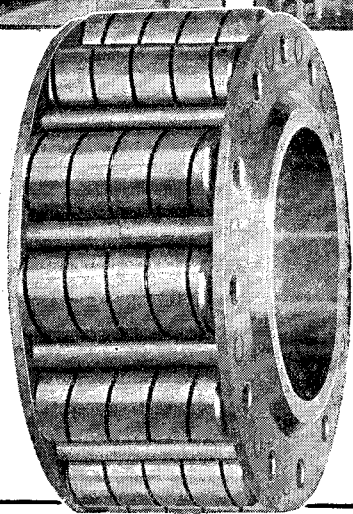
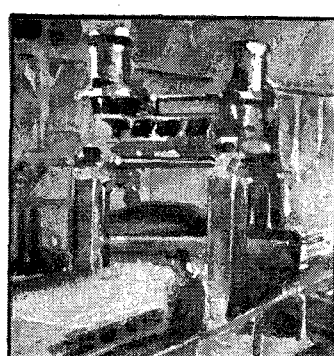
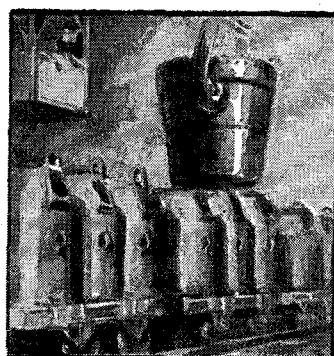
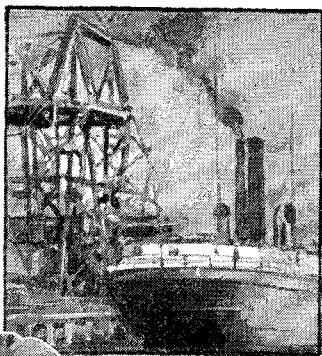
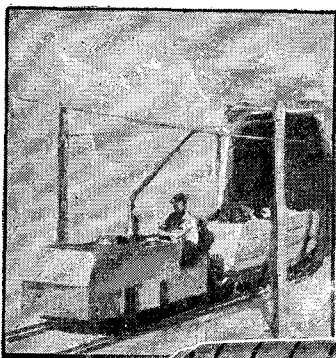
POST TOASTIES

the successful effort has been to provide excellence of flavor, form and texture which would delight the taste and furnish satisfactory food quality.

As a result, Post Toasties are more in demand today than any other corn flakes sold. For full satisfaction, when ordering from the grocer do not be content merely in asking for "corn flakes" but specify the best by name.

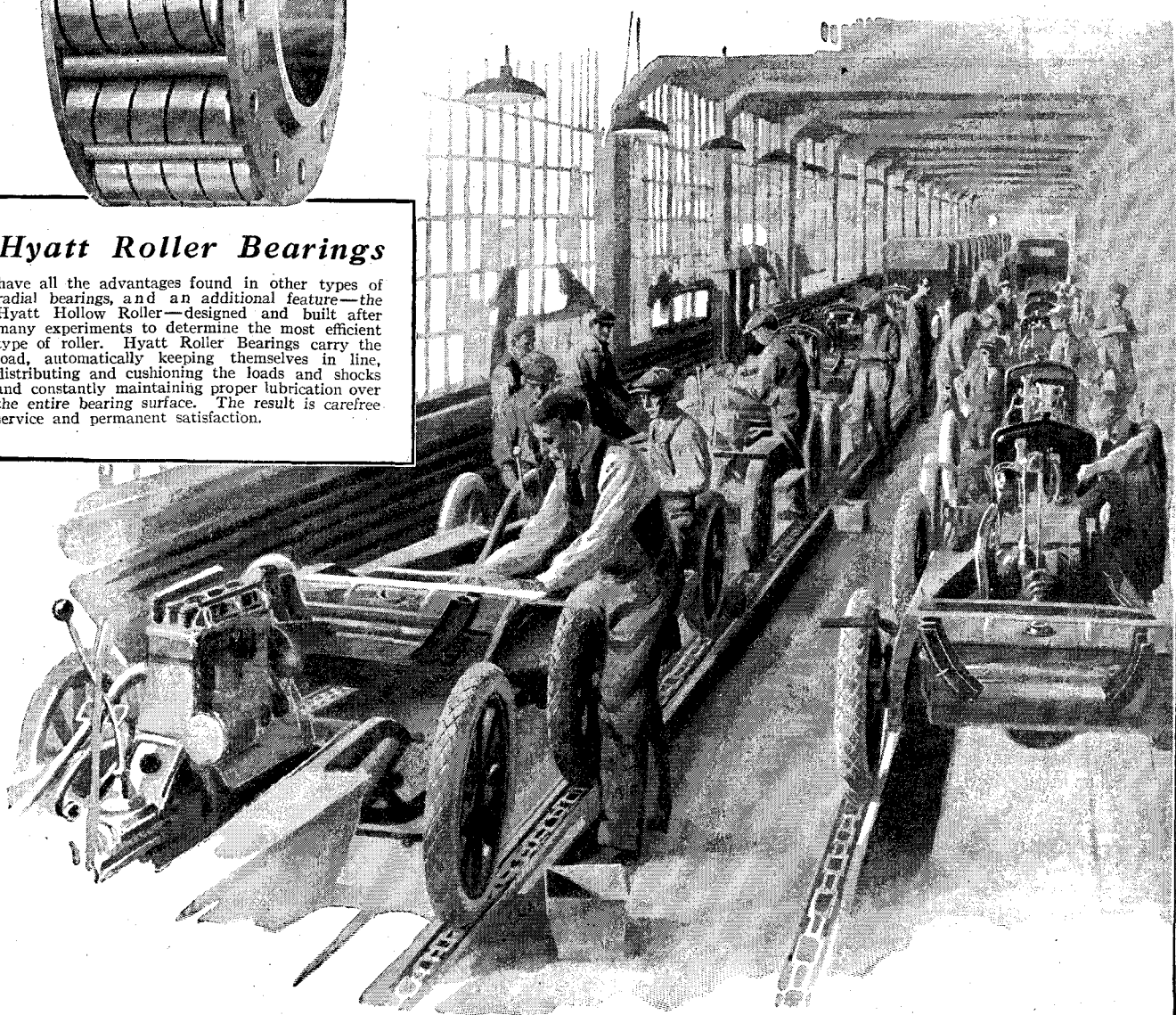
Ask the grocer for
POST TOASTIES
Best Corn Flakes Sold

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
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Hyatt Roller Bearings

have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature—the Hyatt Hollow Roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller. Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.



HYATT

At Every Turn of the Way

Interwoven with the great industrial romance—the development of the automotive industry—is a record of service rendered by Hyatt Roller Bearings.

From the famed iron mines of Michigan—the raw material is brought to the surface in ore cars, and loaded by great belt conveyors into boats for transport to steel manufacturing centers, where it is transformed into steel for motor cars, trucks and tractors.

From the mine to the finished steel, the operations must follow each other smoothly, without interruption. Hyatt Bearings on ore cars, conveyors, cranes, and in steel mill equipment of all kinds give this continuity of service.

Arriving at the automotive factory the steel is quickly made into gears, shafts, wheels, valves and the other myriad parts that go to make up the finished products. The dependability of Hyatt equipped machine tools makes large scale production possible. Then gravity conveyors and factory trucks, also Hyatt equipped, carry the many parts to the assembly floor.

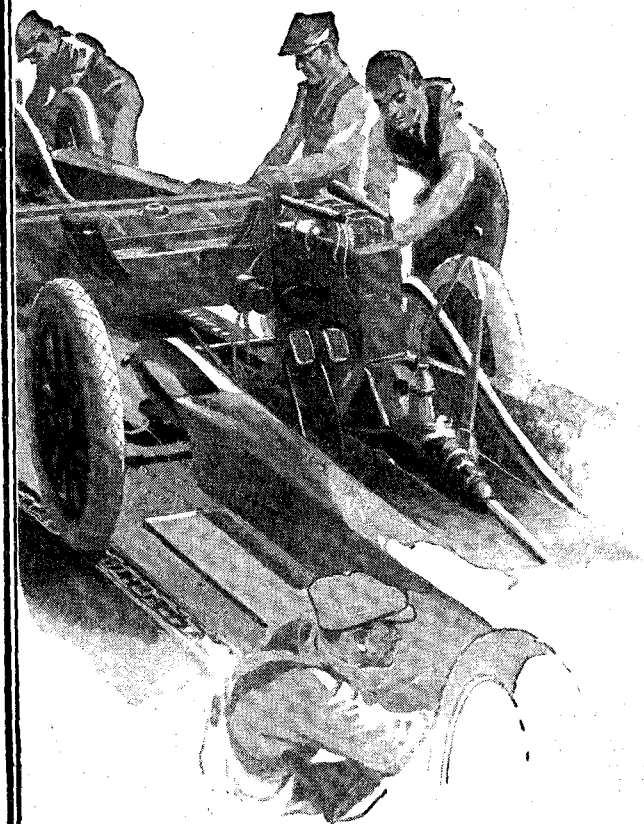
Here at last the motor car, motor truck and farm tractor begin to take familiar form and Hyatt Roller Bearings are built into the axles and the transmissions, and other points of hard service.

As the completed machines roll forth under their own power the importance of Hyatt Roller Bearings in the manufacture and successful operation is fully realized.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

<i>Tractor Division:</i>	<i>Motor Division:</i>	<i>Industrial Division:</i>
CHICAGO	DETROIT	NEW YORK

ROLLER BEARINGS



SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION • CONTINUED

PULLING PILES DOWN, INSTEAD OF DRIVING THEM

A NEW method of pile-driving in which the force is applied at the lower instead of the upper end of the pile, thus pulling instead of pushing it into the earth, is described in *Public Works* (New York). The pile-driver delivers its blows on driving-bars bearing on the projecting edges of a cast-iron shoe fastened on the lower end of the pile. There is thus no danger of shattering the pile itself, which is subjected only to tension, as the shoe pulls it into the ground under the impulse of the blows on the driving-bars. Severe driving is often necessary, the writer tells us, when piles are installed in very hard ground or encounter obstacles in softer ground. When thousands of blows are struck on the pile head with a two-ton or three-ton hammer, there is danger of injuring or destroying the pile, especially if it is of concrete. He goes on:

"The improved method, here described, of relieving the pile of compression and battering from tremendous hammering, and actually pulling it down instead of pushing it, enables it to endure excessive punishment without injury and to be driven under conditions too severe and to depths too great for ordinary practise. Besides removing one of the principal objections to the use of precast concrete piles in many places when they are most desirable, this method is applicable to almost all other kinds of piles, and its development is of interest and value for a good deal of substructure and permanent and temporary construction work."

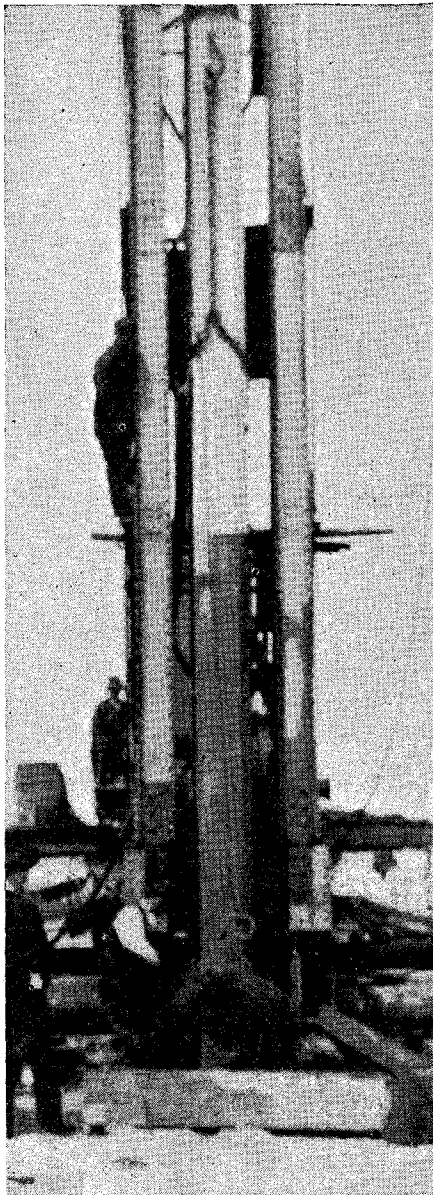
A demonstration of this method was made in May last in Long Island City before a number of engineers, architects, and contractors. There long and heavy precast concrete piles were driven thirty-three feet into very hard ground by severe hammering. We read further:

"One of the piles was driven without the assistance of a water-jet, one was driven with a jet under a hydrant pressure, and the third was driven with a jet under pump pressure, but no difference was observed in the driving of the three piles. The piles penetrated twenty-six and one-half feet . . . under a very few hammer-blows in a total time of four minutes, after which the penetration through about six and one-half feet of compact fine blue sand was very slow and difficult, involving unusually heavy punishment for the piles, which was intentionally maintained for about thirty minutes of continuous driving to show their high degree of resistance and was finally discontinued when the pile was only moving at the rate of one inch penetration for 565 blows. . . .

"The reinforcement rods, which projected beyond the top of the pile to bond with the concrete superstructure, were hooked at the bottom into the cast-iron driving-point, and were embedded in the corners of the pile about two and one-half inches from the surface. Opposite sides of the driving-point projected beyond the corresponding faces of the pile to give bearing

for the lower ends of two duplicate full-length, heavy, channel-shape, detachable driving-bars with clearance between them, and the faces of the pile, that were connected, with clearance above the top of the pile, by a heavy steel driving-cap that received the hammer-blow and transmitted it to the driving-point without impact or compression of the concrete and acted to pull the latter down into the ground.

"The arrangement of the driving-bars provided for the complete protection of



Courtesy of "Public Works."

A NEW KIND OF PILE-DRIVER.

It pulls, rather than hammers, huge concrete piles into the ground.

four two-inch jet pipes in the spaces made vacant by chamfering the corners of the concrete pile. The lower ends of these pipes engaged sockets in the cast-iron driving-point and communicated with outlets through which the jet could be applied to the soil below and around the pile, permitting the return water to flow up to the surface of the ground between the driving bars and the surface of the pile, without danger of scouring the ground outside the driving-bars. It is also possible to drive the piles with jets arranged outside the

driving-bars if preferable. After the driving has been completed, the driving-bars are detached and removed, and if the earth does not immediately close in, as usual, to fill the space around the pile vacated by the bars, the voids can easily be filled with sand puddled by flowing water and giving a large degree of resistance to displacement of the pile.

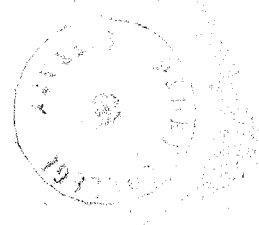
"Piles were made with 1:2:4 concrete composed of Portland cement, graded sand, and crushed trap-rock from three-quarters inch to one-quarter inch in diameter. They were cast at temperatures varying from twenty to thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit, and altho all of them were frozen, they were not cured with steam, as is frequently customary in cold weather, because it was intended to demonstrate that with this method of driving the freezing of concrete was not unpermissible. . . .

"The . . . Lidgerwood hoisting-engine, used to handle the piles, and the steam-hammer were mounted on the platform of a special steel tower . . . made of riveted angles on a heavy platform that had special transverse roller-bearings locked to a pair of long steel tubes, one at each end of the platform, under the centers of the tower and the hoisting-engine respectively, thus giving the apparatus a transverse base about forty feet in length. Longitudinal motion was secured by rolling the long tubes, and transverse motion by hauling the tower from end to end with tackles attached on each side, as shown in the illustration. This enabled the tower to be easily and quickly adjusted for different positions of the piles and to drive a large number of piles in a single cluster or in multiple rows close together. The apparatus is so arranged as to permit the application of about thirty tons of its weight to the pile while the latter is being driven, thus considerably facilitating its penetration, especially in soft soil.

"Besides the result shown in this demonstration, the efficiency of the pile and driving system had been shown on United States Government work at Wilmington, N. C., where Giant piles of the same size were driven through six feet of massive brick engine foundation, eighteen inches of long-leaf yellow-pine grillage, five feet of stiff blue clay, five and one-half feet of sticky blue clay, two feet of sandy clay, and three feet into coral rock."

SOME CENTENARIAN SHIPS—While indorsing the general purport of the article recently quoted in these pages from *The Marine Review* (San Francisco) on the non-existence of centenarian ships, Capt. H. R. Hemmingson, of Pensacola, Fla., writes to *THE DIGEST* that wooden ships do occasionally last a hundred years, and that some are "still going strong." He says:

"Those that I know of are under the Danish flag, tho there, no doubt, may be others afloat as well. They are mostly coasting vessels of small tonnage. One of them, a schooner, I saw only two years ago in the port of Elsinore. A former chief mate of mine had tired of steamers and had bought himself that schooner. He was doing well, he said, with his more than



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There are two basic types of water softening apparatus, the lime-and-soda-ash and the zeolite. The former is the type best adapted to the requirements of water softening for boiler supply and some other industrial uses. The zeolite type is especially applicable to the needs of textile mills, laundries and households.

The zeolite type gets its name from its water-softening element—a mineral that is found in nature in a more or less pure form, and which may be produced in a form of higher and more uniform purity by the Graver process.

The mineral zeolite is what is known as an "exchange silicate," and this substance has an almost magical property of softening water that is passed through a body of it. This material, furthermore will reduce water hardness more closely to the absolute zero point than any other substance.

After a period of continuous action, zeolite requires restora-

tion. This is accomplished by submerging the zeolite with a salt solution which is run into the softener from a salt solution tank. The process is automatic, requiring but a few hours at night and it leaves no salt solution in the softener.

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Hot or Cold Process
Continuous Water Softeners
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Hot Water Service Heaters

We invite inquiries regarding this softener from consulting engineers and architects, textile manufacturers, laundry owners, hotel operators and private householders.

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*Steel Tanks and General Steel Plate Construction
Water Softening and Purifying Equipment*

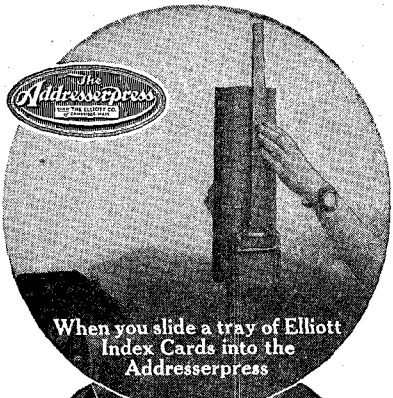
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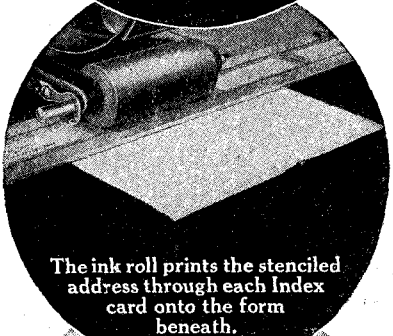
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

hundred-year-old vessel. I can not quote from the Danish Shipping Register, not having same at hand. One instance, tho, seems to show that even ocean-going sailing-ships, barring accidents, may attain to a ripe old age, as in the case of the brig *Hvalfisken* that plied between Denmark and Greenland from the year 1801 to the year 1900. She is depicted in 'Danmarks Søfart og Søhandel' (Copenhagen, 1919), vol. I, p. 479; hence the number of years in which she was in active service. I have often seen the old brig while she was still in the Greenland trade. When her sailing days were over she was used for some time as a restaurant ship for the Royal Yacht Club at Copenhagen, and was finally presented to a high school for sailors in the seaport town of Svendborg, where she is now used as a stationary training-ship. The theft of some brass or copper parts of a pump aboard of her caused the old-timer to fill up and sink at her moorings a couple of years ago. She was refloated, however, and her present owners value her at nine thousand five hundred kronen in their accounts for 1918-19."

HOW MIXING SEED HURTS OUR COTTON

AMERICAN cotton is in danger of deteriorating through careless mixture of seeds. That it has already gone down in quality for this reason is asserted by O. P. Cook of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, writing in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington). Cotton is essentially a community crop, Mr. Cook says. Wheat or beets may be raised by a farmer on his own account, without consulting his fellows or taking action with them. Cotton, however, must be grown in large quantities, insuring pure seed and preventing degeneration by cross-fertilization in the fields. Each plantation, also, should have its own cotton-gin, for the same reason. This used to be the rule, and is still the case on large estates, but the cotton is now commonly taken to public gins, on whose shoulders Mr. Cook places a large part of the burden of seed-mixture and consequent deterioration. The public-gin system, he says, has made it very difficult to keep seed pure, or to have superior varieties in general cultivation. He continues:

"Improvement of varieties was more feasible under the old system of private gins because the careful planter could maintain uniform strains of cotton by selecting the best individual plants, isolating their progenies, keeping the seed separate, and furnishing pure seed to stock other plantations, as the custom was. Present-day farmers very seldom practise individual plant selection or maintain stocks of pure seed. Different kinds of cotton are grown in the same communities, the seed is mixed at the public gins, crossing takes place in the fields, and degeneration ensues.

"According to the general testimony of the cotton trade, there has been a serious deterioration in the quality of the American cotton-crop in recent decades, which can be understood when account is taken of the effects of mixing and crossing differ-

ent varieties, and the general use of ordinary 'gin-run' seed for planting. The system of plantation gins survived longer in the Sea Island districts of the Southeastern States and the lower Mississippi Valley, so that the long-staple branch of the industry remained on a somewhat better footing until recent years. But with the boll-weevil invasion the dominance of short staple varieties and of the public-gin system became complete.

"Tho it would be considered foolish for a large grower having a private gin to plant several varieties and allow them to become mixed, this is essentially the procedure that is followed by members of cotton-growing communities. It is true that communities seldom own gins, but gins are supported by communities, and ginners as well as farmers would profit through improvement in yield, quality, and market value of the crop. Better ginning could be done, and with less difficulty, if only one variety were handled instead of many kinds.

"The idea formerly entertained, that cotton is not cross-pollinated, or that crossing is very infrequent and not of practical importance in relation to seed-supplies, has proved to be erroneous. Cotton-pollen is not blown by the wind, because the grains are sticky and adherent, but is carried regularly by bees or other insects that visit the flowers, so that varieties growing in neighboring fields are cross-pollinated, in addition to the general crossing that takes place in fields where mixed seed is planted. No matter how good the original varieties may have been, a mixed stock becomes, in a few generations, thoroughly miscellaneous and mongrelized, with many abnormal and infertile plants, very inferior to the parental types.

"The degeneration that results from crossing no doubt is the basis of the popular idea that cotton varieties 'run out' in a few years, and that 'fresh seed' must be brought in from other districts. But the fact is that locally selected seed of good varieties has proved better than imported seed, when careful comparisons have been made. Moreover, some of the best-known varieties have been grown continuously in the same districts for many years, with no indication of 'running out,' as long as isolation and selection are maintained."

Full utilization of superior varieties is possible only in one-variety communities, Mr. Cook asserts, since it is only in such communities that select, uniform stocks can be maintained and increased. Varieties are not fully utilized unless they serve as the basis of crop production over large areas and for many years. Utilization does not begin until a variety is represented by enough pure seed to plant a field of cotton, and the requirement of pure seed is still the same when the culture extends over millions of acres. It is not sufficient that an improved variety be adopted by many individual farmers scattered in mixed communities, because this does not provide an adequate and continued supply of pure seed. He continues:

"There is no prospect of centralizing the production of cotton-seed in a few communities or districts for supplying the entire industry. A vast quantity of seed, more than five hundred thousand tons, is needed for planting the American cotton-crop, whereas only about thirty thousand tons are handled by seed-dealers. On account of the relatively large size of the

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"In making up our reports and estimates, the Monroe saves us at least 70% of the time previously given to this work."

—Internat'l Harvester Co. of America.



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THINK of your office as turning out a manufactured product. That product is figure-work. A machine that cuts the cost of producing this figure-work in your office is as valuable to you as a machine that lowers production costs back in your factory.

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And absolute accuracy is guaranteed by the Monroe proof dials and the Monroe keyboard—all factors of your problem are in plain view.

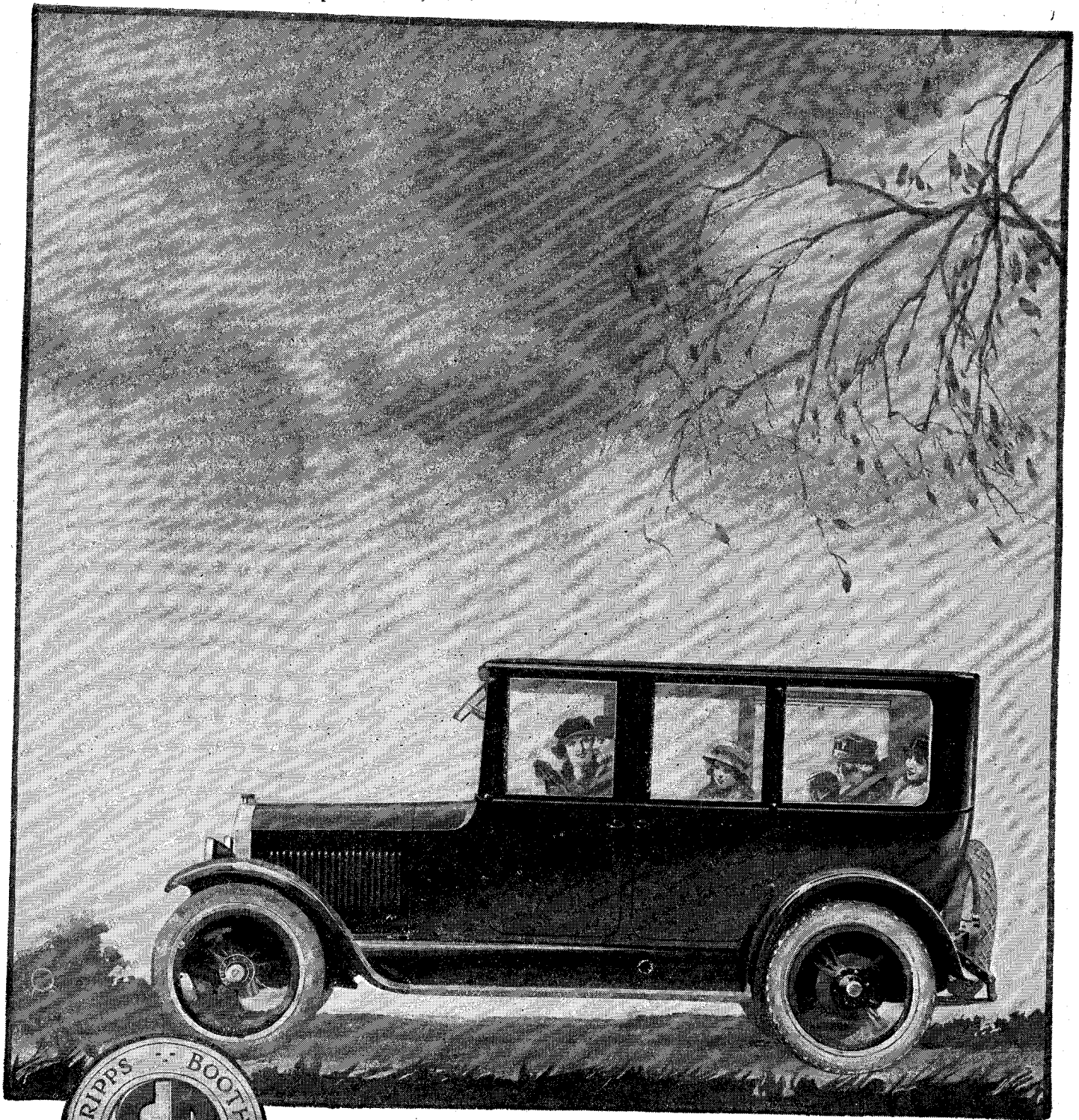
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Consistent with the refinement of the design of the Scripps-Booth Light Six is the application of Remy starting, lighting and ignition. Remy supplies not only an electrical equipment of rugged durability but one in which the problem of keeping the battery in perfect condition at all times has been most carefully worked out.

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REMY ELECTRIC CO., ANDERSON, IND.

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

eds, the limited number produced on a ant, the need of heavy seeding, and the lding of reserves for replanting, about n per cent. of the entire crop must be of anting quality to afford a general provi- n of good seed. The cost of transport- g the entire volume of seed would be ormous, in addition to the danger to the role industry through distributing insect sts or plant diseases, or through failures crops in seed-supply districts.

"If the utilization of varieties depended on finding a new chemical to treat the ed or to fertilize the soil, or upon devising new machine for planting, cultivating or rvesting the crop, the problem would pear normal, and a solution could be ight along the usual technical lines, but ocial factors enter the reckoning when it understood that superior varieties of cot- n can be utilized only as they are pre- rved in one-variety communities. Ex- pt through community action there seems he no approach to a general application the science of heredity or the art of lant-breeding in the improvement of the otton industry.

"To devise effective methods of organ- ing and conducting the activities of one- ariety communities, in growing, handling, nd marketing the crop, and in maintain- ing the purity and uniformity of the basic locks, are problems of as much practical mportance as the original discovery or reeding of the varieties, and equally orthy of careful, scientific study.

"The damage to the industry that results very year from the lack of good seed and ne resulting failure to utilize fully the esources of production must be estimated i the hundreds of millions of dollars. eplacement of our present inferior mixed locks by superior, uniform varieties would ive a direct gain of at least ten per cent. i quality, and as much more in yield, while nother ten per cent. might be expected rom the cultural improvements that be- ome possible in one-variety communities. dvantages from community handling and arketing of a standardized product would ot be less important than the other items, nd pure seed can be sold above the oil- ill prices. In returns to the farmer, our resent unorganized production may have nly a fifty-per-cent. efficiency as compared ith what may be found possible in well- rganized one-variety communities. The general waste of labor and resources of production in the eastern cotton belt ontrasts painfully with the one-variety com- munities of the Salt River Valley of Ari- zona where the Pima variety of Egyptian cotton is grown exclusively, and the ad- vantages of community organization are beginning to be realized.

"Cultural problems are simplified in one- variety communities. Effects of different onditions of soils, seasons, and cultural ethods are learned, instead of being con- fused with differences in the characters of the varieties. The most rapid progress in cotton culture is now being made in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, where only the Pima variety is grown. Cotton prob- lems are discust with interest and profit at farmers' meetings because everybody has had experience with the same variety of cotton. Such progress is not possible in communities where different kinds of cot- ton are planted, and farmers ascribe their success or failure to the seed.

"The final advantage of one-variety

communities is in marketing the crop. In an unorganized community the farmer who raises better cotton than his neighbors usually is forced to sell it at the same price to the local buyer. The manufacturer pays more for the high-quality fiber, but the difference is absorbed by the buying trade, instead of being shared with the farmer. The more valuable bales contribute to the profit of buying and sorting over the miscellaneous 'hog-round lots' accumulated by local buyers, many of whom do not know how to 'class' the cotton.

"No doubt it will be difficult and some- times impossible to get farmers to agree upon one variety as the best for their com- munity, tho too much may be made of this obstacle. Even a poor variety will give better results with community handling than good varieties mixed together. An or- ganized community can change promptly to a superior variety when a definite advan- tage can be shown. The Pima variety was substituted for the Yuma in the Salt River Valley in one season, after a sufficient stock of seed had been raised. Choice of varie- ties also is limited at present by the fact that stocks of pure seed are obtainable for only a few kinds. The first one-variety communities in each district will profit es- pecially by selling seed to other communi- ties. Pure seed sells as readily in ear-load lots as in bushels or tons. Community or- ganization in the Salt River Valley has made possible a rapid extension of Pima cotton because a larger supply of pure seed is available than with any other variety."

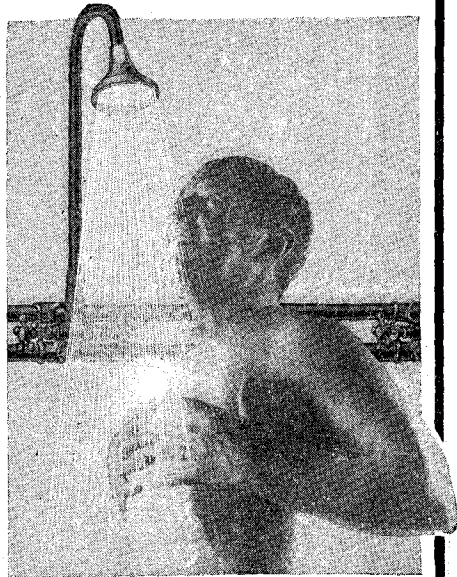
NEW PLAN TO KEEP SUGAR SWEET

MILLIONS of dollars' worth of sugar is destroyed annually by molds and bacteria. This will be saved in future by a process recently discovered by chemists and described in a press-bulletin issued by the American Chemical Society (New York). The writer notes that as the per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is approximately 81.84 pounds an- nually, the amount hitherto consumed by the molds and bacteria would supply 873,000 persons for a twelvemonth. This would keep the sugar-bowls of a large city full. Counting each family as five persons, 175,000 of such groups could be kept sweet- tempered during this period from the supply which has been wasted by the invisible hordes. We read:

"Dr. Nicholas Kopeloff and Mrs. Lillian Kopeloff, bacteriologist and assistant bac- teriologist at the Louisiana Sugar Experi- ment Station in New Orleans, and mem- bers of the American Chemical Society, have just completed a bulletin on the method of preventing the molds and bac- teria from wresting sweet solace of the beet and cane from mortals.

"Such topics will also be discust by the Sugar Section at the approaching general meeting of the American Chemical Society which is to be held in this city in the month of September. The slogan of the Society, for this year is 'Increased Production through Chemistry.' How production may be augmented by eliminating waste can be demonstrated with unusual force in the figures of sugar production.

"Sugar loses its sweetness because molds consume the sucrose, which is its sweeten- ing factor. Altho the amount thus lost may be only a fraction of one per cent. and far too slight to be detected by the



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THE production of your plant is controlled largely by the morale of your organization; and cleanliness is the backbone of morale.

But the average workman has little time to spend in the shop wash room. He is off "for a smoke" or home, where he intends to finish "washing up"; often he doesn't.

Now, he should have shop wash room facilities that make it easy for him to remove all his grime and grease quickly—Wash his head, arms and shoulders in running water or take a shower bath if he wants.

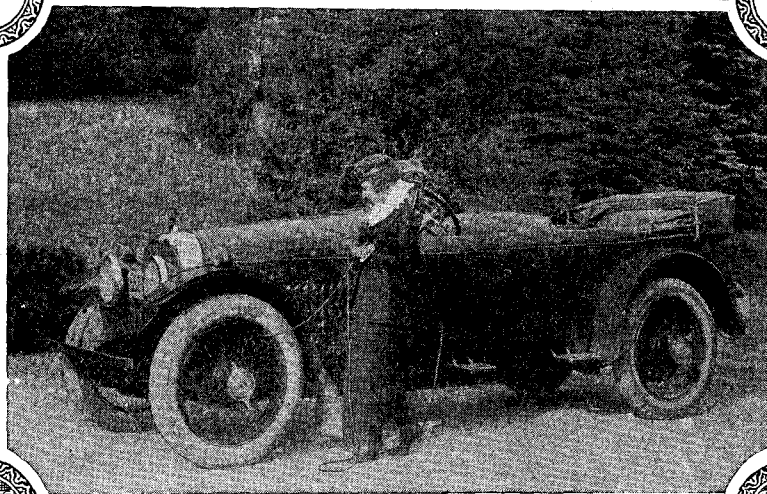
These are Speakman Fixtures: The Wash-Ups have combination valves—one outlet. Your men wash in always clean, always fresh water at just the temperature they desire.

There are several types of Speakman Industrial Showers. Some are equipped with the Mixometer, which instantly controls the temperature of the water; others have compres- sion valves.

The Speakman Company main- tains a Service Department which will be glad to take up any question pertaining to sanitary fixtures in industrial establishments. Consult it or write for our book on Indus- trial Fixtures, "Toned Up in Ten Minutes."

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You Can Judge a Motor Car or Motor Truck by the Pump It Carries

Just as the strength of the chain is no greater than that of its weakest link—so the quality of a motor car or motor truck is no greater than that of the parts of which it is composed.

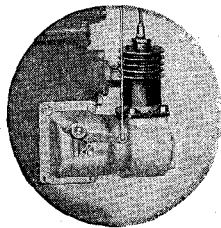
A KELLOGG Engine-Driven TIRE PUMP on a car or truck is an indication of the highest standard of quality—proof of the manufacturer's purpose to build into his product only the best parts obtainable.

For years the Kellogg Manufacturing Company has enjoyed the distinction of leadership in the manufacture of tire pumps. Practically all of the leading motor cars and motor trucks manufactured today are equipped with KELLOGG PUMPS as standard equipment.

KELLOGG PUMPS save costly time, reduce tire costs and increase the comfort of motoring. Without them it would not be possible to equip motor trucks with pneumatic tires.

CAUTION

*Make sure the Motor Car or
Motor Truck you buy is equipped
with a KELLOGG Engine-
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KELLOGG

TIRE PUMPS

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

senses of taste or smell in many cases, it is easily determined by the polariscope, instrument especially designed for measuring the amount of sucrose present. When sugar deteriorates, not only does the polariscope detect the difference, but any one who is sufficiently observant will note that it will actually take a larger spoonful to get the same sweetening power. Thus, if a barrel of raw sugar should be kept through the summer months and it is infected with harmful microorganisms, it might be necessary to use an extra half-spoonful at the end of the summer to get the same sweetening power that could be obtained before deterioration took place. As all sugar is sold strictly on the polariscopic basis, even small losses aggregate huge sums.

"The usual source of these molds is the air, which contains millions of microorganisms at rest and in circulation. Each individual mold, if it falls on an object which can supply it with sufficient food such as sugar, can reproduce three hundred thousand more individuals of the same species in less than a week. The reproduction, however, can only take place in the presence of sufficient moisture, otherwise the organisms lie dormant. Cane sugar primarily undergoes such losses of deterioration in transportation or storage mainly due to the absorption of moisture by sugar in damp weather or humid climates.

"For example, sugars made in Cuba are stored in the hold of a vessel, often with insufficient ventilation which causes them to 'sweat.' While coming from a tropical climate into cooler water the moisture condenses on the surface of the sugar. This also occurs when sugar is stored for an length of time, especially at high temperature, as in refineries, where some is melted up at once and the remainder is held in storage for varying periods, as dictated by business needs. Sugar which contains more moisture or many more microorganisms for that reason will deteriorate much more rapidly than sugar which is dry and contains few harmful microorganisms. It is, therefore, poor policy from the standpoint of conservation to store such sugar long. The question which arises is how to determine which sugar is safe and which is unsafe to put in storage.

"Having identified the injurious microorganisms, Dr. and Mrs. Kopeloff developed a method by which the quality of given sugar might be determined in this respect. By simply consulting a chart after a preliminary analysis, one may now find out whether or not a given sugar will deteriorate or lose its sweetness in storage. The sugars which are unsafe to keep may be melted up first, the sounder sugar being held in storage with safety.

"Dr. and Mrs. Kopeloff, by making bacteriological examinations at every stage of the sugar-making process, have found that sugar deterioration can be prevented by substituting dry or superheated steam for water in the final process of washing sugar in the drums in which sugar is dried. These centrifugals, as they are called, in their whirling suck up air from the floor which may be contaminated with germs. Also, it is common practice to make the color of the sugar lighter by washing the crystals with water, which may be contaminated with molds and bacteria.

"In the new process, it is shown that dry steam is successful in killing over-

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

fty-nine per cent. of these avid molds bacteria.

While the practise of steaming sugars is not a new one, the results are shown to have a direct practical value in eliminating diseases which have been a considerable factor in the American bill for sweets."

RAW FOOD AND COOKED FOOD

PART of our food is eaten raw and part cooked. Presumably we shall keep on in this way, for we are creatures of habit. We shall doubtless continue to eat baked potatoes and raw cucumbers, although might do just the opposite, if we chose. We must realize, however, just why we eat raw foods, and what the difference is between meat or vegetables before and after the process. Are there disadvantages of cooking as well as advantages? Which foods are best cooked and which uncooked? In an editorial article in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) the writer points out that primitive man took his food in a raw or uncooked state, which he considers is sufficient evidence that it is possible to subsist upon such foods. In addition, he asserts that there is good ground for believing that certain qualities lost by raw foods render them an important and even indispensable part of the normal diet, even though one should not go so far as to exclude cooked foods altogether. He continues:

"Before discussing the advantages and disadvantages of raw or uncooked food, let me note the differences between the two.

"The essential elements of a complete bill of fare are protein, carbohydrates, fats, salts, vitamins, and cellulose, roughage.

"Protein we must have in sufficient amount to furnish the material for growth and repair, since it furnishes the raw material for the living machinery of the body.

"Carbohydrates—that is, starch, sugar, and dextrin—furnish to the body fuel to maintain animal heat and energy for work. "Fats, which are derived from carbohydrates, serve the same purpose and furnish the only means by which surplus or reserve fuel may be stored for future use.

"Salts, lime, iron, and other food minerals are necessary not only for the bones but for the blood, nerves, and other tissues.

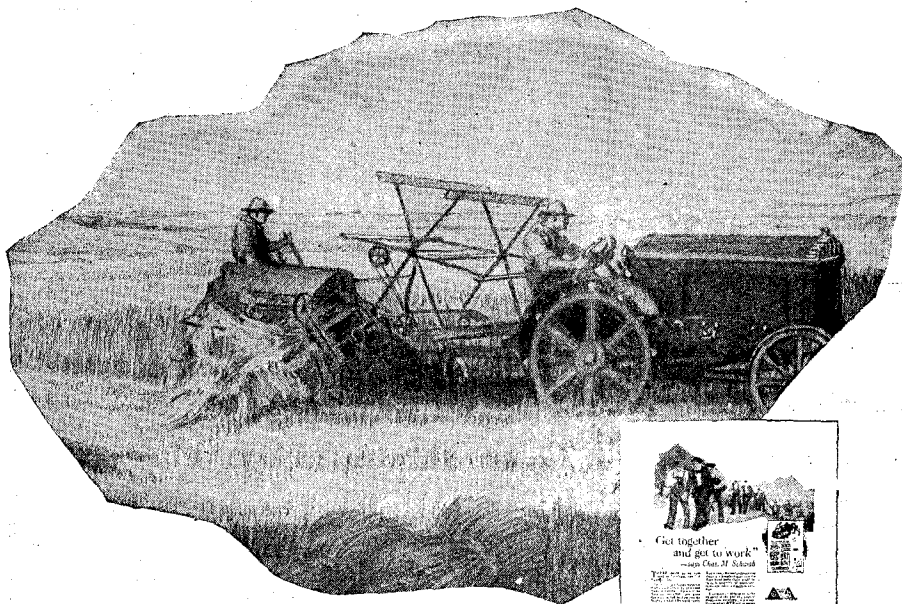
"Vitamins are essential as activators and regulators of the essential functions of the body. Certain vitamins enter into the composition of the nerve structures. In their absence, degeneration takes place.

"Cellulose is necessary for bulk, which is required to stimulate peristaltic action, and thus rid the body of indigestible food residues and other wastes.

"Let us now note how cooked and uncooked foods differ in relation to these several food principles:

"1. *Proteins.* With the exception of egg white, raw proteins are much more digestible than cooked proteins. The process of cooking coagulates most proteins, thereby lessening their digestibility.

"2. *Fats.* The digestibility of fats is



A Recent GTD Advertisement

They produce a bushel of wheat in 8 minutes

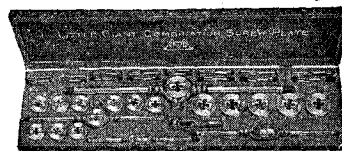
IN 1830, says Barton W. Currie, human labor produced a bushel of wheat in an average of three hours and three minutes. Today, with the aid of machines, we produce that same bushel in eight minutes.

Quantity production is not only a matter of shops and factories, but of the grain fields where real miracles are being wrought by implements, tractors, trucks, appliances.

Improved farm machinery results from the work of modern thread-cutting tools which produce the nuts, bolts, rods and tapped holes that hold most machines together, and for production or repair of farm machinery, GTD taps, dies, reamers and gages are essential.

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To executives, engineers and designers, who seek to produce in greater quantities, products on which they are working, GTD offers a profitable service. Send the coupon or a letter under your personal signature for "Tools and Dividends," the book of threading knowledge, especially prepared for those interested.



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Canadian Plant: Greenfield Tap & Die Corporation of Canada, Limited, Galt, Ontario

GTD Corporation, Greenfield, Mass.

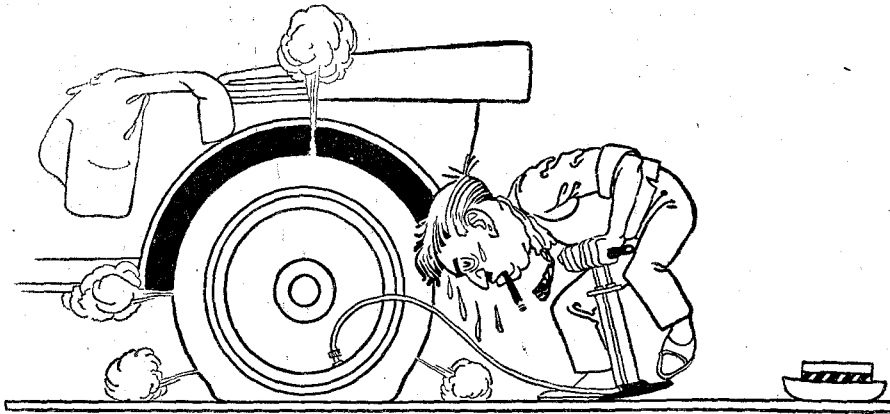
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L.D. 107



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Just blamed foolishness, isn't it?

But it's really as sensible as trying to get efficient service out of a motor that wheezes its power away through leaky valves.

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Valve Grinding Compound

The ideal compound for quickly and easily cutting away the carbon—for making the valves of every motor clean, true-seated. power tight.

There is no material harder, sharper, faster cutting than CARBORUNDUM.

The compound is simply a mixture of the tiny evenly graded Carborundum grains and a high grade grease—therefore there is no compound that cuts so fast, so clean.

It eases that valve grinding job surprisingly.

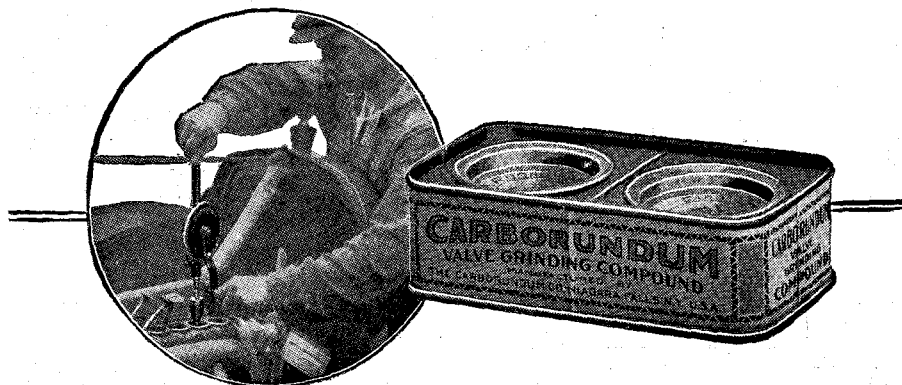
Sample can at your request. Put up in handy combination cans and in one and five pound tins

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

certainly **not** improved by cooking, and in some cases is somewhat diminished, lessening the completeness of the emulsification, a state of fine division which greatly aids digestion.

"3. *Starches.* Sugars and dextrins are not at all changed by cooking, but starch is hydrated and changed to the simple form of dextrin, amylopectin. It is this change which renders cooked starch paste when raw starch is not. In the process of cooking, the cellulose envelop of the starch granule is ruptured, the granule swells enormously and is converted into dextrin. This is the change which takes place in the popping of corn.

"It thus appears that in the case of starch, digestibility is increased to a marked degree by cooking. Cooking, in fact, accomplishes for starch in part what is accomplished by the process of ripening . . . Cooking, however, carries the process only through its first step. . . .

"It would thus appear that if cooking did nothing further than to dextrinize starch, no objection could be brought against the culinary art.

"4. *Organic Salts.* When vegetable are cooked in water and then removed from the water in serving, there is left behind in the cooking water a large part of the essential salts, which constitute one of the most important food principles supplied by most vegetables. It is true this objection does not apply to baking, stewing or other cooking processes than boiling.

"5. *Vitamins.* Cooking, even at boiling temperatures, destroys the antiscorbutic or scurvy-preventing vitamins. Ordinary cooking also impairs other important vitamins, and high cooking, such as is employed in the canning of meats and vegetables, practically destroys all vitamins. . . . Thousands of bottle-fed babies die annually because of the destruction of vitamins through the sterilization or pasteurization of milk.

"6. *Cellulose.* This vegetable product which is highly essential for roughage, is softened and to some extent dissolved by cooking. . . . It is on this account that cooking softens certain foodstuffs and renders them easier of mastication. This is a great advantage in the case of many important food staples, such as wheat, corn, rice, beets, and other raw vegetables.

"We are now prepared to sum up the essential advantages and disadvantages of cooked and uncooked foodstuffs.

"Cooked foodstuffs are more easily chewed. The starch is more digestible, and it may be further added that certain cooked foods are more palatable than the same foods in the raw state. These are practically all the advantages that can be offered in behalf of cookery. These advantages, however, are by no means unimportant, for they render possible the use of the grains and vegetables which constitute the world's staple foods. Without the food-cereals, the world's population would probably have reached but a very small fraction of the present great total.

"Let us now consider the disadvantages of cooked food:

"1. Proteins and fat are rendered less digestible.

"2. Vitamins are damaged or destroyed.

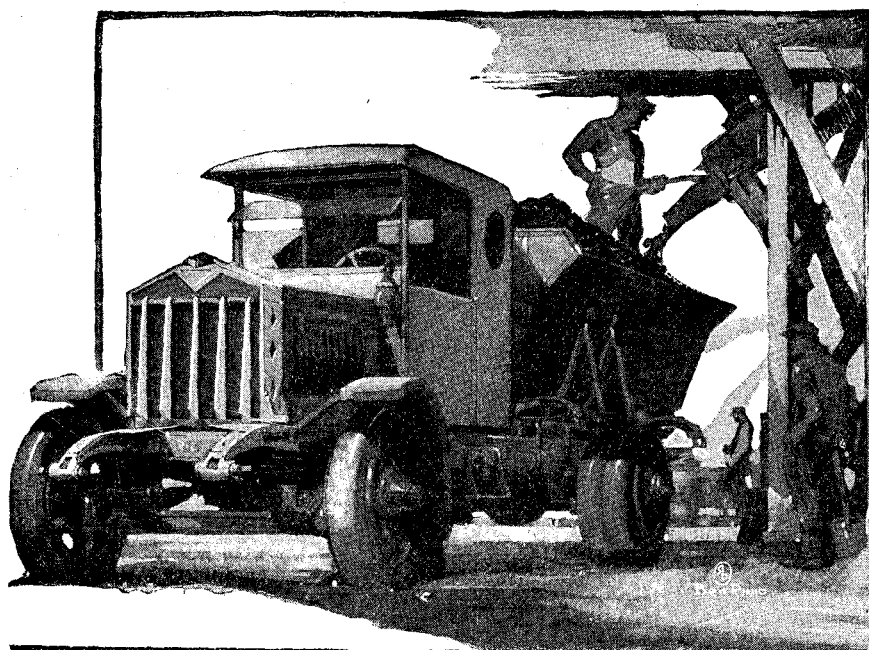
"3. The salts are, in certain forms of cookery, in large part lost.

"4. The cellulose is softened and rendered less efficient as a roughage and dental

STRENGTH

WITH PLENTY OF MARGIN FOR THE EMERGENCY

FROM the standpoint of materials, it is reasonable to assume that every motor truck is strong. The intelligent truck purchaser can judge material strength by appearance. But continuous performance demands strength of design to supplement strength of materials. It is an honest combination of the two which enables the Clydesdale truck to serve its owner faithfully without costly interruptions.

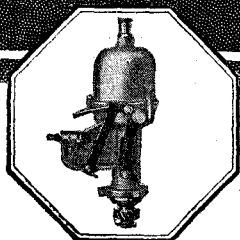


For instance, the Clydesdale frame is of pressed steel, *shaped so that the greatest strength comes at the point of greatest strain*. It is two inches deeper than the average, and is gusseted at every corner and cross member, so that no twist of road or load can possibly bend it. Compare this construction with rolled steel frames which cannot be so shaped, and one reason for Clydesdale sturdiness is apparent. Fewer repairs and slower depreciation are worth considering.

THE CLYDESDALE MOTOR TRUCK CO.
Clyde, Ohio

CLYDESDALE

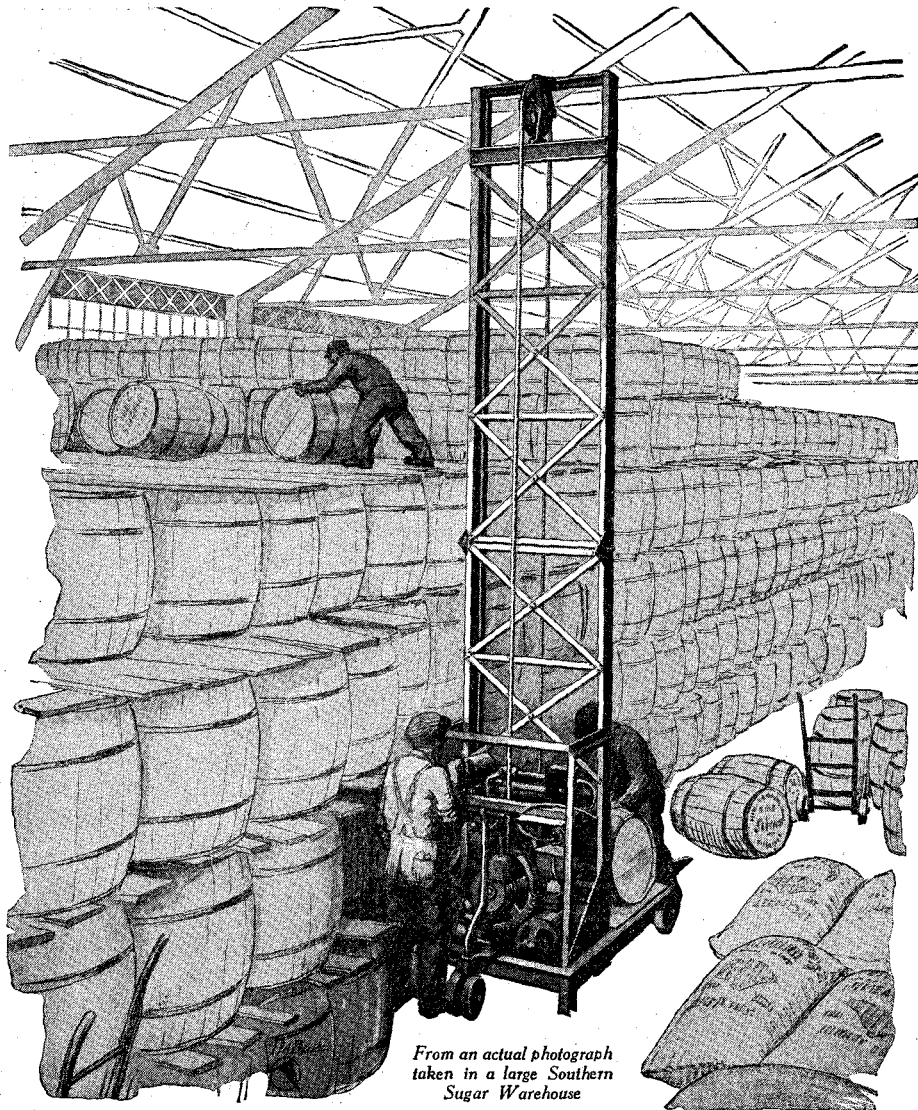
MOTOR TRUCKS



How This Controller Conserves Strength

The strength of most trucks is taxed to the utmost by the sudden strain put upon them when the motor is raced to get the load quickly under way. The speed of the motor is too great for the starting speed of the rear wheels, and every part is called upon to stand the shock until the speed

is equalized. With the Clydesdale Controller to act on the gas supply, this cannot happen, since the motor starts the load slowly and picks up gradually to the speed set on the throttle. No part is jerked into doing more than its share.



From an actual photograph
taken in a large Southern
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UP, UP, up they go—six high, straight up. Men alone could never put them there. But with the Economy Electric Portable Elevator it is easily and quickly done by a very small crew.

No space is wasted here. From wall to aisle, right up to the limit, every cubic foot of space earns its share of the warehouse cost.

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different lines of industry, barrels, boxes, bags, bales—all kinds of packages—are stored with notable economy by this storage handling system devised and built by the Economy Storage Engineers.

Whether your storage space is large or small, if you are not making fullest use of it, our free booklet, "Economy in Storage," will perhaps show how you can do so.

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How much
space are YOU
wasting?

ECONOMY PORTABLE ELEVATORS and STORAGE RACKS

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

decay of the teeth is promoted through disuse.

"5. It might be added that cooked food is by its artificial preparation and seasoning rendered abnormally tempting to the taste, so that cooking promotes overeating.

"Another question of importance which must be considered is the protein content of the food. Flesh protein has a special composition of its own, consisting of about twenty different components known as amino acids. A protein which contains all of these elements is, from the standpoint of human nutrition, known as a complete protein; that is, it is capable of furnishing to the body all of the elements, so-called 'building-stones,' necessary for constructing the proteins of the body, nerves, muscles, glands, and other living tissues.

"Complete proteins are, of course, found in all animal flesh, but fortunately they are not confined to these structures, being also found in milk and eggs, which may be regarded as the only true nutrients of animal origin, since they are prepared by Nature for the sustenance of young animals; whereas animal flesh is designed for the performance of animal functions, nerve and muscular action, rather than to serve as food. Among vegetable substances there are comparatively few which supply in adequate amount the complete proteins required for human sustenance. . . .

"Again: vitamins are not equally distributed among foodstuffs. Fresh milk and the yolks of eggs are richly supplied with all the vitamins required to promote growth and nutrition."

From the foregoing, it is evident that a person who desires to live upon a raw diet can not base his selection upon the supposition that all raw foods are complete nutrients, but must make combinations. A diet consisting exclusively of fruits and nuts would not meet requirements, the writer says. Such a diet would be sufficient in proteins, fats, and carbohydrates, but might be notably deficient in roughage, vitamins, and salts. He continues:

"For a complete dietary, it would be necessary to add to fruits and nuts a liberal supply of green leaves in the form of greens, lettuce, or similar foodstuffs. On such a diet, well prepared, life might be well sustained for an indefinite length of time. It would, of course, be easy on such a bill of fare to take an excess of fat and protein, as nuts are rich in these elements.

"The following items would provide a day's ration, furnishing 2,500 calories, sufficient for the average person doing a fair amount of muscular work; if necessary to increase the ration to provide energy sufficient for severe muscular work, the number of calories might be easily increased to 3,500 by the addition of dates, figs, raisins, or some other fruit rich in carbohydrates:

Almonds	7 oz.
Pecans	3 "
Apples (2)	10 "
Oranges (2)	10 "
Dates	2 "
Raisins	1 "
Figs	2 "
Lettuce	2 "
Celery	4 "

"That life may be sustained on a diet

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

wholly composed of vegetable foodstuffs has been clearly established, . . . but it is doubtful whether the results would be sufficient to justify the effort.

"By means of cookery, grains and vegetables can be made to furnish adequate quantities of the basic elements required to satisfy our nutritive needs, and by supplementing these foodstuffs with greens and dairy products and an adequate supply of fresh foods in the form of fruit, celery, lettuce, and other salad plants it is possible to meet the nutritive needs at a minimum of expense and inconvenience.

"It should be remembered, also, that by the addition of a pint of milk, with a moderate amount of dairy butter, to an ordinary bill of fare made up of fruits, grains, and vegetables, the requirements of the body may be fully met, milk being so rich in complete proteins, vitamins, and salts, with the exception of iron, that it is able to make good the deficiencies of other foodstuffs.

"Of course, fresh fruit should be eaten daily in liberal quantity. In addition, a considerable amount of raw green stuff should be taken as a part of every day's bill of fare. This insures an adequate quantity of vitamins, especially iron salts, which are most abundant in the green parts of plants."

THE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE

THE astronomer with his telescope, the biologist with his microscope, the physicist with his spectroscope, and the mathematician with his logic—all are busy in trying to solve the problem of how the universe is made up—from the remotest galaxy to the nearest pebble. How far and in what measure their combined efforts have led to success we are told by Prof. William Duncan MacMillan, of the University of Chicago, in a recent address printed in *Science* (New York), a small part of which we quote below. Extension of our vision, Professor MacMillan notes, has proceeded in two directions—that of the very great and that of the very small. We find ourselves, he says, almost midway in a series of physical units. On the one side we have electrons, atoms, and molecules, and on the other ordinary masses, stars, and galaxies. He continues:

"The galaxies are more or less definite aggregations of stars. The stars are amazingly great organizations of hot gases. The gases in turn are resolved into their constituent molecules; the molecules yield up their atoms, and finally we find that the atoms are built up of two kinds of electrons. Each physical unit is analyzed into units of the next lower order and synthesized into those of the next higher order. Each unit is an organization endowed with the proper amount of energy to carry on its existence and to insure its identity.

"The astronomers, fortunately, are able to furnish us with photographs of the objects with which they deal, so that we are able to study them more or less thoroughly one at a time. Nothing need be said with respect to ordinary masses, for they are matters of our every-day experience. No two leaves even from the same tree are

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Its TOUGHNESS

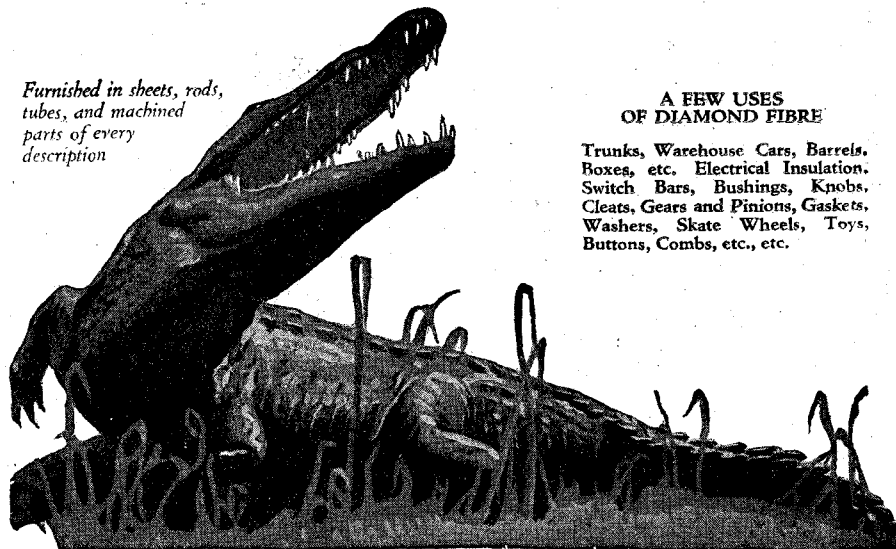
Wear and tear have been active forces of destruction since the world began—answered by nature in heavy coats of mail for many of her creatures. Man for his creations finds a similar answer in the toughness of Diamond Fibre, the universal raw material. ¶ Diamond Fibre combines with extreme toughness, high tensile, compressive, shearing and dielectric strength to an unusual degree. Easy machinability, attractive appearance and economy are additional factors which make possible improved product and decreased production cost where Diamond Fibre is used. ¶ There is a place in your manufacturing problem where Diamond Fibre may improve your product and decrease your production costs. Tell us your problem and let us co-operate. Write for booklet "Diamond Fibre and Its Uses."

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**SCIENCE AND INVENTION***Continued*

exactly alike. But when we descend to the stage of the molecules the situation is very different. The physicists have not yet given us any photographs of them to study, and no one can say that he has ever seen a molecule. Their numbers are so amazingly great that an individual study of them is quite out of the question. Nevertheless, as the chemists assure us, classification is quite possible, and their variety is astonishingly great. But when we study the properties of even a single variety and attempt to work out their structural organizations we must not forget that it is only the properties common to large numbers which stand out and characterize the variety. If the human race could be studied only through the statistics of population, we might arrive at the conclusion that the Chinese are a variety of the human race, but that one Chinaman was just like another. Analogy would lead us to doubt whether all the molecules even of water are alike. Could they be examined individually and in detail, marked differences would probably be found.

"The case is similar with respect to the atoms, altho the number of varieties of atoms seems to be limited while the number of varieties of molecules does not.

"When we descend one more step in the scale of the physical units and reach their electrons, we are so remote from our own position in the scale and our acquaintance with these units is so far from being intimate, that it is not surprising that we regard all positive electrons as being alike, and all negative electrons as being alike. The human mind, however, is incurably speculative, and few of us, I fancy, would be willing to admit that this is their only property, or that the electrons really are all identical, or that the electron is not still further resolvable into smaller units.

"Since the beginning of the present century the physicists have been very busy with the atom. If we accept the picture that a hydrogen atom consists of a negative electron moving in a circular orbit about a positive electron, we have, so far as relative sizes and distances are concerned, a veritable planetary system.

"Many fascinating questions remain to be answered. For example, are all of the elements merely hydrogen atoms locked, together in a very tight embrace, and if so, will a sufficiently violent bombardment separate them? How do the electrons, positive and negative, arrange themselves? How are the lines in the spectrum to be accounted for? And how does an atom radiate energy, anyway?

"If the private affairs of the atom belong to the domain of the physicist, their social affairs belong to the chemist. And what tremendously social creatures they are! Few of them are content to live by themselves. The vast majority of them cling more or less tenaciously to other atoms or groups of atoms, and these groups are the chemists' molecules, the smallest particles of what we call ordinary matter. This grouping is not a mere random affair. The atoms exhibit a distinct choice not only as to their associates but as to the manner in which they will associate together.

"Just as the physicist has his problems as to the structure of the atoms, so the analytical chemist is busy breaking up the almost infinite variety of molecules he finds about him to learn what atoms enter

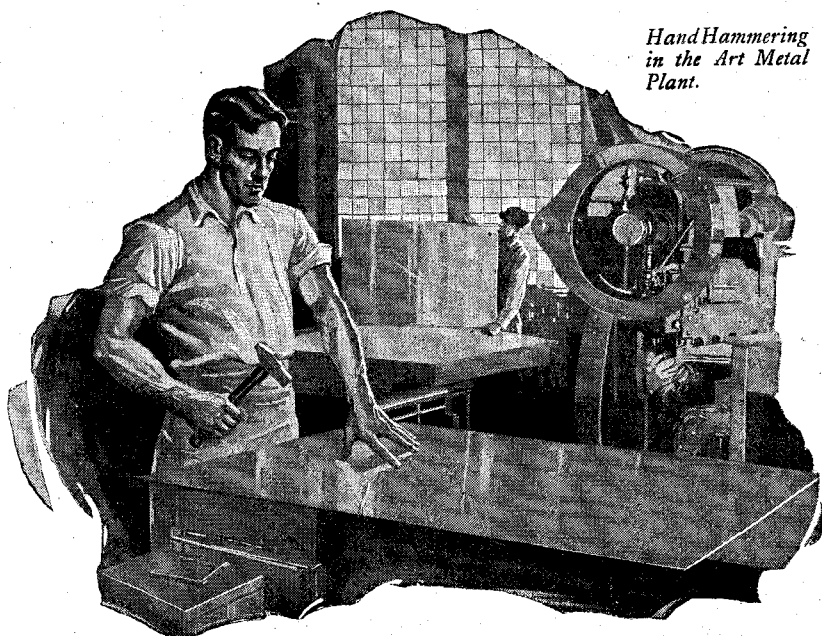
into their structure and what are the relations which exist between those atoms. In this endeavor he has been highly successful and the great majority of molecules he can read as an open book, but the subtle strain of carbon molecules will doubtless tax his ingenuity for a long time to come. On the other hand, the synthetic chemist is slowly learning how to coax the atoms into those particular groups which either his theory tells him are possible or for which nature herself has already furnished an example. In the domain of ordinary masses the architect and engineer, the painter and sculptor, and the skilled artisans of a thousand varieties have learned how to build up their structures to suit their various purposes. But the physicists have not yet dreamed of building up an electron nor an atom. The biologists have little hope of ever constructing a living organism. The geologists are content to examine their rocks and to make the past live again in their vision; while the astronomers in the very nature of things must maintain a respectful distance from the objects which engage their interest. Outside the domain of ordinary masses it is the synthetic chemist alone who can engage in the process of physical construction, the building up of those units which are the object of their study. The world is very greatly their debtor to-day, and this debt will increase enormously as the chemists rise higher and higher in their ability to control the groupings of the atoms in the molecules."

PREHISTORIC PUEBLO SURGERY

AMONG the interesting relics of a lost civilization recently brought to light at the Pueblo ruin at Aztec, New Mexico, where the American Museum of Natural History of New York is making excavations, is the skeleton of a twenty-year-old girl bearing the evidences of a terrible injury and of primitive surgical treatment. Earl H. Morris, in charge of the excavation, states that the remains, found on a floor in the ruin, had been wrapt in three layers of material: the first, an excellently woven cotton cloth; the second, a mantle of feather cloth; and the third, a mat of plaited rushes. The left hip was badly fractured, a portion of it having been broken away. In the neighboring regions there were other breaks and dislocations. In addition, the left forearm showed two breaks and extreme displacement. Mr. Morris is thus quoted in a press bulletin issued by the Museum (August):

"At least six splints surrounded the broken arm. The top two of these were removed to give a better view of the region beneath. Since it is to be assumed that there are two or three more splints hidden by the undisturbed earth beneath the bones, the probable total number is eight or nine. These splints are of wood, and average seven inches in length, one-half inch in width, and three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. They are of fairly uniform size throughout their length, being not mere splinters, but pieces of wood drest to the desired form. Each is flat on its inner surface and curved on the outer side. All the bindings which had held them in place were decayed beyond recognition.

"From the condition of this skeleton the conclusion may be drawn that the



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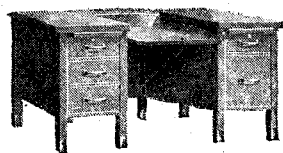
If long years of shunning no task great or small, which might better the production of hands and machines—if going out of the way in time, in money, in labor that Art Metal may be *all* that steel office equipment possibly can be—if these deserve success, only then does Art Metal lay claim to it.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

treatment of the fracture of the pelvis, if it was recognized at all, was beyond the skill of the primitive surgeon. The treatment of the broken arm, however, was within his province. As death resulted before sufficient time had elapsed to permit healing to begin, the skill of the surgeon must remain in doubt.

"Desirable as it would be to know definitely whether or not there was an attempt to place the ends of the bones in apposition, in order that an estimate might be made of the skill of the surgeon, uncertainty in regard to this point does not detract from the major fact established, namely, that the Pueblo practitioner of the Stone Age had already learned to use splints in the treatment of fracture."

WHO SHALL PAY FOR THE ROADS?

SHOULD not those who use the roads pay for them—or at least pay more than those who do not use them or who use them little? And how shall we determine the proportion of use and divide up the cost? Commissions are needed for this purpose, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York). It appears certain to this journal that the expense of road construction is not at present apportioned fairly among its beneficiaries. Transportation has many agencies, we are told, and each must earn a return on its investment to exist. Two complicating elements enter into a practical application of this principle, a determination of the investment and of who pays the return. The writer continues:

"A single airplane used for transporting a few passengers a certain distance affords an example of a simple case where the investment is easily ascertained and the cost of service easily divided among the passengers and collected, but a glance at court records shows how complicated in application the principle becomes when applied to railroads and railways.

"The recent advent of the motor-bus and motor-truck as agencies for transportation has now opened a new field for legal and engineering work to determine these items. The farmers along a State highway who have paid one-third of the cost of a good road, the county which has paid another third, and the State which has paid the other third, all on the plea most suited to get the money from each, are beginning to look with new and selfish interest at the question of transportation. The farmer who gave his money to get a road so he could haul his crops to market and avoid freight-rates kicks and howls because in a short time the road is ruined by heavy trucking from manufacturing plants and because touring automobiles monopolize the road and force him to drive in the gutter, if at all. The State and county object to the high maintenance on the road and accuse the solid-tired trucks and farm vehicles of doing the damage. The touring class objects to the slow movement, congestion, and bad roads due to heavy trucking and wagon transportation.

"This condition is bringing into being a general idea that some agency must regulate highway transportation and determine

on a cost-of-service basis who should pay the bill and what it should be. As one farmer has put it, 'I paid for one-third of that road on a mile frontage and am taxed for the other two-thirds, while that steel mill over there only paid for a quarter-mile frontage, yet is using it fifty times as much for its trucking.'

"The problem is complicated by the number of individuals concerned, the interlocking of investments in highways, and the diversified rolling-stock used, yet it is getting to be of primary importance, and perhaps when commissions get to working on highway cases, it will be the turn of the steam and electric roads to look on, smile, and say, 'Go to it.'"

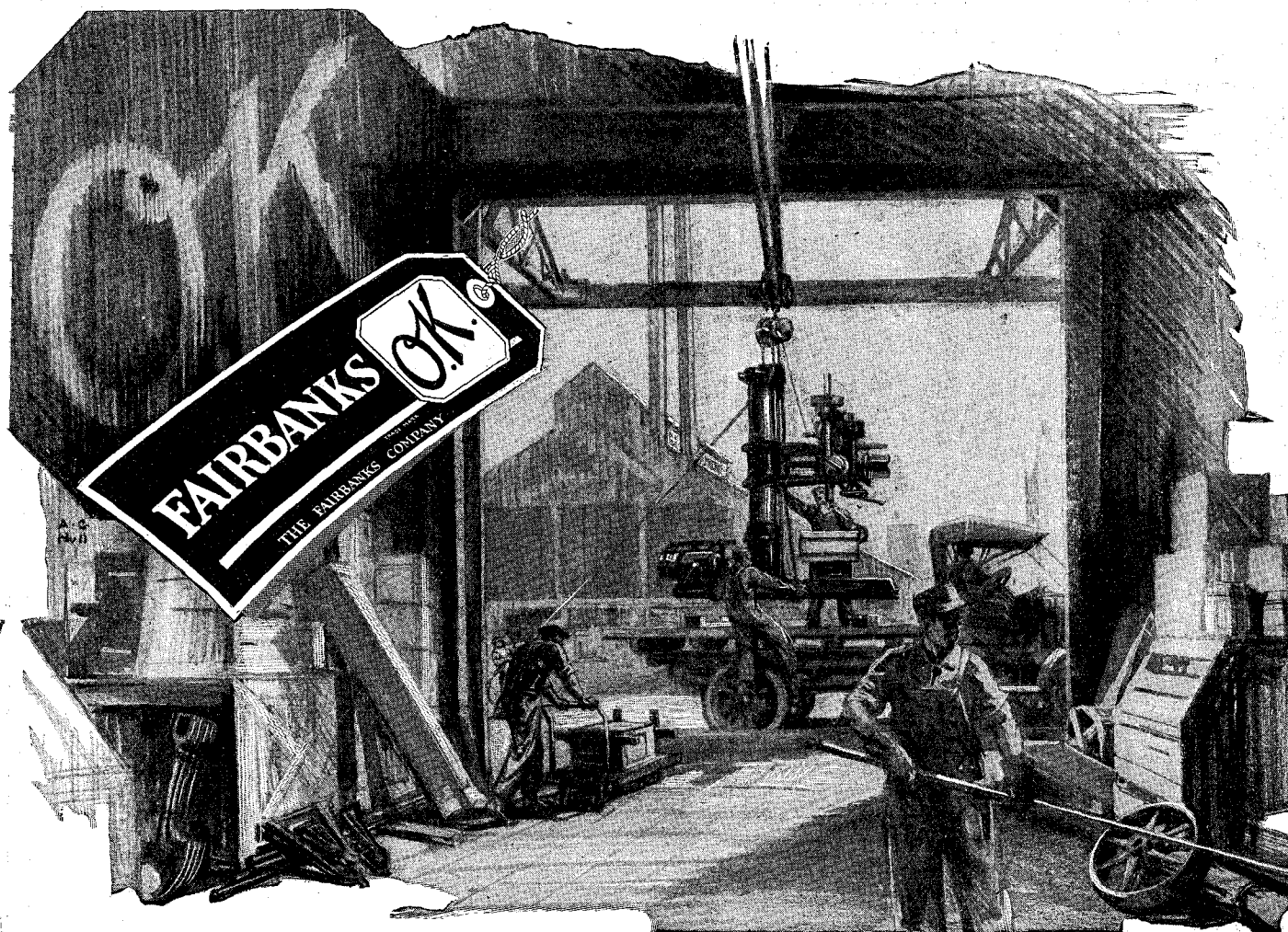
AN INDUSTRIAL GIANT

"THE best expression of the industrial genius of the American people" is what the *London Times* calls the enormous growth of the automobile industry in the United States. Burton Henderson, who contributes an article on the subject to *Export American Industries* (New York September), uses the phrase that we have placed at the head of this column. Twenty years ago, he notes, automobiles were barred from the boulevards and parks of our larger cities as a menace to life and limb. To-day the automobile industry is the largest producer of finished products in the country, with a total output, including accessories, of approximately four billion five hundred million dollars annually. It is an industry developed without precedents and built up entirely through mass production, made possible by machine operation and scientific standardization. The result has been an industrial Goliath, whose growth, apparently, has but begun and whose maturity is viewed with mingled optimism and alarm. Mr. Henderson goes on:

"One person out of every thirteen in the United States owns an automobile, yet manufacturers are steadily increasing their output, confident of increasing demand. The huge amount of capital necessary for this expanding giant is apparently available in any amount, probably because the automobile business as at present conducted is largely a cash business and the turnover is constant and rapid. Automobile shares now occupy one of the first places in the world of the stock-market, and their fluctuations to-day provide the excitement that in other days not so long past attended the activities of railroad and mining shares.

"The wide-spread effect of the automobile on the social and industrial life of the country is too complex to admit of a clear definition. It has undoubtedly been one of the greatest elements in advancing the cost of labor in industry and it has lured skilled and unskilled labor away from other less gainful occupations. But this additional cost of labor has accelerated general prosperity that has more than met the increase in the resulting general cost of living.

"Communities that once were remote from urban centers are to-day interlocked with the rest of the country by wide, well-constructed roadways. Recreation, amusement, education, and commerce have been made available to millions of people who, under the less adequate means of trans-



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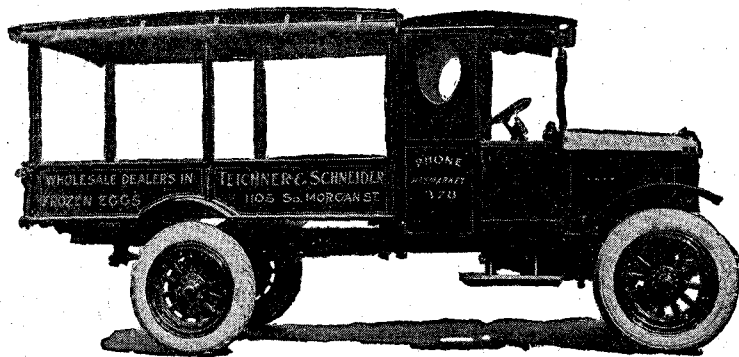
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Green Bay, Wisconsin

ONEIDA

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

portation, were stagnating in their small territorial circles. Woodworking industries, glass industries, and manufacturers of specialties have reaped millions in profit, and given well-paid employment to hundreds of thousands of persons through providing accessories for automobiles. The automobile truck is comparatively a new comer in the automotive world and the tractor farm implement but an infant, but already vast plants are turning them out by the thousands daily, and their cumbersome bulks are moving their ways in all parts of the world.

"A genius for organization, an unerring sense of publicity properly directed, and mechanical mass production, all guided by energetic young men unfettered by traditions, account for the success of the automobile industry in the United States to-day. With this equipment they have catered to a market of 110,000,000 persons, a large proportion of which have been able to buy some sort of automotive vehicle for business or pleasure, or both combined.

"This market has not yet reached the point of 'saturation,' and automobile manufacturers do not fear that it will for a long time to come, but having met the immediate necessities of domestic expansion they are now prepared to meet the demands of the world market. It is estimated that there will be some two hundred thousand American-made automotive vehicles sent into foreign markets during this present year, and next year an additional fifty thousand automobiles for pleasure and commerce will be exported. High tariffs and cost of automobile upkeep are but minor barriers to the success of this plan. For the American-made automobile is unexcelled in price and in durability by any in the world—and it is standardized and machine-made. The 'service stations' of the various automobile manufacturers are beginning to dot the far corners of the earth, where any replacement part of an automobile may be purchased and any necessary repairs made.

"American tractors are necessary to till land that must produce food if the world is not to starve. Automotive trucks answer the perplexing question of transportation, and lighting plants, power-engines, and passenger vehicles are essentials that a world passing through the phases of reorganization must have. With such widespread demands and with such perfectly equipped mechanisms to meet those demands, the American automotive industry seems destined to continue its amazing growth for at least this generation."

The writer estimates that there are at present in the United States approximately eight million automotive vehicles. This gives one person out of every thirteen some sort of a motor-driven conveyance. In England one automobile is owned by one person out of every 268; in France, one out of every 402 persons; in Germany, one automobile to every 684 persons, and in Russia, one automobile to every 5,300 persons. He goes on:

"Manufacturers of automobiles expect to produce close to two million automobiles this year, exclusive of four hundred and twenty-five thousand trucks. Not only could this entire output be sold if it were available

at this writing, but there is such a demand that second-hand automobiles are bringing the best prices in the history of the industry. This demand, of course, is abnormal, and is the result of an accumulated demand of the past four years, in addition to an ability to buy cars which war prosperity has brought to a large number of persons. Yet there are hardly one million persons in the United States now who earn three thousand dollars annually, and during the past four years the cost of living has advanced about one hundred and twenty-five per cent.

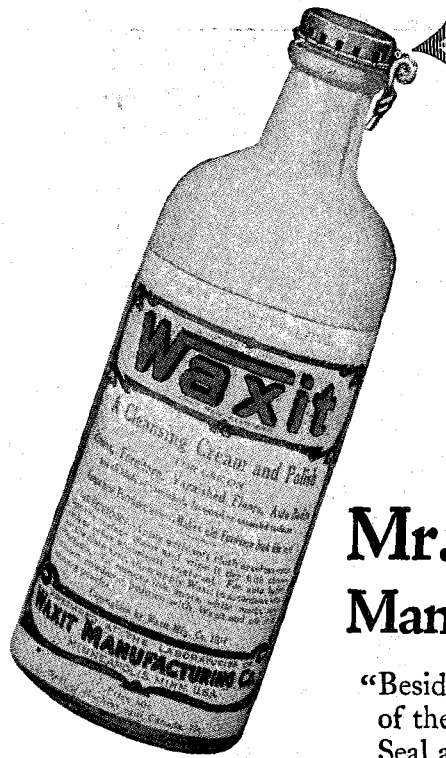
"The answer to the domestic demand for an automobile, according to students of the industry, is that it is a necessity, which began its career as a luxury. The recreational phase of the automobile attracts men who need recreation to enable them to produce more of their own type of goods. It reduces the cost of their pleasures; it annihilates time, and opens up a new vista of life to its owner. As an evidence of the soundness of this argument, it may be cited that in the United States about forty-five per cent. of the automobiles are sold to persons who live in small villages and towns and to farmers. Both these types of persons have limited recreational possibilities, and the upkeep of an automobile is reduced to a minimum.

"The use of the motor-bus and the motor-truck as a supplement to the street-car and railway transportation throughout the United States has more than met the claims of the automotive vehicle to economic worth. The utilization of passenger automobiles capable of carrying from sixteen to thirty passengers is everywhere increasing, and freight transportation has reached tremendous proportions. To-day there are about nine hundred thousand motor-trucks engaged in the freight business in the United States. They carry an average of four and a half tons daily, or approximately three million five hundred thousand tons each day. This is actually close to fifteen per cent. of the entire freight haulage of the entire country. And this record has been achieved within the past four years, and has reached notable proportions since freight congestion on the railroads threatened the orderly processes of industry. Hauling by motor-trucks costs an average of twenty-five cents per mile against .96 of a cent by railway locomotive. But this apparently tremendous difference in cost is more than made up, it is claimed by experts, by time saved, by savings in delivery costs at terminals, and by the certainty of delivery dates.

"The total amount of capital invested in the manufacture of automobiles in the United States is approximately one billion four hundred million dollars. . . . Several automobile concerns rival the greatest corporations in the country in capital invested, men employed, and acreage covered with factories. One of them, which manufactures passenger-cars, motor-trucks, lighting-plants, and accessories, employs sixty-three thousand men and operates forty factories. One concern alone, which produces a famous low-price car, employs fifty-three thousand men, and the owner is now erecting his own steel plant to provide him with the raw materials needed.

"But the most amazing phase of the automobile industry is one that sometimes escapes attention—that is the size of the automobile accessory business. Including tires, gasoline, and other accessories, this industry has grown to greater volume than that of the automobile business itself. The production of automobiles in 1919, as stated

Williams KORK-N-SEAL

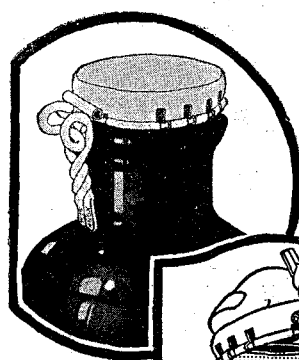


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Not only is Kork-N-Seal the perfect bottle cap but in the process of manufacture, it makes possible marked savings in production costs together with a reduction in handling operations; and the buyer of your bottle will appreciate its unfailing convenience. To open: merely raise the lever and push off with thumb. To reseal: replace cap on bottle and push lever down.



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TIMKEN

After 100,000 Miles

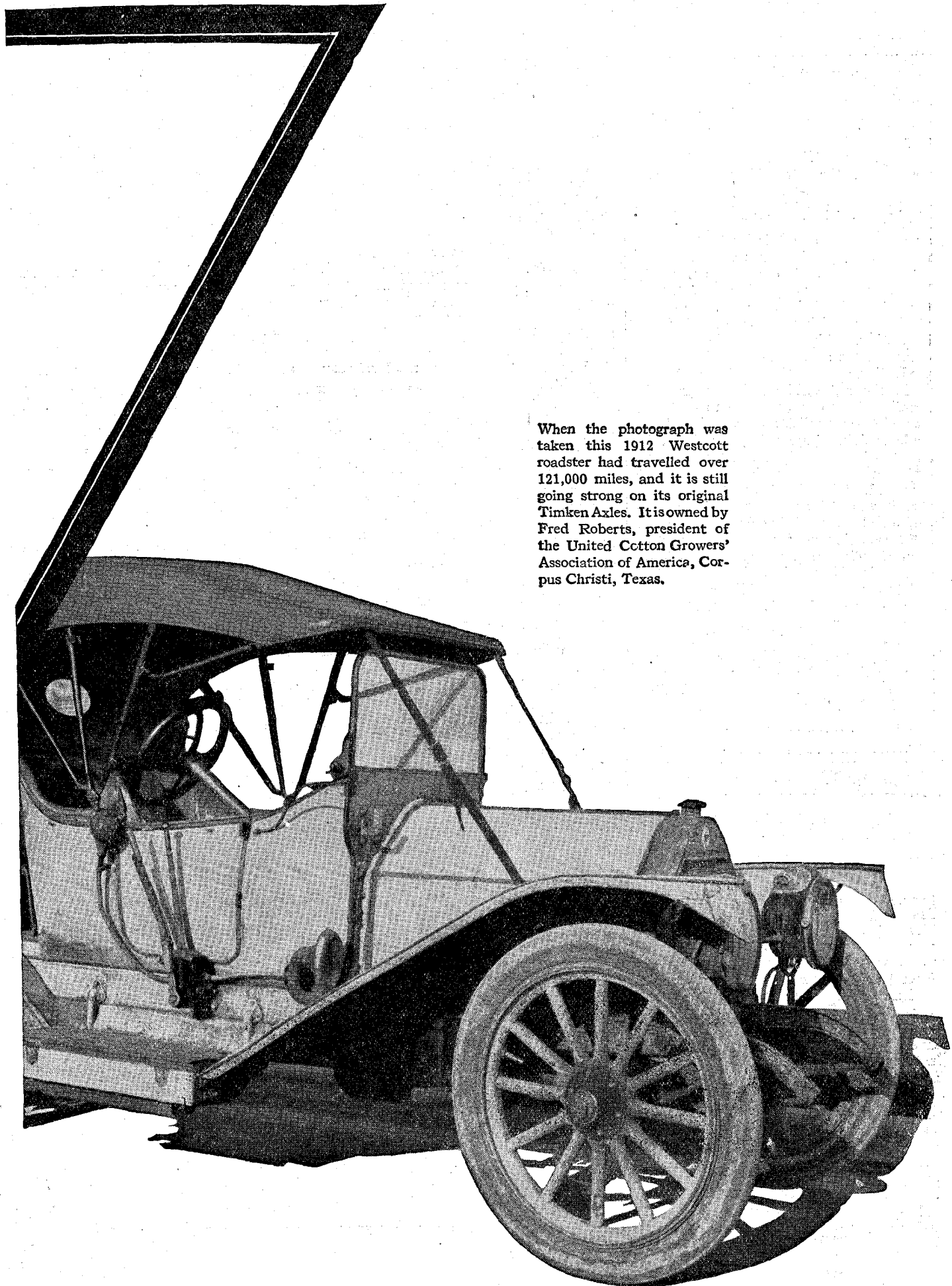
75,000, 100,000, 125,000 miles—many a sturdy old car is still running on its original Timken Axles, operating as smoothly and efficiently as when they were first installed. There is no record of the maximum period of service of Timken Axles, for passenger cars wear out and are scrapped long before the maximum life of their Timken Axles is reached.

Of course, you may never pile up any such mileage as the above with your car, but isn't it comforting to know that no matter how long or hard you may drive her, those Timken Axles will be right on the job?

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
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AXLES



When the photograph was taken this 1912 Westcott roadster had travelled over 121,000 miles, and it is still going strong on its original Timken Axles. It is owned by Fred Roberts, president of the United Cotton Growers' Association of America, Corpus Christi, Texas.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION*Continued*

in a preceding paragraph, was \$1,807,000,000. The accessory business was nearly two billion four hundred million dollars, of which one billion dollars, or over half the value of all motor-vehicles manufactured, was spent for tires alone. The cotton industry has felt the effect of the automobile in the increased demand and increased production of long-staple cotton for use in tires; the plate-glass industry is overwhelmed with orders for its products to provide wind-shields for cars, and the industry now sells half of its output at a price three hundred per cent. in advance of that of four years ago to the automobile manufacturer. Textile-mills, steel-foundries, railways, the meat-packers, the farmer—every producer has something that goes into the making of an automobile, and this increasing ready market naturally increases values.

"Financiers and economists recently have been gravely discussing the future of the automotive industry, and some of the conclusions which they have reached are interesting. It has been agreed that unless other nations adopt the methods of mass production and standardization that have made the automobile industry great in America, they can not hope to compete. The sterling qualities of the American-made vehicle, its low price, and the availability of standardized spare parts and replacements are now known throughout the world. There is a tremendous demand for all sorts of internal-combustion engine equipment, from lighting plants to tractors, and this equipment America is prepared to furnish. There are nearly eight million auto-vehicles in use in the United States, and the average length of life of each vehicle is computed at five years. The replacement alone of these vehicles when they reach ten million—which will be within another year or so—will be two million a year, or the total capacity production of all the automobile factories in the United States to-day!"

BUILDING THE PYRAMIDS AN EASY JOB

COULD an old Yankee farmer, with plenty of ancient Egyptians to help him, run up a pyramid with no other mechanical devices than a simple lever? Edwy E. Benedict, an architect of Waterbury, Conn., avers, in a letter to *THE LITERARY DIGEST*, that he would be willing to take a contract for the work on these conditions. As ancient Egyptians in unlimited quantities are no longer to be had for the asking, he is probably safe in so doing. Commenting on the new theory of pyramid construction described in an article quoted in our issue of August 7, Mr. Benedict questions the practicality of the suggested method, which, as will be remembered, involved finishing the pyramid with a smooth coat of cement from the bottom up, and then using this as a runway to haul up the next layer of stones. Writes Mr. Benedict:

"The theory is ingenious at least, but grant that the steps or insets were cemented as soon as formed, it would take too long, even in those days when time

was no object, for it to harden sufficiently to have such heavy weights hauled over it, and then there would be the probability of having the thinner parts cracked or crumbled, particularly at the corners, requiring the entire surface to be gone over and patched up. I do not believe such a process was in keeping with the other work of the builders, and then, too, the area for working to advantage would be contracted, particularly in placing the outer layers of stone.

"It is my belief, gained as a boy working on a farm, and as a carpenter, with the knowledge accrued from my reading and practise as an architect, that the blocks of stone were raised and placed in position by the very simple process of using the lever and fulcrum, using part of the weight of the block or stone to help lift itself.

"If you will look over the illustrations showing some of the methods used by the people of those times you will see that they understood perfectly the use of the lever and fulcrum. I remember one where a large stone was being moved on skids or a 'stone boat,' hauled by ropes, and in the rear two men with levers used as 'pinch-bars' were helping the thing along (a common sight on the farm). If they could use the lever to push things on the level they, no doubt, could use it to lift things also.

"Did you ever watch a farmer and 'the boy' pry a ton or two of stone out of a hole? Possibly they had a crowbar, but as a general thing the lever was a maple sapling cut from the near-by woods. The rock was rough, with rounded sides, difficult to get a 'bite' on, but that rock was lifted out of that hole. Neither the farmer nor 'the boy' was a graduated engineer, but they understood the use of the lever and fulcrum and how the weight of the stone would help lift itself.

"In the case of the pyramids, each step or inset would be used as part of the blocking, thus minimizing the quantity of blocking by using what had been released over again.

"When each successive level was reached, the outer edge of the block would be raised and the block slid into place on greased skids or rollers; this method would leave the corners the last to be filled, thus giving each block two sides or ways to work from and making the most accurate fitting possible.

"Gangs of men could work on all four sides, three or four gangs on a side at first, thus making comparatively rapid progress.

"If you could watch the process described or try it yourself you would (perhaps) be surprised at the ease and rapidity with which it is done.

"I see no very great scientific problem in building the inner chambers, as I have done something similar with bricks and flat stones when a 'kid.'

"The pyramids as built, leaving the steps or insets to be filled later, formed good platforms, with the aid of very little blocking, to finish the work from; and cement or stone could be used for finishing the sides as smooth as possible without being obliged to go over all the surface to patch up broken spots or obliterate 'gouged' places and scratches or other disfigurements.

"I presume the builders thought the process of lifting the stones so simple that it wouldn't pay to commemorate it by 'sculpting' it on the side of the pyramid.

"I do not deny that building the pyramids was a big undertaking, but neither do I feel that I am conceited in saying that if I could get some of the old Yankee

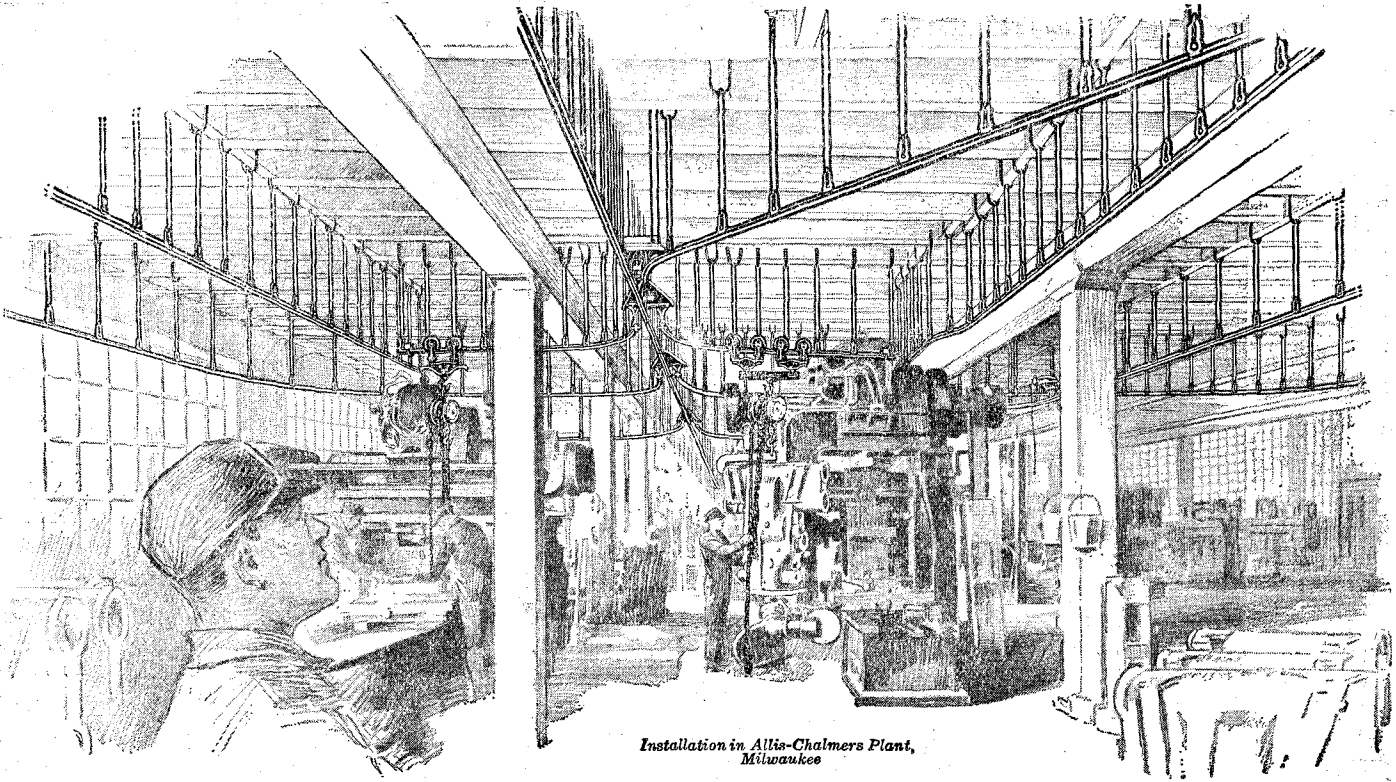
farmers I have known as bosses, and the unlimited help of those times, I would be willing to take a contract to build another pyramid, using the process described."

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AS A TRANSFORMER STATION

TRANSFORMERS are familiar to most of us in connection with the transmission of the electric current for power and light. The current is most economically carried for long distances when it is at high tension—far too high for safety or for ordinary use in the home. It is, therefore, lowered, or "stepped down," by special devices. In many cases these transformers may be seen on the electric wire poles in front of houses. Where a great transmission line enters a city under exceptionally high tension, a large "transformer station" is often built at the city limits, so that the whole supply may be stepped down to safety and usability before it enters the town. There is some reason to believe that our nervous systems act as transformers in something the same way; only the energy that they transmit is stepped up instead of down. There is evidence, we are told by Dr. F. H. Pike, of the department of physiology of Columbia University, writing in *Science* (New York), that our nerve impulses are always at a maximum. If this is so, the energy of light, heat, or sound, which is of variable intensity as it affects the sense-organs, must be transformed in this respect, as well as in quality, within the nerve. How this may be done is suggested by Dr. Pike. He writes:

"Pawloff and others have emphasized the rôle of the peripheral sense organs as energy transformers, since the energy of light or heat or sound is transformed, by appropriate mechanisms, to the energy of a nerve impulse. Lucas and Adrian's all-or-none hypothesis of nerve conduction calls attention to another aspect of the work of the nervous system as a transformer of energy. According to this hypothesis, the nerve impulse conducted by any single nerve fiber is at all times the maximum impulse which it is capable of conducting. The evidence in favor of this view appears to be steadily accumulating.

"Neurologists have frequently commented on the relatively few nerve fibers in the main motor tracts of higher animals as compared to the number of fibers in the roots of the spinal nerves and the great mass of muscles to be activated. There is a possibility that each descending fiber may ultimately be able to actuate several terminals. These relationships may be indicated diagrammatically. One pyramidal fiber may be represented at the periphery by six branches. There is little or no evidence that the energy of the nerve impulse falls off in its passage from central system to periphery. The presumption is, therefore, that the efferent distribution path acts as a step-up transformer of energy, although the manner of its action is as yet unknown. It should be stated here that the nerve fiber itself furnishes the energy, derived in some manner as yet unknown from its own metabolic processes, and that there is



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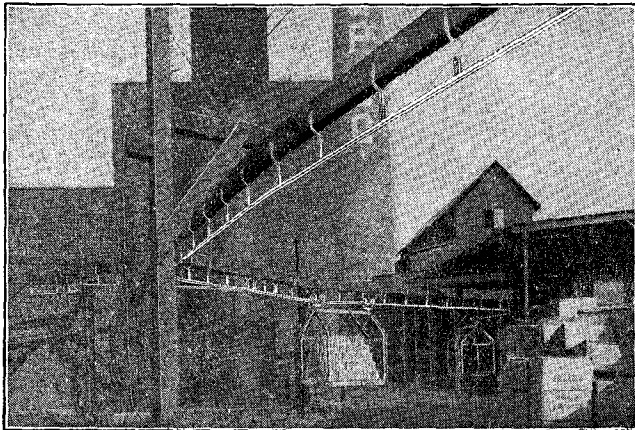
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

all probability, no change in voltage, at the expense of the amperage, as in the electrical transformers with which the physicist is familiar.

"One more link in the scheme of the step-up transformer may be what Lillie has called the receptive substance, between the motor end plates and the contractile substance in muscle. It is certain that there is a great increase in the energy of a muscle contraction as compared with the energy of the nerve impulse, which is passing in the central system, finally evoking a muscle contraction. It seems reasonable to suppose, in the light of our present knowledge, that the efferent nerve path is a part of this transformer system.

"Such general relationships of the energy of the response to the energy changes in the processes preceding the response have not been recognized. Balfour Stewart remarks: 'We have seen that life is associated with delicately constructed machines, so that whenever a transmission of energy is brought about by a living being, could we trace the event back, we should find that the physical antecedent was probably a much less transmutation, while again the antecedent of this would probably be found still less, and so on, as far as we could trace it.' We should recognize, however, that such relationships have a limit in the living organism. Otherwise, we would arrive at perpetual motion."

MAKING THE SMOKE NUISANCE

NEARLY everything that goes on earth and put to some practical use, has not many years since smoke not only had no utilitarian value but was annually destructive of millions of dollars' worth of property. It was a hundred years ago that Herr Hohfeld, a teacher of mathematics in Leipzig, found that if he electrified a wire hung in a bottle filled with smoke the smoke rapidly cleared, leaving a deposit on the sides and bottom of the bottle. About sixty years later Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent British physicist, rediscovered the same phenomenon, and in 1886 suggested to the Society of Chemical Industry at Liverpool that the principle be applied to smoke and fume abatement and the clearing of fog. But it remained for Frederick G. Cottrell, now head of the United States Bureau of Mines, practically to apply the discovery, we are told in an article in *Nation's Business* (Washington), by James B. Morrow:

"Fifteen years ago smoke, dust, and vapor from kilns and smelting works and from roasters and lead furnaces were being poured over the orchards and fields in California. Farmers, whose property and crops were being injured or destroyed, had gone to the courts for relief. Invisible sulfur dioxide, sulfuric acid, arsenic, and heavy salts and visible particles of lime filled the air in some of the richest agricultural regions of the Pacific coast.

"Beginning in 1905, Frederick G. Cottrell, then an instructor in the University

of California, pursued his studies, got others interested, and finally installed in the Selly Smelting and Lead Company's plant a successful electrical precipitation apparatus. The fumes which had poisoned the farmers' crops and caused endless and expensive litigation were deposited on plates between which electrified chains were suspended. When the plates are deeply coated the electricity is turned off and the accumulated particles fall into hoppers.

"Having perfected the process, Dr. Cottrell and his associates turned it over to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, which now, through its Research Corporation, controls the patents in all of the forty-eight States, except Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Nevada, and Idaho. In these States the rights have been transferred to young men who had come into the business with Dr. Cottrell and his associates. They also control the application of the process to the cement industry throughout the country.

"At Riverside, Cal., where this process was first applied, kilns of a large cement company were raining clouds of lime and clay particles on the orange groves in the vicinity. Litigation was impending. The company had spent a million dollars in the purchase of surrounding land and in machinery to stop complaints and end the nuisance. It cost the cement company two hundred thousand dollars to install the Cottrell process, but the outlay resulted in the collection of nearly one hundred tons of dust a day. Enough potash was obtained from the dust to pay a large dividend on the money invested in the new machinery. Since then the process has been adopted by many cement works, and owners of iron furnaces are using it for utilization of smoke and gases. There seems a chance of its solving our potash problem for us cheaply. It is said that one cement company alone is recovering six thousand dollars' worth of potash a week.

"The profits derived from the Cottrell patents are to form 'an endowment fund to be used for the intensive study of scientific and industrial needs, and to provide the means, through the testing of new discoveries and through study, investigation, and experimentation, of supplying such needs.'

"That brilliant metallurgist, Dr. Charles H. Fulton, of Case School of Applied Science, says that it has been demonstrated at the Great Falls copper plant that the daily loss there in dust has amounted in the past to 3,775 pounds of copper, 106 ounces of silver, and seven-tenths of an ounce of gold, a matter of perhaps a quarter of a million dollars a year.

"There are many smelters in the country,' Dr. Fulton adds, 'each of which burns off daily from two hundred and fifty to one thousand tons of sulfur from its ores into the atmosphere. And a ton of sulfur will make three tons of concentrated sulfuric acid and six of superphosphate fertilizer. The acid is not only thrown away, but it does immense damage to the surrounding country by getting into the drainage.'

"The waste in metallurgical smoke—which means gases, vapors, and fine dust—that issues from blast, smelting, and roasting furnaces runs into hundreds of millions in money. To prevent that waste was really the problem to which Dr. Cottrell addressed himself when he sat down with his 'pot-boiler,' as he terms it, that he might obtain a little extra money with which to complete the furnishing of his home and to meet the expenses of his household—money, it should be said, that neither then nor since ever reached his pocket."



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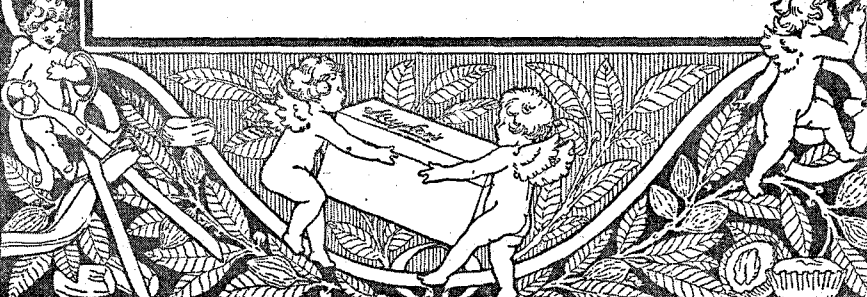
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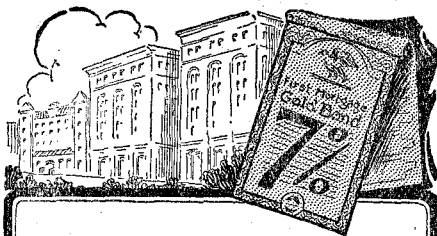
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WHERE FRANCE STANDS TO-DAY

THE success of the French Government in floating its new \$100,000,000 twenty-five-year eight per cent. loan in this country has called forth a large number of estimates by various financial authorities dealing with French powers of recuperation and French progress in reconstruction. One of the most succinct of these statements is made by the head of a great French bank who dictated this memorandum in the presence of a representative of the National City Bank of New York, and the bank reprints it as follows in one of its bulletins:

In 1913 the total amount of revenue collected by the French budget was 5,100 million francs (1,020 million dollars). At the end of the war the total revenue had reached 9,000 million francs (1,800 million dollars).

But the richest part of France was invaded, a part which in 1913 yielded 800 million francs (160 million dollars).

Consequently, as the 9,000 million francs (1,800 million dollars) were paid by the remainder of the territory, which paid 4,300 million francs (860 million dollars) in 1913, the increase is more than one hundred per cent.

This achievement is generally compared in a disparaging spirit with those of other countries during the war.

But it must be remembered:

1. That the invaded territory represented

14% of the French production in wheat;
47% of the French production in sugar;
55% of the French production in flax;
74% of the French production in coal;
92% of the French production in iron ore;
81% of the French production in iron;
60% of the French production in steel;
20% of the French production in tools, machinery, etc.;

80% of the French production in wool products;
70% of the French production in cotton products;
20% of the French export trade.

2. That when these districts were restored to France destruction had been wrought, purposely, even to the last moment, in order to cripple French industry and trade for long years to come, amounting to tens of billions of dollars (the exact amount can not even now be ascertained).

The principal coal-mines had been flooded, all equipments destroyed. It will take ten years to put them in shape again. And 8,700,000 acres of land were rendered useless for agriculture; 1,400 miles of standard-gauge railroad-track, 814 bridges, and 680 miles of waterways had been destroyed.

3. That the French losses in men killed have been 1,350,000, representing three and one-half per cent. of the total population.

Practically all men between eighteen and forty-seven have been mobilized, i.e., about twenty-five per cent. of the total population. Out of every one hundred mobilized—men of the ages of nineteen to thirty-four—fifty-seven have been killed.

4. That in spite of the terrible handicap under which the country labored, with huge foreign armies concentrated, equipped, drilled, clothed, fed, and armed on French

territory—as every American knows—on the day of the armistice, the whole American army in France did not possess a single field-gun which had not been constructed in and supplied by France.

Imagine the United States in the same situation: having lost the coal-fields in the Alleghanies, the iron ore of the lakes, some of the largest and richest cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh, having had three million five hundred thousand men killed, and while struggling for their life on their own soil, helping others to get ready and devoting all their productive capacity to war-material, while others had something over for domestic requirements and investments such as ship-building, etc., how would American economic conditions look, under these circumstances, after five years?

The present situation is, of course, a transitory one, but already interesting symptoms can be noted:

(a) An improvement in the trade returns: French imports during the first five months of 1919 amounted to 11,114 million francs (2,222 million dollars), and during the first five months of 1920 to 13,041 million francs (2,608 million dollars).

The exports during these same periods were:

1919, 2,116 million francs (423 million dollars).

1920, 5,976 million francs (1,194 million dollars).

The balance is certainly a very unfavorable one, but it is being slowly and steadily reduced:

In 1919, 8,998 million francs (1,799 million dollars).

In 1920, 7,071 million francs (1,414 million dollars).

The increase in imports is due mainly to raw material for industrial purposes (1,724 million francs, or 344 million dollars), while the increase in exports is mainly due to manufactured articles (2,244 million francs, or 448 million dollars).

(b) The yield of taxes and other state income shows a remarkable increase. For the first five months of 1920 the returns have exceeded the estimates by 1,356 million francs (271 million dollars); the increase on the figures of 1919 (with no appreciable changes in the rates) amounts to 1,646 million francs (329 million dollars).

The new taxes voted on June 25, 1920, are estimated to yield about 8,500 million francs a year (1,700 million dollars). This means that the French taxpayers' burden will henceforth be about 486 francs a year (\$97.20), exclusive of department and local taxes. We understand that the average yearly payment by the American taxpayer into the Federal treasury is about \$49.70.

No other nation in history has undertaken such a drastic reform in taxation at one and the same time.

Since the foregoing was prepared, notes the writer for the New York bank, the statement of the foreign trade of France for the full half year ended June 30, 1920, has been made. Imports amounted to 15,629,000,000 francs, an increase of 836,000,000 francs over the same period of 1919, while the exports were 7,780,000,000

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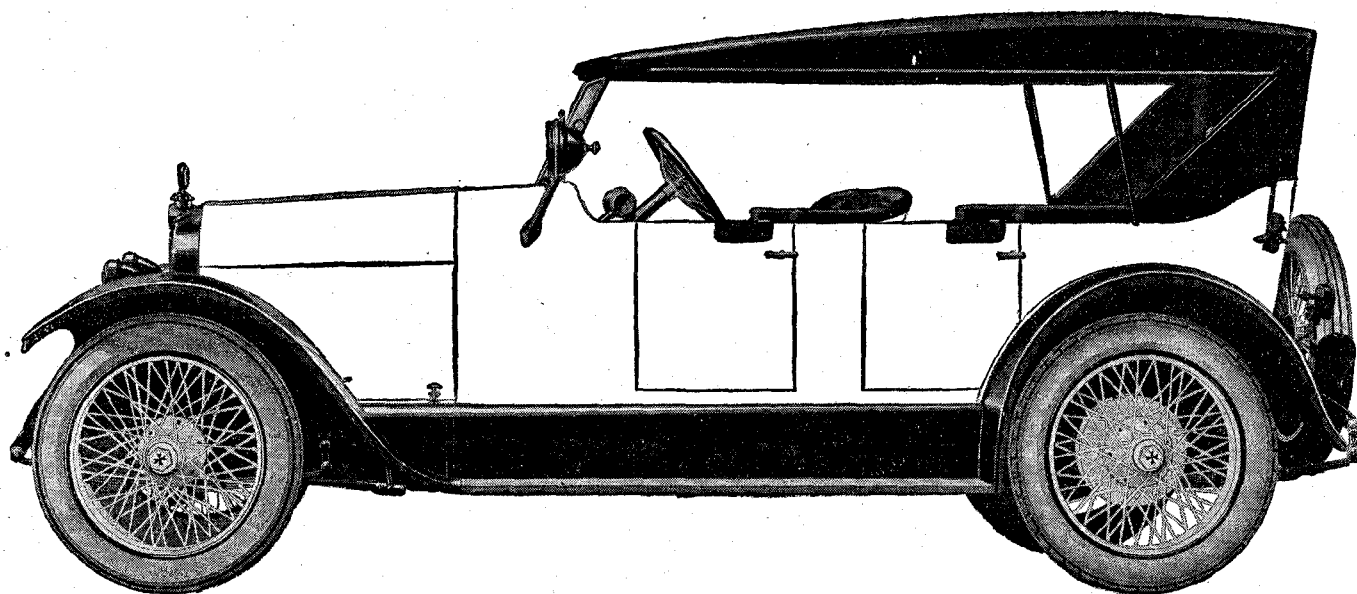
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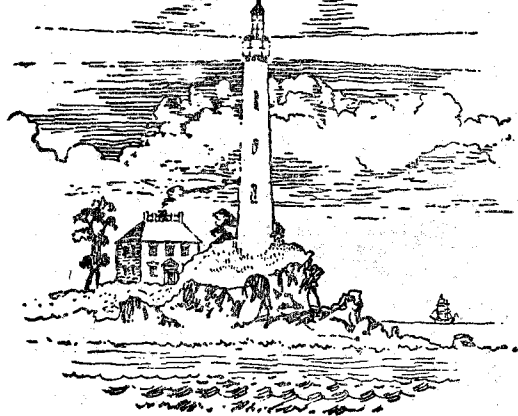
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE Continued

frances, an increase of 5,096,000,000 francs. A statistical report showing the progress of reconstruction in France has been made by André Tardieu, former Minister of Reconstruction and now president of the committee on the devastated regions. The New York *Evening Post*, quoting from this report as published by the Bankers Trust Company of New York, calls especial attention to the fact that fourteen hundred miles of principal railroad-lines destroyed in France during the war have been entirely restored, and exactly one-half of the branch lines have been repaired. Similar achievements are noted in other fields. For instance, only sixty-two of the 4,008 municipal governments destroyed by the invading armies have not yet been restored; 2,023,000 of the 2,728,000 residents of the devastated area who fled before the invader have returned to their own lands; 5,343 of the 6,445 schools existing before the war have been reestablished. We read further:

As the restoration of arable land presented one of the greatest difficulties and at the same time involved, perhaps, the most important factor in the life of the country, the following table is a good index to the whole effort:

Torn up by shell-fire and troops.	3,970,000 hectares
(about 9,925,000 acres)	
Projectiles removed from	3,265,000
(about 9,163,500 acres)	
Barbed wire removed from	2,706,000
(about 6,765,000 acres)	
Received first plowing	1,520,000
(about 3,800,000 acres)	
Cubic meters of trenches filled	134,000,000
Square meters cleared of wire entanglements	182,000,000

As the restoration of homes is a supplementary problem to that of restoring the land, examination of this work may prove interesting. According to Mr. Tardieu, there were 574,777 dwellings damaged (one-half destroyed) during the war. Of this number 13,100 have been rebuilt, 178,500 have been repaired, and 46,570 temporary houses erected. The temporary houses and those rebuilt and repaired shelter 887,000 persons, and the remainder of the returned population have found quarters in undamaged houses.

The following table shows loss and replacements of animals taken away by the enemy:

	Head
Cattle	523,000
Cattle replaced	74,000
Horses and mules	327,000
Horses and mules replaced	4,300
Sheep and goats	405,000
Sheep and goats replaced	43,000

Lack of shelter has not permitted the introduction of more animals. Germany is behind the estimated schedule in returning cattle taken away.

While the work on the railroads was being pushed other means of communication were being restored. Of the 1,000 miles of canals destroyed, 485, or slightly less than half, have been repaired. Less progress was made in rebuilding roads, for of the 32,000 miles destroyed only 1,122 have been completely restored, the partial repairs have been effected on 10,000 miles.

Industrially the situation is much the same. Of the 11,500 factories destroyed, 3,540 are working again and 3,812 are in process of rebuilding. A census taken in 1914, 679,000 men were at work, while at present a total of 340,000 are at work, and of these 82,000 are engaged in repairing the factories themselves.

Following is a report on blast-furnaces in the iron industry:

In operation in 1914..... 72
In operation in 1920..... 17
Nearly ready to be lighted..... 20
(Daily average production: 140 tons of pig iron for each furnace)

The twenty furnaces nearly ready have not been put into operation for lack of coke. They require four thousand tons of coke daily.

The iron and steel industry in the invaded districts, which represented eighty-five per cent. of the total French production before the war, has been reestablished in the proportion of forty to fifty per cent. in all its branches, except the heavy steel works (about fourteen per cent. restored) and the rolling-mills (about three and one-half per cent. restored), all the rolling-mills having been dismantled and the machinery taken to Germany, where it has been found. The rolling-mills are being put in order again.

Coal—in the arrondissement of Douai, including only the mines occupied by the Germans:

	Tons
Production in April, 1919.....	22,577
Production in April, 1920.....	139,631
Amount spent by the French Government in putting the mines in order, 10,000,000,000 francs	

GERMAN CHEMICAL INDUSTRY PROSPERING

GERMAN industry in general may be in a bad way, but certain figures published in *Drug and Chemical Markets* indicate that the German chemical companies are doing very well from a financial view-point. The Chemical Foundation finds these returns interesting enough to quote in its *Bulletin*:

Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik made a net profit of twenty-seven million marks as compared with 10.85 millions in 1918. A dividend of 18 per cent. has been declared (12 per cent. in 1918).

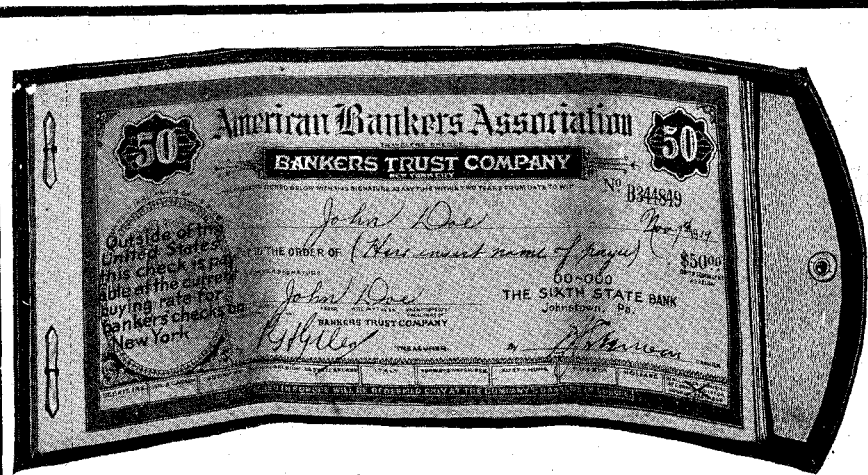
Farbenfabriken vorm. Friedrich Bayer & Co., at Leverkusen, earned 29.1 million marks against 13.1 millions in the previous year and distributed 18 per cent. (12 per cent. in 1918).

Chemische Fabrik J. D. Riedel, Berlin, distributed 16 per cent. plus a bonus of 10 per cent. as compared with a total dividend of 16 per cent. in the former year.

Chemische Fabriken vorm. Weiler-ter-Meer made profits of 2.58 millions (1.15 millions in 1918) and declared a dividend of 12 per cent. as compared with 10 per cent. in 1918.

Chemische Fabrik auf Aktien, vorm. E. Schering, Berlin, issued a statement which reveals that production had been seriously hampered during the past year by lack of fuel and raw materials. A slight improvement has latterly taken place and the outlook is declared to be more hopeful. A dividend of 18 per cent. on common and 4½ per cent. on preferred stock has been distributed.

Farbwerke vorm. Meister, Lucius & Bruening at Hoechst am Main have in-



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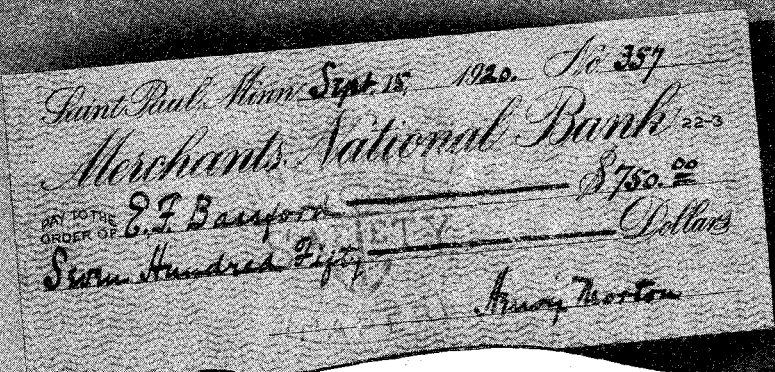
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

creased their profits from 14.96 million marks to 24.2 millions and declared dividend of 14 per cent. (12 per cent. in 1918).

Aktiengesellschaft für Anilinfabrikation Berlin, distributed a dividend of 18 per cent. against 12 per cent. in 1918.

Kalle & Co., Aktien Gesellschaft, of Biebrich, has also done good business. Most of the stocks are in possession of the Farbwerke vor. Meister, Lucius & Brunner at Hoechst. Dividend 11 per cent. as compared with 7 per cent. in the former year.

Chemische Fabrik Griesheim Elektro at Frankfurt have almost doubled their earnings, the return showing a profit of 8.4 million marks. A dividend of 12 per cent. has been declared (7 per cent. in 1918).

Aktien Gesellschaft für Chemische Industrie, at Gelsenkirchen, distributed a dividend of 25 per cent. against 10 per cent. in 1918.

STEEL NO LONGER A TRADE BAROMETER

THE once accepted dictum that the iron and steel market is a barometer of trade generally is now being questioned. The opinion was once commonly held that changes in business conditions in the country at large were exhibited first in the iron and steel industry. The editor of *The Iron Age* is now forced to conclude that the industry is extremely important, developments in it are no longer prophetic. Here are the reasons as he sees them:

Whether iron, or, to be more specific, the condition of the iron and steel markets generally, can now be consulted for prophetic indications of general business, may, perhaps, be answered by considering what made iron barometric in its indications in the past. There were several reasons, some of them interwoven one with another. There was the tendency of steel mills to sell their product far ahead when favorable opportunity presented itself, thus being unable to execute new orders promptly, so that the buyer had to anticipate his wants. Then there was the so-called "open" or "option" contract, under which mills oversold themselves technically, and proved really oversold practically if the market advanced. Also there was the tendency of the steel market to move in long cycles, with slowly but surely advancing prices for relatively long periods of time. In these three items one may be called cause and another effect, or *vice versa*. To cut the matter short, there were great "movements" in the market, and as they were coupled with the ebb and flow of general business they naturally were started early, as they had a long course to pursue. When iron and steel prices were in the trough or had just begun to ascend, buyers knew they would be safe in buying and that it would be unsafe not to buy, as in that event their deliveries would be delayed. Thus the iron and steel market was more or less barometric or prophetic in its showing.

In the period in which iron was accepted as the barometer of trade a large proportion of the iron and steel produced was used in construction work. In the typical case of a factory or a sky-scraper the buying of the steel requisite was prophetic in its

pects. In the first place, for the construction work the steel would be bought first and later the other materials and equipment, while the labor for erection would also be employed later. In the second place, the inception of the project represented the judgment of the investors that business was going to become more active, thus requiring the facilities or products contemplated by the construction job.

In the two respects above indicated iron can not be regarded as barometric to the extent that formerly obtained. The steel market itself, with its two sets of prices, Steel Corporation and independent, is not permitted to indulge in a movement similar to those that occurred in prewar times, while as to construction work, the amount of steel entering into large construction jobs has been a much smaller proportion of the total output, since the armistice, than formerly was the rule.

In another respect the steel market has been deprived of its barometric capability. Its largest customer was the railroad system of the country, and the railroads bought steel or articles made of steel when money was easy, and refrained from buying when money was tight, easy money producing expansion in general business and tight money leading eventually to contraction. In the future money for the railroads will not vary in easiness and tightness by anything like the range that formerly obtained, and railroad expenditures will be controlled quite largely by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

While developments in the iron and steel industry are not now, and may not be in future as prophetic as they used to be, one important thing remains, that the iron and steel industry is a very large industry and its activity or quiescence must make an important showing as to industrial conditions generally. The steel business can not be good when general business is bad, or bad when general business is good.

BRANCH BANKS ON OCEAN LINERS

TRAVELERS on the large Cunard liners are now afforded banking facilities with the branch banks established by the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited, we are told by a writer in *The Nautical Gazette* (New York). He states that "the Cunard Steamship Company introduced the branch bank on its large liners with the beginning of the year. The *Mauritania* was the first to have a bank on board. Then the *Imperator* was similarly fitted, and finally the *Aquitania* has been provided with banking facilities." A representative of *The Nautical Gazette* visited the *Imperator* when she was last in port at New York and asked one of the bankers about the branch bank's operations. He was informed:

It's a real bank. We do everything that a British bank on land does. Every day we get a wireless from our head office in London giving us the latest rates of exchange, not only sterling, but most of the European exchanges.

Comparing what the bank could do with what the old-time purser could do, *The Nautical Gazette's* informant said:

Well, the purser just has two bags and puts money in one and takes it out of the



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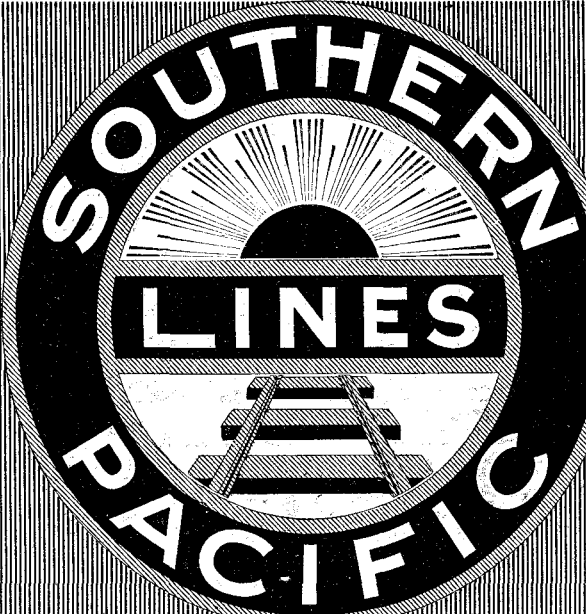
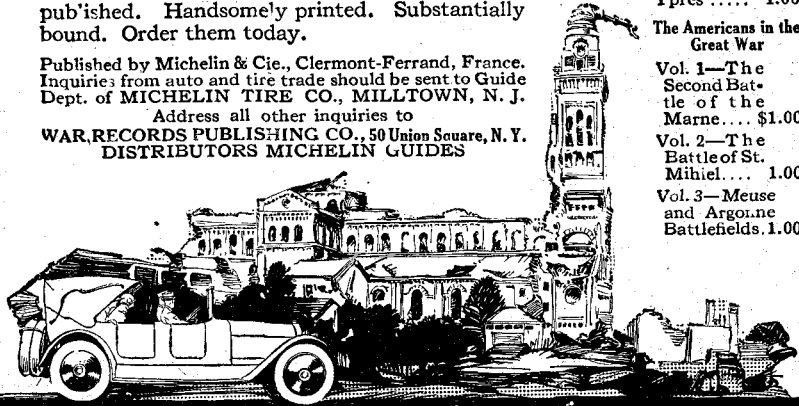
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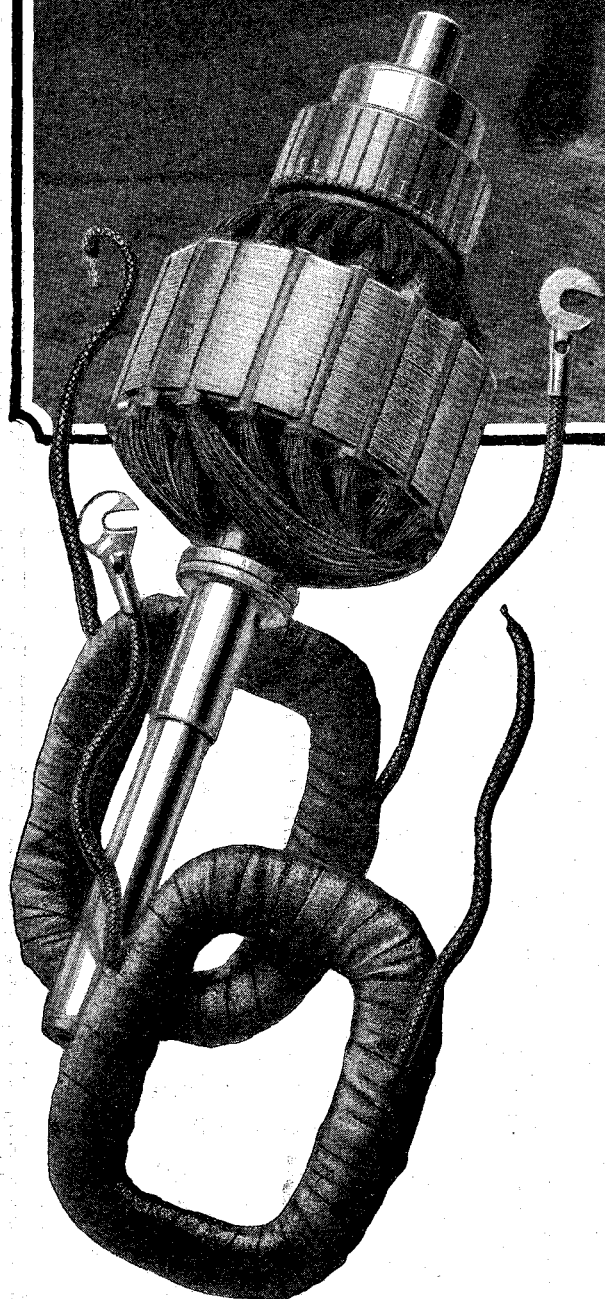
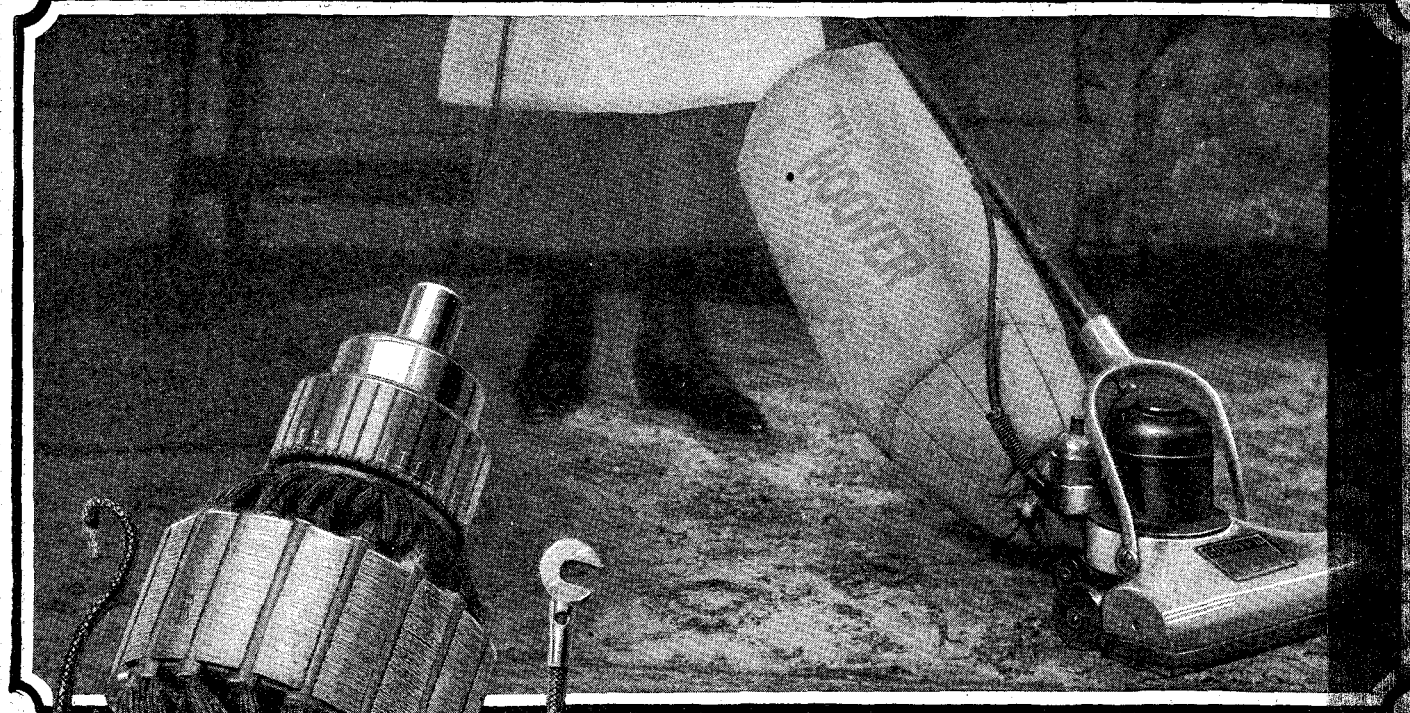
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

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Every night we balance our books just as a branch bank would ashore. The bank is closed now because we are within the three-mile limit. We do no business in foreign territorial waters. The bank is used by all classes of passengers. We have regular hours for visiting the second-class and third-class sections and we transact any business they wish us to. Thus every passenger is able to use the bank.

A good deal of business comes from the second- and third-class passengers, as a large number of comparatively well-to-do people have been forced to travel that way owing to the sharp advance in passage money. Many requests come to us for information. Passengers ask us constantly whether it would be better for them to wait till they get ashore to change their money. A lot of curiosity is shown in the change in the rate of sterling from day to day. When the Spa Conference started, the rate went down and then when it was over the rate rose again. We are the center of quite a lot of financial gossip.

But when a purser on one of the many liners not yet provided with banks was asked what he thought of the new institution, he said:

Well, of course, it will play the dickens with us fellows. It's our finish. A purser on a British liner now gets forty-five pounds a month. For this he has to keep the ship's accounts and take care of valuables for passengers. In the past it was not the straight salary that attracted the purser. It was the chance to make something on the side by changing money for passengers. That was always well understood. The purser conducted the exchange business on his own account and usually made more than his salary in this way. To him it meant a good deal, but to the company the business would have been a fleabite.

If the banks do the exchange business instead of the purser there will only be one result. Either the pursers will have to have their salaries raised to make good the loss or they will seek other work and pursers' jobs will be filled by less capable men. I'm afraid it'll mean a lowering of the standard, for pursers will try to make up the loss by tips and in other ways which pursers won't stoop to now.

The writer in *The Nautical Gazette* thus concludes:

Doubt is expressed in some quarters as to the likelihood of steamer banks proving profitable ventures from the standpoint of actual profits. However, a bank is a good advertisement for a steamer, and doubtless banking will remain a feature of transatlantic shipping whether it pays directly or not.



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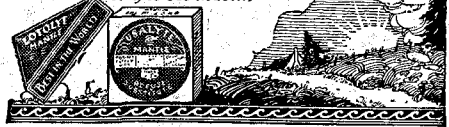
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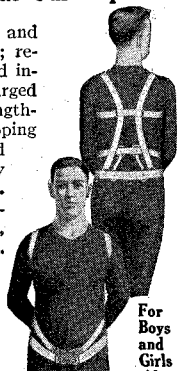
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Continued

CANADA'S NEW BANKRUPTCY ACT

UNTIL recently Canada, Russia, and China were the only countries without a bankruptcy act, but Canada has now withdrawn and Russia and China alone share this doubtful honor, notes a writer in *Canadian Finance* (Winnipeg). Previously there were various provincial laws which differed and of course caused confusion, so the writer in the Winnipeg weekly naturally considers as the most important feature of the new law the fact that its application is uniform throughout the country. A second feature is the act's provision for compulsory bankruptcy. As we read:

The act provides that upon the application of a creditor with a claim of five hundred dollars, or a number of creditors whose claims in the aggregate amount to five hundred dollars, the courts may declare the debtor a bankrupt. This feature has been criticized, particularly in western Canada, because it may lead to compulsory bankruptcy for men temporarily embarrassed financially. As the application to declare a man bankrupt must be made to a judge it is reasonable to believe that the court authorities will not encourage *Shylock* methods and will protect a debtor from harsh or unfair treatment so that in practice it will undoubtedly be found that the enforcement of the act will not encourage abuse of the spirit of the law. The third feature which makes the act a notable one is the provision for the ultimate discharge of an honest debtor, even before his debts have been paid in full. Prior to the passing of the act a man was always liable for his debts even tho he made an assignment. It is worthy of note that only honest debtors may receive a discharge. Any bankrupt who has been proved to be dishonest in any way stands very little chance of being discharged. An undischarged bankrupt who obtains credit to the extent of five hundred dollars or more without informing the person from whom he obtains such credit that he is an undischarged bankrupt will be liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or one year's imprisonment, or both. Once a person has been adjudged a bankrupt, should he commence business again, he is compelled to keep proper books of account. This may seem to be an insignificant provision, but it strikes at one of the fundamental causes of insolvency. The great majority of men who become insolvent do so because they never know how they stand financially. If a merchant does not know how much his expenses are it stands to reason that he does not know how much he should get for his merchandise in order to gain a profit. Every business man should keep proper books. It is poor economy to endeavor to save the cost of a good bookkeeper.

The act can not be enforced against a farmer, neither does it apply to debts of less than five hundred dollars in the aggregate. A farmer may take advantage of the act if he voluntarily admits bankruptcy, but he can not be compelled to become a bankrupt. This is a wise provision, for a farmer is subject to temporary financial embarrassment when crop conditions are unfavorable, and yet the following

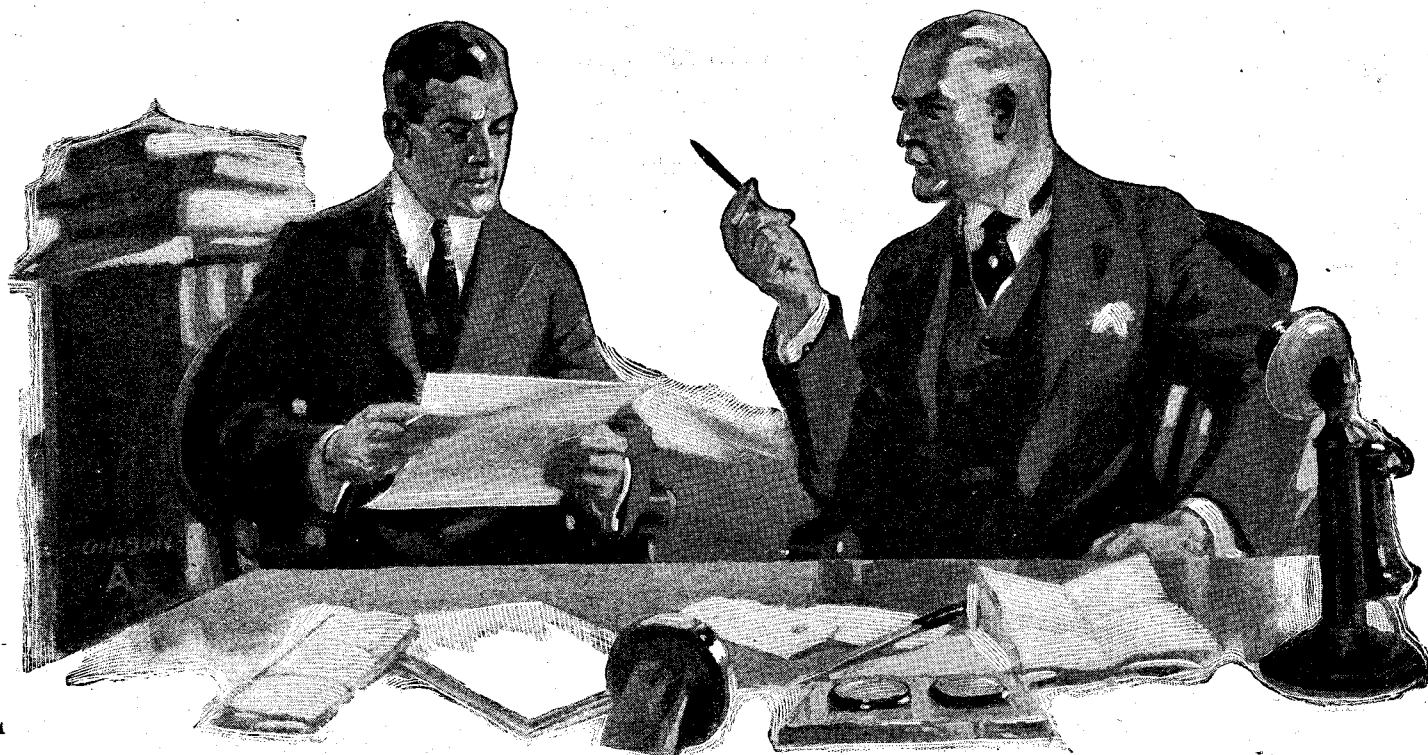
year he may be well fixed owing to better conditions.

Lawyers' fees are limited by the act to five per cent. of the gross proceeds of the estate if the proceeds exceed five thousand dollars and not more than ten per cent. of the gross proceeds of an estate if the proceeds do not exceed five thousand dollars. This is a new method of fixing legal fees and its working will be watched with considerable interest by both the legal profession and the public generally.

Designed to provide a uniform law, to make proceedings quick and cheap, to abolish preferential creditor abuses, and to provide for the discharge of an honest bankrupt, the act seems to be a definite step toward better things. The practical working out of its many features should facilitate business to a considerable degree and enable business men to separate honest debtors from dishonest debtors and to treat them accordingly.

HOW BANKING MAY AGAIN BE MADE DESIRABLE AS A CAREER

TIME was when banking as a profession had a firm hold on popular imagination, when parents dreamed of having "a banker in the family," and young men were willing to accept meager salaries in order that they might belong to so honored a profession. This is no longer true, writes William Marvin Jackson, associate editor of *Forbes Magazine*, in a current issue of *The Burroughs Clearing-House* (Detroit). This writer lately heard a vocational expert declare that banking was no profession for an ambitious, energetic young man. Mr. Jackson has had unusual opportunities for getting in touch with young business men, and finds that among them "there is a deep-rooted conviction that banking does not offer to the average young man as good opportunities for making money and getting ahead as the commercial field." For the most part, we are told, the feeling seems to be: "There are too many routine jobs in a bank and too few positions of responsibility in comparison with the number of people employed. The same amount of application will take a young man further in a business concern than in a bank." All this evidence "is conclusive," to Mr. Jackson's mind, and he tries to account for the change of attitude. One reason for it is the small salaries paid to the bulk of bank employees. There once was a feeling that any one ought to be willing to work in a bank for much less pay than he would receive in a less honorable place. In consequence, an impression has been widely created that the banks have been trying to make capital out of their popularity, "trying to take advantage of their favorable situation." Five years ago Mr. Jackson made a careful comparison of bank salaries with salaries paid in other professions. The situation has since changed considerably, but at that time, he says, he found "that there was a difference of from one to five dollars in the weekly salaries paid office boys, runners, typists, stenographers, and certain clerks by the banks



Could You Swing a \$10,000 Job?

During the past few months a prominent corporation in the Middle West has been putting the question point blank to a number of men in smaller institutions who have shown an intelligent grasp of business and the ability to grapple with its problems—"Could you swing a \$10,000 job?"

This is not a story which *might well* be true; neither is it unusual. It is a plain, sober statement of fact; the company is known for its conservatism.

Its representative has talked with scores of young men without their having the faintest idea of his purpose. He approaches them casually on business subjects, drawing out their knowledge of administration, salesmanship, finance, transportation, costs, etc.

Dozens of men within the past six months have been within reach of this opportunity—hundreds, probably, if account be taken of similar search by other institutions.

Dozens, hundreds, have failed—and have never dreamed of the future that for an hour or more had been held out to them, that could have been THEIRS, if they had been able to qualify.

These men were not lacking in native ability. They were honest, industrious, of excellent personality.

Time was the factor that decided against them. A year's leeway—two years, possibly—and they might have qualified. But there *is* no leeway, times like these, for slow development or preliminary training. Business moves too fast; responsibilities are overwhelming.

If *tomorrow* one of the larger corporations should approach *you*, draw you out on business fundamentals, could you show the necessary understanding?

Would a \$10,000 job attract YOU?

And could you swing it?

Big Business Pays the Price

America has plenty of merely good salesmen—men who know nothing about pro-

duction or finance; plenty of trained engineers—who know nothing about modern methods of distribution; plenty of bookkeepers, clerks and assistants—who know their narrow jobs and nothing else.

America is *crying out* for men who understand the principles that underlie *all* business.

Never in the history of business have *capable* men been so much in demand. Business has literally outgrown its managerial facilities. Everywhere it is searching for men who have schooled themselves in the theory and practice of modern business. These are the men to whom large salaries are offered. Big business is only too glad to pay the price.

If You Wish to Climb

Is there any good reason why *you* should not qualify for the jobs that pay real money? Can you honestly afford to trudge along on the limited knowledge, misnamed "experience," which a man picks up hit-or-miss in the school of hard knocks? Henry Ford says that those who wait to graduate from the hard-knock school are usually too old to go to work!

You who have will power and energy, get *understanding*; school yourself in the ex-

perience of others. Big Business will surely search you out. If you are truly serious, in earnest about your success, you can begin today to prepare for it.

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Four hundred and fifty business experts, associated with LaSalle Extension University, will help you acquire that mastery of modern business which commands big salaries. Under the La Salle *Problem Method of Instruction* you will learn to solve the vital and *controlling* problems of business—*exactly the sort of problems which business leaders are meeting every day of their lives*. The training is available on terms well within your reach.

Our book, "*Mastering the Knack of Management*," has given thousands of men an impulse for bigger opportunities, greater responsibilities, more money.

Today—as attested by thousands of letters—their progress toward the higher rewards of business is steady and sure.

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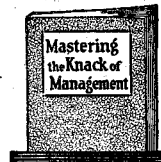
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

on one hand and the most reputable business houses on the other." Some banks have tried to make up for the difference by giving bonuses, "thus openly acknowledging that their salary scale is low." "As a temporary measure to help employees meet the higher cost of living bonus-giving is undoubtedly wise and just." But that, we are told, "is an entirely different proposition from the one we are considering." Mr. Jackson passes on to other important angles of this subject:

Consider another criticism. Is it true that a bank is no place for the young man who has a great amount of imagination, energy, and pep? In other words, is bank work "slow"?

Unquestionably, banks need young men of life and vigor, possessing constructive imagination and fine inherent ability. But from the very nature of things, the banker must possess sound judgment—the ability to think clearly, sanely, and perhaps conservatively.

Are the two sets of qualities incompatible? Not at all, provided that the enthusiasm and energy be properly tempered and directed. But as the situation now stands, the tendency in many banks is to curb these qualities—not to direct and conserve them.

"Our people mustn't be too ambitious," said a bank officer to me. "Education and training are all right in their place, but we can't afford to stir our people up too much or they'll get dissatisfied and quit. There's one thing you want to keep in mind about bank work—there are some jobs that are nothing but ruts and we've got to employ a lot of people who'll be satisfied to stay in that kind of a job." Only recently an officer of another bank told me practically the same story.

Now, while I recognize that these two men do not speak for bankers generally, I have observed that there is a strong tendency on the part of many bankers to view the matter in much the same light.

With even a relatively few bankers taking this attitude (tho they certainly don't air the opinion), is it hard to understand why so many people nowadays regard bank work as slow? The officers may not give voice to their views; but their clerks, the victims of such a narrow policy, who have occupied the same jobs for years have no hesitancy about it.

"But," says some banker, "how are you going to get around the fact that we do need 'safe and sane' employees, and the fact that we haven't enough jobs at the top to take care of very many live wires?"

In the first place, I would watch the matter of selection a little more carefully. I would try to select people possessing the right combination of qualities—that is, people with ability and energy and enthusiasm—but also with poise, patience, and sound judgment. I would employ the best and give them the best possible training. Under such a plan I might not keep some of my men so long, but I wouldn't have a weak spot in my organization—I would have a competent, efficient man on every job. Granting that I might keep some men only half as long, I would get twice as much work out of them—I

How To Live Long With a Weak Heart

WHILE THIS SOUNDS like a paradox, it is nevertheless entirely practicable and its truth is being demonstrated daily by hundreds of sufferers from cardiac ailments who are leading useful and active lives by taking the proper care of themselves. Modern heart specialists will agree that three-fourths of their work consists in influencing their patients to do for themselves, under intelligent supervision, the things recommended when their examination was completed. The care of a defective heart, thus, resolves itself very largely into a question of education and reeducation both of the mind and body.

Is Your Heart Absolutely Sound?

Or are you subjecting a damaged heart muscle to daily and hourly strains that it is not fitted to bear? This is a definite answer. With a timely warning and with the exercise of reasonable care, nine heart patients out of ten need not be unduly cast down. Heart troubles will, in many instances, respond to treatment and there are many palliative measures that can make life more comfortable even for the more severe cases.

Like a Thief in the Night

the most dangerous forms of heart disease may steal upon you unawares, making no sign, and you may go on with your busy, care-free existence, without the slightest thought of the intruder that will rob you of many happy years. Very few ailments are as insidious as this one and it behooves every one of us to guard himself carefully against its assaults. If the mischief has already been partly accomplished, you can still do a great deal to prevent its increase. There is now available for every physician, nurse, and layman, a great mass of intensely interesting matter regarding the heart and its treatment that practically amounts to

A New Science

This material has been collected during the last decade, which has added more to our knowledge of heart irregularities than had been acquired in the previous half century. The substance of this new art, stripped as far as possible of technical details, and made easy and clear to the lay mind, is now offered to the public in the important new volume,

Heart Troubles: Their Prevention and Relief

By LOUIS FAUGÈRES BISHOP, M.D.

Eminent Heart Specialist; Professor Diseases of Heart and Circulation, Fordham University; Author, "Heart Disease and Blood Pressure," "Arteriosclerosis," etc.

This genuinely educational book, with its cheerful optimism and sane counsel, will prove of real service not only to all sufferers from heart troubles, for whom it was primarily designed, but also to physicians and nurses, who will find its pages packed with useful advice and helpful suggestion. It tells just what should be done in the various types of heart disease, the mode of life best suited to the trouble, what exercise should be taken, what the diet should be, etc. Its advice sets forth a practical method of

Common Sense Treatment by Natural Means

much of which can be applied by the patient himself. Among other topics carefully treated in this authoritative work are:

The Heart as an Engine	Blood and Other Tests
The Circulation of the Blood	Fog-glove, or Digitalis, as a Heart Remedy
Why the Heart Beats	How to Use Nitroglycerin in Heart Cases
What the Pulse Indicates	How to Meet Emergency Attacks
What is Meant by Hardening of the Arteries	The Care of the Heart in the Young
Indigestion and Heart Trouble	Tea, Coffee, and Tobacco in Relation to the Heart
The Tonsils and the Heart	The Danger of Anti-fat Treatment in Heart Disease
The Relation of the Teeth to Heart Disease	The Right Care of the Heart During Pregnancy
What the X-Ray Shows About the Heart	Baths as Remedial Agents
How Heart Defects Can Be Outgrown	Diet in Various Heart Troubles
General Examination of Heart Patients	Nursing in Heart Cases
The Heart and the Kidneys	
Shortness of Breath	

All this useful and serviceable matter is arranged in a most convenient and readable form, with many illuminating diagrams, reproductions from photographs, etc., to bring its meaning more clearly home to you. Explicit details are given as to the various types of heart disease, with a complete list of symptoms, electrocardiograms—the autographs of its beats written by the heart through a specially devised machine—and instructions for specific care and treatment in each case. You learn that heart trouble is by no means the desperate affair that the layman has been taught to consider it. You find that there is always plenty of room for hope and often much real possibility for improvement. It is all very largely up to yourself. The care of heart troubles is mainly

A Question of Right Living

along simple and rational lines that can not but be productive of good results. If you enjoy perfect health, this book will help you to keep it. If your heart is affected, get the book, study it, talk it over with your physician and your nurse, if you have one, and see what a success you can make by following its counsel. Dr. Bishop will show you how. You can not afford delay. This is in every sense of the word A VITAL MATTER for you. Send for a copy NOW and begin your treatment at once. You will be thankful for it every day you live.

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could get along with a smaller force. If I had a man whom I knew I could never promote to a responsible position I would tell him so frankly, so that while he was yet young he could get out and try something else. . . . In a recent discussion of this subject, a bank officer made these interesting observations:

"The present method or plan of organization in banks may be necessary, but it is certainly unfortunate from a personnel standpoint. 'You have to cater too much to the officers' is the reason some of our men give for resigning. As I see it, there's too wide a gap in the average bank between the higher clerkships and the assistant cashierships. Very often it is a veritable gulf that, to even the advanced clerks, seems too wide and too difficult to span.

"The result is that some banks take on the air of a kingdom, with its ruling class, its aristocracy, and such things.

"It seems to me that men high up in commercial life are on the whole less imperious than bank officials, are more democratic in their attitude toward their subordinates.

"A very wholesome and desirable thing is the present tendency toward creating new titles, such as department manager and division manager.

"At the same time more responsibility is being reposed in men without official rank. Others than officers are being authorized to 'sign' and to enter somewhat into the councils. With the advent of advertising, new business and service departments, the banks are taking on more of the appearance of business organizations."

There is one other criticism that I should mention, and that is that there seems to be far too much politics in banking. I lunch frequently with a number of bank men, and to hear their line of talk you would think they and every one connected with their institutions were holding down political jobs. Where you have politics you have favoritism, and you see merit and true worth discounted. This is particularly true, of course, in the large banks, where sometimes it seems that every big officer has his "favorite sons."

There is nothing that will lower morale and kill spirit quicker than this. There can be no incentive to good work when things other than performance and ability get first consideration.

Of course, you'll find a certain amount of politics in many other concerns, but from my observations banking has more than its share.

After this sharp criticism Mr. Jackson proceeds to admit that things are now happening in the banking world "that will go far toward restoring the old regard for bank work and for banking as a career." But, he concludes, this return could be hastened and facilitated by reforms in the banking business along the following lines:

- More careful selection.
- A real system of training.
- The selection of more officers from the ranks.
- Giving clerks more responsibility.
- Doing something to bridge the gap between clerk and officer.
- More democratic methods.
- A less autocratic attitude.
- Less politics.
- Placing promotions on an absolute basis of merit and performance.



From the Four Quarters of the Globe

TO distant Ophir, Nineveh sent her sons in search of beautiful things to grace her civilization, and her stately galleys came rowing back to Palestine with wondrous cargoes of ivory and cedar and sweet-smelling sandalwood.

Across the sandy stretches of the great Arabian desert, Europe dispatched her long, winding caravans to seek and bring back from the East the silks and precious ointments to make splendid her courts.

Few people perhaps are conscious of the way the whole round world is laid under tribute for the commonest needs of the everyday life of civilized man.

Coffee for his breakfast table comes from Java, Brazil, Arabia; tea from China, India, Japan; wool for his clothing from Australia; hides for his shoe leather from South America.

The very ink with which his morning paper is printed is made of pigments, oils, gums and resins brought together from half the tropical countries of the globe.

Anywhere in America the Stetson hat your hatter shows you repre-

sents the offerings of many countries.

The fur which goes to make the fine, firm felt of the Stetson hat comes from the Nutria of the Argentine, the Coney of Scotland and the Beaver of Canada and the far North.

From Europe comes the leather for the sweatbands—thousands upon thousands of sheep, goat and calf skins of thirty different colors and finishes.

From Brazil comes the rubber for cementing the leather.

From India comes the fine shellac for stiffening the felt, while Japan and Italy contribute raw silk for weaving.

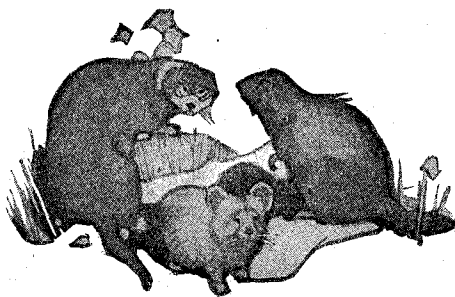
And if, even before the war, this search into the four quarters of the globe was carried on under difficulties, think how doubly difficult it has become in these days of dislocated markets and disarrangement of transportation.

The demand for fur—the fine pelts of Beaver, Nutria, and Coney—has suddenly leaped beyond all former experience.

Fashion has decreed fur for Madame in unprecedented manner.

New sources of supply must be opened up; new forests must be penetrated; traps must be set in new fields.

Think what the initiative and standards must be that maintain Stetson hats at the same high level today as for fifty years!



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FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



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Style Rules Us All

We may pretend indifference to style, but after all we feel comfortable when our clothes are in style and a trifle self-conscious when they are out of style.

There are seasons of extremes and seasons of conservative styles. This is the year of easy, graceful lines rather than the form-fitting models of last season. The waist line is lower—the vent is shorter—the coats hang freely from the shoulder.

This change is welcomed by every regular fellow. He likes comfort with his style; and another thing—here is a coat that will not be noticeably passé next year.

You are sure of quality—you are confident of full value, and you have the endorsement of the greatest style authority in America when you invest in a suit of Society Brand Clothes.

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ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited, for Canada

Chicago

New York

Montreal

CURRENT EVENTS

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA AND POLAND

September 8.—Serious revolts against the Russian Soviet Government break out near Moscow and are suppressed with much bloodshed, says a dispatch from Copenhagen, quoting advices from Riga.

Russian Soviet forces, aided by German and Hungarian war-prisoners, recapture Omsk, where, as in other towns of western Siberia, the peasants recently overthrew the Soviets.

Conditions along the Lithuanian front are becoming more serious daily, says a Warsaw report, the Poles and Lithuanians fighting spasmodically along the improvised frontier.

An official report received in diplomatic circles in Washington says that the commander of the Lithuanian army has served notice on the Poles that unless Lithuanian territorial claims are accepted, Lithuania will cooperate with the Russian Bolsheviks and eventually with Germany against Poland.

September 9.—General Wrangel's lines have been reestablished along the Dnieper, says a dispatch from Sebastopol, and he is now within twelve miles of Alexandrovsk, the headquarters of the field staff of the Thirteenth Soviet Army.

It is reported from Paris that France is forwarding various shipments of munitions, originally intended for General Deniken, to General Wrangel. These munitions are stored in Roumania and other Balkan countries and aggregate a considerable amount.

Continued Polish successes against Russian Bolsheviks on the front south of Brest-Litovsk are reported in an official statement from Warsaw.

September 10.—The Polish armies on the northeastern front deliver a series of successful attacks upon the Russians and take three thousand three hundred prisoners and two armored trains, says a report from Warsaw.

The Lithuanians send a note to the Polish Foreign Office asking for a conference to adjust the differences between the two nations.

September 11.—Poland's peace terms to be submitted to the Soviet delegates at a conference to be held in Riga soon are almost completed. Among the outstanding features are assurances by each of the two nations of recognition of the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of the othersignatory. Each side also agrees not to protect or further any organization directed against the prevailing Government of the other. Both countries are to include in the peace treaty a clause to limit the armed forces of each.

September 12.—An official Russian report received in Berlin tells of the almost total destruction of the forces of General Wrangel, the anti-Bolshevik leader.

The conference between the Poles and the Bolsheviks will begin at Riga about September 20, according to the understanding at Warsaw.

The Roumanian Government replies to the Russian Soviet's peace proposal, says a Moscow wireless message, with the statement that Roumania desires restoration of friendly relations between Roumania and Russia, and will shortly inform the Soviet Government as to its views of the conditions of a possi-

ble understanding between the two countries.

September 13.—A report received in Moscow says that General Semenov, the anti-Bolshevik leader in Siberia, has absconded to China with his large gold reserve.

The Russian Bolshevik delegation arrives at Riga for a conference relating to peace with the Poles.

September 14.—Serious anti-Bolshevik rioting is reported from Petrograd in dispatches reaching Berlin. According to a report received by the French Foreign Ministry from Copenhagen, riots took place in Petrograd when news of the Soviet military defeats reached the Russian capital.

On the eve of the peace conference at Riga, the Bolsheviks have started a new offensive against Warsaw and Lemberg, says a London report. It is said that the Poles have retired under the weight of the initial attack, but are now better prepared to defend Warsaw than they were two months ago, being in possession of French munitions sufficient to last several weeks.

FOREIGN

September 8.—The Pope intercedes in behalf of Lord Mayor MacSwiney, of Cork, now in Brixton Prison, London, according to advices from Rome.

It is reported from Rome that hundreds of persons were killed and thousands injured in the recent Italian earthquake disaster. Many small towns and villages were wrecked.

The movement started by the Italian Metal-Workers' Union in seizing factories has been extended by the occupation of the lignite-mines at Luini by the employees there, and of mines on several estates in Sicily, according to a Rome report. In Sicily, it is also said, the farmers have taken possession of lands.

The collapse of the attempt to overturn legal authority in Wurttemberg by an antitax strike is reported from Berlin. It is said that after disclosures that the German extreme Socialists who quit Moscow recently were disgusted and dismayed at the undemocratic character of Sovietism, a general sentiment of opposition to the "Reds" has developed in Germany. This is reflected in utterances of the press, many papers expressing themselves to the effect that they do not want to be "helpless slaves to the Moscow crowd."

September 9.—Emma Goldman and her "Red" associates who were banished from the United States on the Soviet ark *Buford* are now reported to be repairing the railway road-beds of Soviet Russia, according to advices reaching Washington.

Another earthquake occurs in the Emilia district of Italy, causing the loss of lives and much damage, says a Rome report. According to information thus far available the recent earthquake disasters in Italy affected some sixty cities and rendered homeless a total population of ten thousand.

Gabriele d'Annunzio proclaims Fiume an independent state, according to advices from that city.

Berlin advices report serious floods in south Germany.

Street-fighting takes place in Trieste between Nationalists and Socialists, says a report from Rome, in which two persons are killed and many wounded. Efforts to bring about a settlement of the strike situation continue.

September 10.—A severe earthquake shock

THE IDEAL OF SERVICE

By PAUL FABYAN



A DOZEN or more white-garbed girls sat at an immaculate table, working with deft fingers at some intricate task. A keen-eyed superintendent moved along the aisle behind them, watching intently the progress of their efforts. Through broad ceiling-high windows the sun shone upon them, bringing into prospective the pleased and interested countenances of the workers.

This was the scene that greeted us as we entered one of the finishing rooms in the McKesson & Robbins factory, and it was typical of what we found in many departments of the four factories of these noted manufacturing chemists.

From the highest superintendent in each factory to the smallest worker at a table, the visitor could see eager interest in the work in hand and hear a staunch declaration of the belief in the worth and character of every product bearing the McKesson & Robbins label. This faith and enthusiastic interest has grown through the years and has become mellowed in the McKesson & Robbins tradition, which embraces all those fine points of science and manufacture responsible for the distinguished achievements of this institution in the field of chemical research.

All of this faith and feeling has been crystallized in the *Ideal of Service*, which is the outstanding characteristic of McKesson & Robbins and its entire family of employees. For one has only to visit the factories of this concern to see that through its many years of fine activity it has developed within its own institutional home a remarkable family spirit through which has grown the McKesson & Robbins Ideal of Service.

As we paused before the table at which the smiling girls were at work, I drew their superintendent into conversation. He called my attention to a sign that can be seen at many places throughout the offices and factories of McKesson & Robbins. It read:

"Back of every product bearing the McKesson & Robbins oval trade mark are 87 years of scientific laboratory experience. This mark is our pledge of excellence of formulae, process of manufacture, and quality of ingredients."

"So you see," said the superintendent, "that we have a pledge to live up to here. We are an old concern, with a name known the world over for big achievements in helping people help themselves to better health in co-operating with the medical profession in constructive work for the public health. Every employee of the McKesson & Robbins organization feels that responsibility."

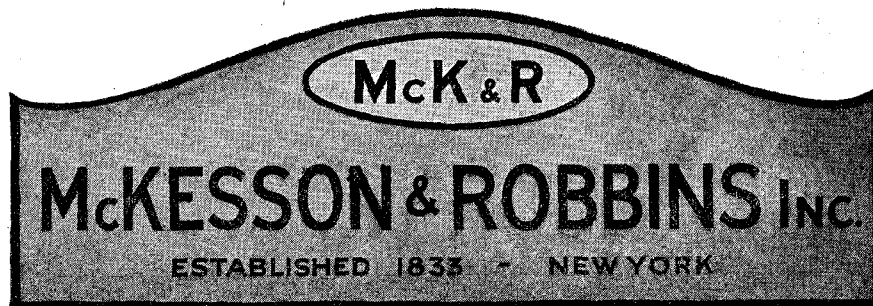
Having already visited the laboratories, and observed the storerooms, where raw materials are brought from all corners of the earth, and watched many of the manufacturing processes, I could well understand and appreciate the meaning of the superintendent's statements, and what this meant to the great public.

From room to room, and from department to department, we had gone, studying the various methods of making the widely-known and esteemed McKesson & Robbins products; Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, Compound Stearate of Zinc, etc.

A book of interesting industrial description could be written on the manner of producing all these products. One impression stands out particularly in my mind—the air of authority of those in charge of these many manufacturing processes, their eager interest and their abundant knowledge. And this I recall along the interest and intelligence of every employee—the whole impression illustrating the superintendent's statements on the McKesson & Robbins Ideal of Service.

And what care they exercise in the making of their products! I watched the cooking of syrups and material for various preparations in clean, wholesome kettles. As an example of the care and diligence bestowed on every product, a superintendent told me that Milk of Magnesia, the stomach acid corrector, was cooked for fourteen days and passed through sixteen processes of purification.

Such is the Ideal of Service behind all the McKesson & Robbins products, and this every reader of this article should bear in mind when visiting a drug store or when in need of preparations for health preservation or betterment.



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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

takes place on the southern slopes of the Swiss and Italian alps, causing avalanches, says a dispatch from Geneva. Several Alpine villages are isolated.

It is reported from Buenos Aires that the Peruvian claims to the Chilean provinces of Tacna and Arica, which had menaced South-American peace, have been disposed of by an agreement between the two countries, under which Chile will pay six million pounds sterling in return for Peru's renunciation of her rights to the disputed provinces. It is said the settlement grew out of a conference arranged by President Wilson.

September 11.—Striking workmen occupy three textile establishments at Turin, Italy, having no connection with the metal industry. More than two hundred chemical works are occupied by workmen at Milan. Red flags have been hoisted above them on orders issued by the Chamber of Labor.

A Socialist revolt breaks out in Trieste, in which barricades are erected in the streets and artillery, rifles, machine guns, and bombs are freely employed. Troops and naval forces succeed in restoring order toward evening.

September 12.—Seven persons were killed and fifty injured in Trieste as a result of the Socialist revolt, according to Rome advices. The city continues under martial law.

September 13.—Immediate convocation of the Italian Parliament to pass laws under which workmen may take over management of industrial plants is demanded by the Confederation of Labor, in session at Milan.

September 14.—At the conclusion of a conference between Premiers Millerand, of France, and Giolitti, of Italy, it is announced that Italy has accepted the free state of Fiume under d'Annunzio as part of its official policy, with the acquiescence of both France and Great Britain. Under this arrangement Fiume becomes virtually an Italian city, President Wilson's plan for a free city of Fiume under the League of Nations thus being discarded. It was further agreed between the French and the Italian Premiers that the settlement of the Adriatic question shall be left to direct negotiation between Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

Headquarters of the League of Nations in London give out the text of the project for a permanent court of international justice, as adopted by the Hague Committee of Jurists. The draft consists of sixty-two articles. Among its provisions is one establishing the seat of the court at The Hague, where a session shall be held each year, beginning June 15. The Court shall have the power to interpret treaties and all questions of international law and to determine the nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

A proposal to form a "Committee of Action" to bring about a revolution was considered by radicals at a meeting of unions at Milan. Demands were also made by an anarchist leader that the present movement of metal-workers in Italy be extended to destroy the present social system of the country.

Workmen are constructing machine guns, armor cars, and rifles at Turin, since taking over an automobile plant there. It is said they intend to use them either for offense or defense.

DOMESTIC

September 8.—Forecast of corn production this year by the Department of Agriculture, based on September 1 conditions, is placed at 3,131,000,000 bushels. Such a yield would exceed by six million bushels the 1912 crop, the largest on record.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue issues a new ruling forbidding physicians to prescribe whisky for themselves even if ill.

September 11.—The first transcontinental air mail reaches San Francisco.

Suspension of work by miners in the anthracite fields caused a decrease in production of more than fourteen thousand cars, or forty per cent., in the week ending September 4. Anthracite production since January 1 is said to be 58,614,000 tons, or 4.7 per cent. ahead of production for the corresponding period last year.

September 12.—The cost of essentials in the household budgets of wage-earners in the United States was 104.5 per cent. higher on the average last July than in July, 1914, according to a statement issued by the National Industrial Conference Board.

September 13.—Incomplete returns from the Maine elections indicate that the State has gone Republican by a majority of from sixty-five to seventy thousand. Never before in its history has the Republican lead exceeded fifty thousand. Republican leaders declare that the outcome forecasts a Republican landslide in November.

A test case of nation-wide importance to determine whether the Interstate Commerce Commission shall be allowed to regulate railroad passenger-fares within States as well as between States is started in New York, where representatives of leading railroads ask that the recent decision of the New York Public Service Commission refusing to allow passenger-rates on State hauls to conform with interstate rates be set aside.

September 14.—By votes of 216 to 11 in the House and 33 to 0 in the Senate, the Connecticut legislature ratifies the Federal woman suffrage amendment.

The Director of the Census announces the population of the State of Washington as 1,356,316, an increase of 214,326, and that of Maine as 767,996, an increase of 25,625.

He Leaves a Place Hard to Fill.—

When Polybius Pappathodorocoumount-orgotopolous moved out, Fort Wayne, Indiana, lost one of its best-known citizens. —*Dearborn Independent.*

Barbarous.—BARBER—"How do you like the razor, sir?"

VICTIM—"I could hardly think it was possible that I was being shaved!"

BARBER (flattered)—"Then what did you imagine, sir?"

VICTIM—"That I was being sand-papered!"—*London Opinion.*

Information Supplied.—The precocious infant had just returned from his first day at school, registering intense ennui. The anxious family gathered around.

"Donald," asked his mother, "what did you learn to-day?"

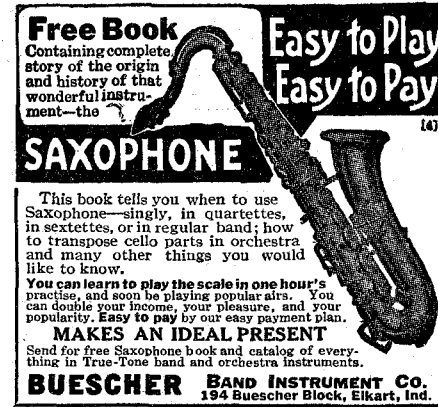
"Nothing."

"What, nothing at all?"

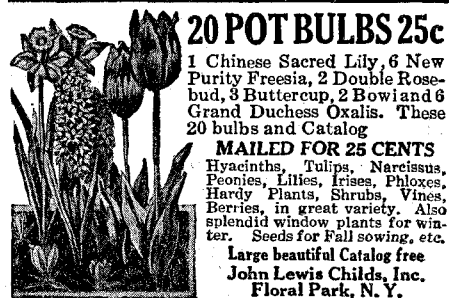
"Nope; there was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell cat, so I told her. That's all."—*American Legion Weekly.*



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SPICE • OF • LIFE

Timely Advice.—The only way to keep dry feet in wading through a slush-fund is to gumshoe.—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

Not as Ordered.—Judging by the way German is acting, the Allies seem to have won: *Paix de Résistance*.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Dangerous.—"I sing only for my friends."

"And are they still your friends when you get through?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Aids to Ejection.—When the Allies get ready to grab the Turks and throw them out of Europe, those baggy breeches they wear ought to make the job easy.—*Lexington Herald*.

Judged by Their Records.—"How do you know what kind of people the New-combs are if you've never met them?"

"I have heard their phonograph selections."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mixed Troubles.—The soap-box orator found many things to criticize.

"And what do we do?" he cried. "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but ashes in our empty hands!"—*New York Evening Post*.

Gathering the Vote.—Lo—"Banks made a bad mistake when he started kissing all the babies."

LE—"Should say so. His opponent, Miss Swell-looker, took the hint and started in on the fathers."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The Place for Him.—"Young Smiers told me he was wedded to his art and asked me whether he had better go to Paris or Rome."

"What did you say?"

"Advised him to go to Reno."—*Boston Transcript*.

Dangerous Fish.—Jones was talking to some friend of a fishing-trip he was contemplating on his holiday.

"Are there any trout up there?" questioned one of the friends.

"Trout? Thousands of 'em," replied the other enthusiastically.

"Will they bite easily?"

"Will they?" reiterated Jones. "Why they're absolutely vicious! A man has to hide behind a tree to bait his hook."—*Los Angeles Times*.

Next!—"Yes, sir," said the big Irishman, reminiscently, "I should say I was personally acquainted with General Pershing. I was lyin' back of the breast-works pumpin' lead into the Jerries one day when I heard the chuggin' of a big car. Then came a voice sayin', 'Hi, you there, with the deadly aim, what's your name?'"

"Hogan, sir," says I, recognizing Pershing.

"What's your first name?"

"Pat, sir."

"Well, Pat, you better go home; you're killin' too many men. It's slaughter."

"Very good, General," says I.

"And by the way, Pat, don't call me General; call me John."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

Homeward Bound.—Folks are beginning to return from the summer resorts for a much-needed rest.—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

When Real Peace Comes.—Some happy day we shall beat our swords into plowshares and our jazz bands into unconsciousness.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Question of the Hour.—Will the hotel that the League of Nations has bought at Geneva be run on the American or European plan?—*Providence Journal*.

Tragedies of the Crime Wave.—Cook—"Cheer up, Liz! It ain't your fault if the silver was stole!"

MAID—"N-no, but I'd just cleaned it all!"—*London Opinion*.

Our Fish.—A petrified fish about fifty feet long has been discovered in Utah. This is said to be the largest sardine and the smallest whale America has ever produced.—*Punch (London)*.

Why Cats Die Young.—"Cats are very poor swimmers," states a writer in a weekly journal. This, no doubt, accounts for the exceptionally high infantile mortality among these domestic pets. — *Punch (London)*.

And the Further, Too

"A standing account

Is a queer thing," said Duns;

"The longer it stands,

The longer it runs."

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Classified.—"What do you understand by 'class legislation'?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind," said Farmer Cornstossel, "except as far as to decide that some of the legislation up to our State-house sounds like it might have come from the infant class."—*Washington Star*.

Avoiding the Rush.—"Any trouble getting a drink in your town?" asked the farmer.

"Not a bit," replied the city man. "Why, the bootleggers are so thick that they have to wear badges to keep from selling booze to one another."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

That Guilty Feeling.—"I've often been struck by the extreme hauteur of sales-ladies. Don't you suppose merchants suffer from it?"

"I know one who does. He tells me he feels like sneaking into the rear door of his establishment because he suspects that his personal appearance does not meet with the approval of his clerks."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Cheering Him on His Way.—RACING MAGNATE—"Sam, I've been told I'm about to die, so I've sent for you to give you a present for being a straight lad, and, of course, to say good-by! You'll not see me again—I'm going on the long, long journey."

SAM (desperately anxious to say something consoling)—"Never mind, sir! Buck up; it's orl down 'ill."—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"W. J. B.," Arcadia, Fla.—"(1) 'A' contends that in writing 'I think I will go East this summer,' the word 'East' should be spelled with a small 'e.' 'B' contends that the word should be spelled with a capital 'e.' Who is right? (2) 'A' also says that in writing 'Mr. N. H. G., Assistant General Manager, the Assistant General Manager' should all be spelled with small letters. 'B' says that these three words should be spelled with capital letters inasmuch as it is a title. Please advise who is right."

(1) Begin with a capital the words *North*, *South*, *East*, *Northeast*, etc., when they denote sections of country, not when they denote direction merely; as, "The great Northwest"; "There is great prosperity in the West"; "Ohio is east of Illinois." In the sentence submitted, *East* should be capitalized—"I think I will go East this summer." (2) In regard to the capitalization of the words *assistant general manager*, there are conditions under which the initial letters of titles of individuals are capitalized or written with lower-case letters, all depending upon the context, but in addressing letters, generally, capitalization is correct.

"G. I. C.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of *Soissons* and *sabotage*, and also where the former is situated."

Soissons is situated sixty-five miles northeast of Paris on the Aisne River. The name is pronounced *swa'son*—*a* as in *artistic*, *o* as in *or*, *n* with a nasal sound. *Sabotage* is pronounced *sa'bo'taz*—first *a* as in *artistic*, *o* as in *obey*, second *a* as in *art*, *z* as in *azure*.

"J. B.," Flint, Mich.—"Suppose you want to apply the possessive case to both sexes, for example, one is speaking to boys and girls at the same time and a certain article belongs to both as a unit. We can not say it is 'his,' nor can we say it is 'hers.' About four years ago we recall Ella Flagg Young, then Superintendent of Chicago Public Schools, inventing the word 'hiser' to be used in a case like this. Was this word ever adopted by the American public, or is there another word that has found its way into the dictionary for this application?"

Why not say it is "theirs"? The dictionary under the word *thou* says: "That one; he, she, or it: a pronoun of the third person, common gender; a contracted and solidified form of *that one*, proposed in 1858 by Charles Crozat Converse, of Erie, Pennsylvania, as a substitute in cases where the use of a restrictive pronoun involves either inaccuracy or obscurity, or its non-employment necessitates awkward repetition. The following examples, first as ordinarily written and afterward with the substitution of the genderless pronoun, illustrate the grammatical deficiencies of the English language in this particular and the proposed method of removal: 'If Harry or his wife comes, I will be on hand to meet him or her (or whichever appears).' 'Each pupil must learn his or her own lesson.' With the substitution of *thou*: 'If Harry or his wife comes, I will be on hand to meet *thou* (i.e., that one who comes).' 'Each pupil must learn *thou's* lesson (i.e., his or her own).'"

"A. B.," Wagoner, Okla.—"Please explain how the phrase 'Davy Jones's locker' originated, and its full meaning."

Davy Jones's locker is a nautical term for the depths of the ocean—i.e., the graves of those that perish at sea. It has been suggested that "Jones" is a corruption of "Jonas," who lived for three days in the whale's belly, and that once having turned the prophet into a Welshman it followed naturally that he should be given the name of the Welshman's patron saint, David, the commonest of all patronymics in Wales. Bishop Andrews in one of his sermons alludes to the expression, "He hath been where Ionas was," as being said "of any that hath been in extreme perill."—(*Ninety-Six Sermons*, p. 515, folio.)